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WORDS OF LIFE

BY

J. H. TENNEY AND W. S. MARTIN.

PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN J. HOOD
1018 ARCH STREET.

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WORDS OF LIFE:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR USE IN

Gospel Meetings and other Religious Services,

BY

J. H. TENNEY AND W. S. MARTIN.

"Sing them over again to me,—
Wonderful Words of Life."

PHILADELPHIA:

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PREFACE.

THE hymns and tunes of WORDS OF LIFE were selected from the best, both new and old, of a large amount of material that the editors had placed at their disposal. It was prepared especially for use in the evangelistic meetings held by the junior editor, but it is hoped that it will find a much larger field of usefulness than that of any one singer and preacher of Christ's blessed gospel; and we believe that all who will try its songs will find them singable and useful in all meetings for prayer and praise, where God is worshipped and man is blest. By special arrangement a large number of the best and most popular compositions of Jno. R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick are inserted.

During the preparation of this work it has been the earnest prayer of the editors that they might be guided by the Holy Spirit to choose hymns and tunes that multitudes who will sing from its pages would be led to accept Christ as their personal friend and Saviour, and thus be the means of a glorious work for the Master. With this prayer still in our hearts we send it on its mission.

J. H. TENNEY.
W. S. MARTIN.

GEORGETOWN, MASS., *Aug. 20th, 1889.*

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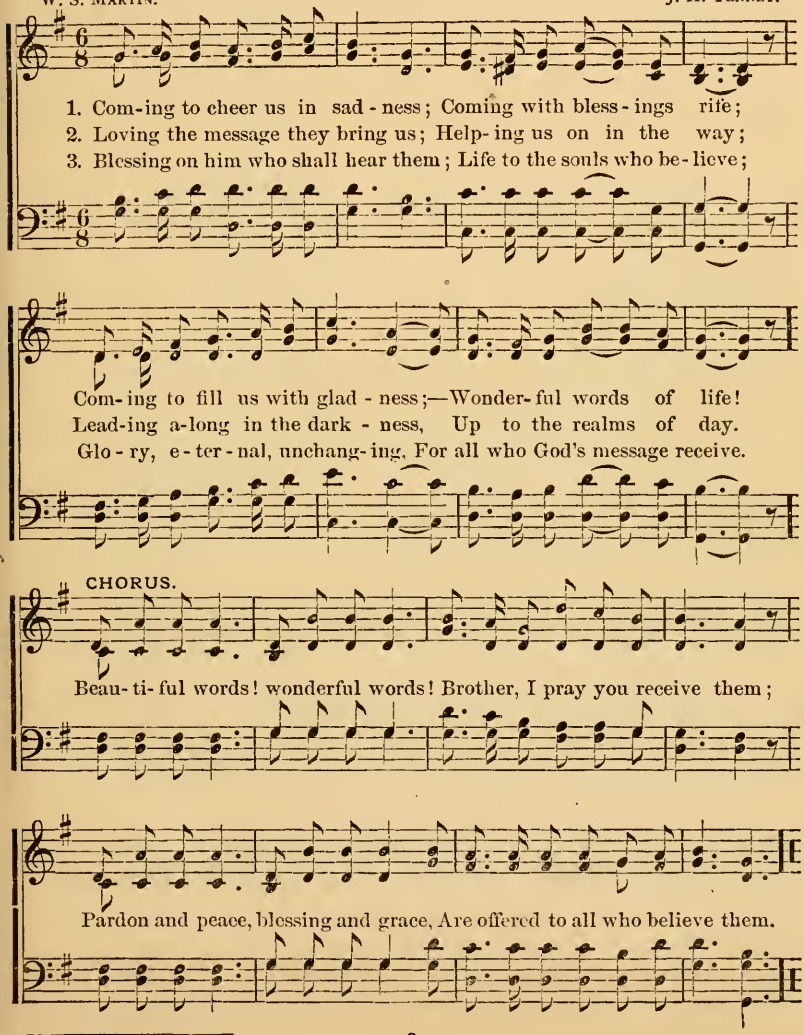
THE PUBLISHER.

WORDS OF LIFE

1

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."
John vi. 63.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.



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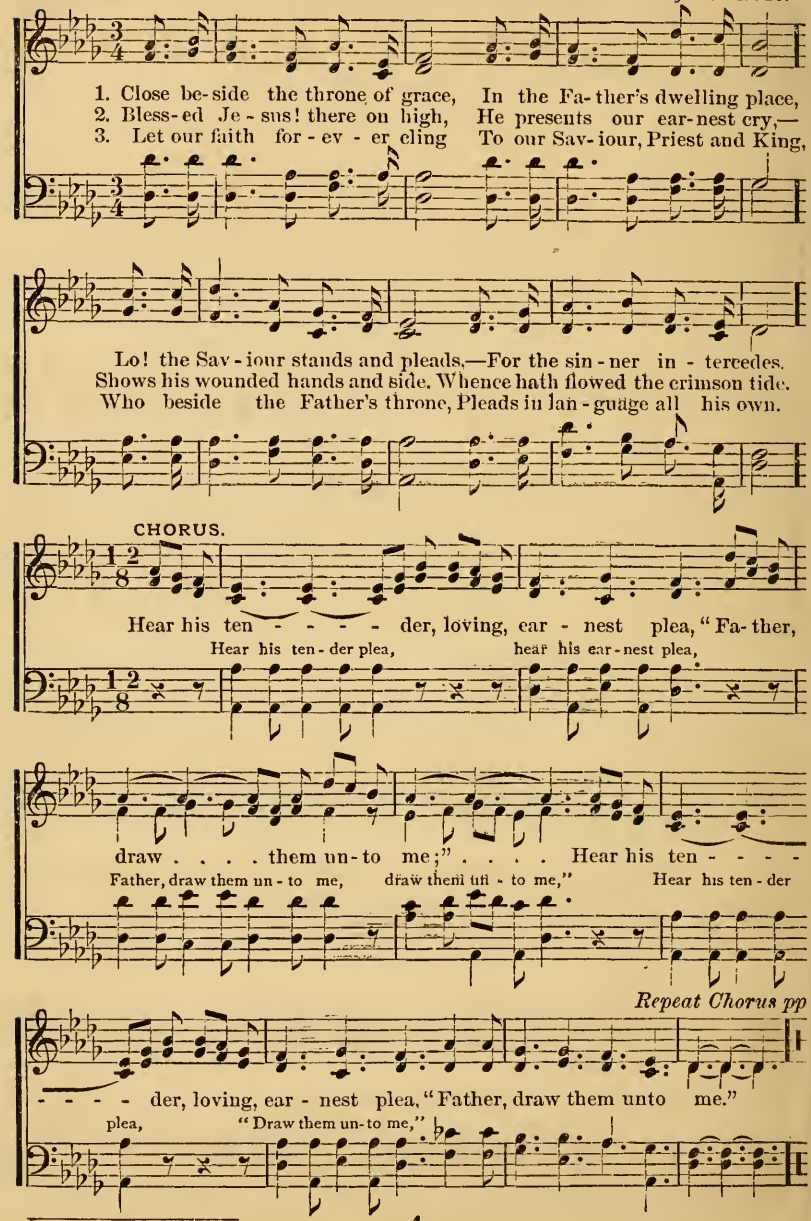
2

Hear His Earnest Plea.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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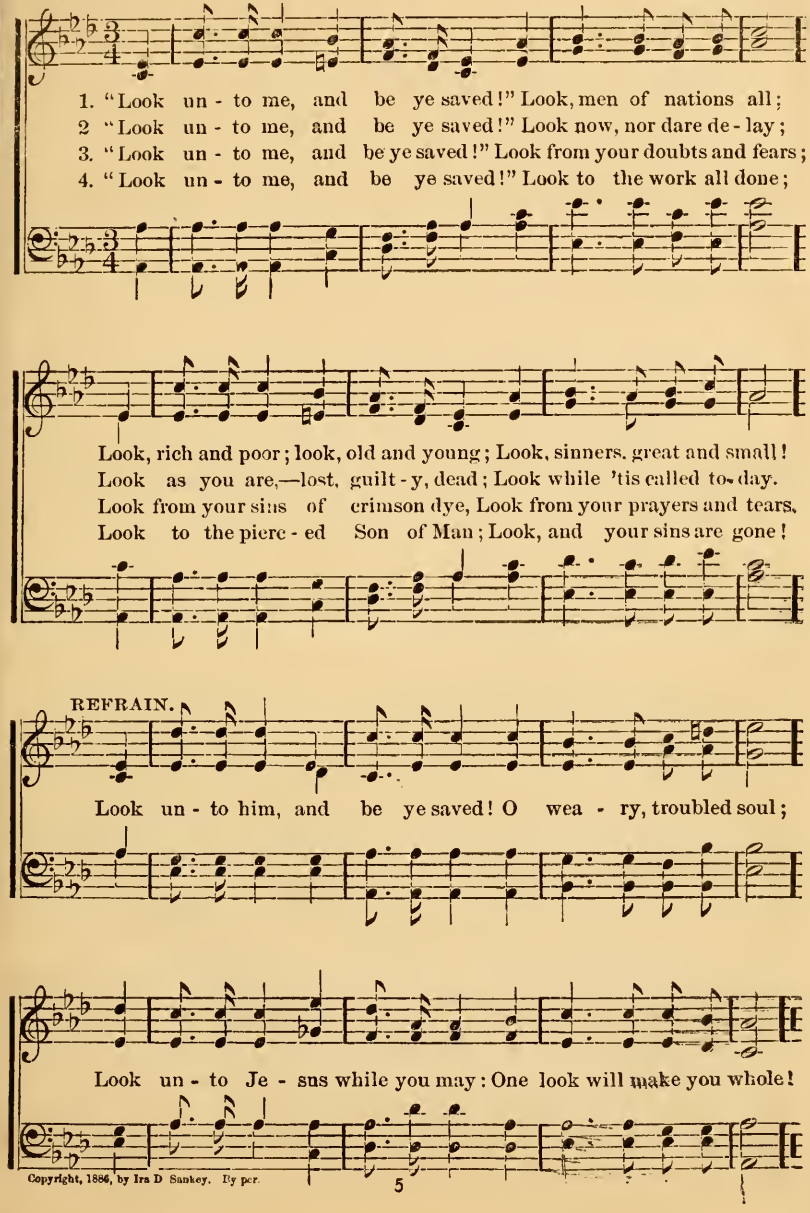
Look unto Me!

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah xlv. 22.

W. P. Mackay. Ira D. Sankey.



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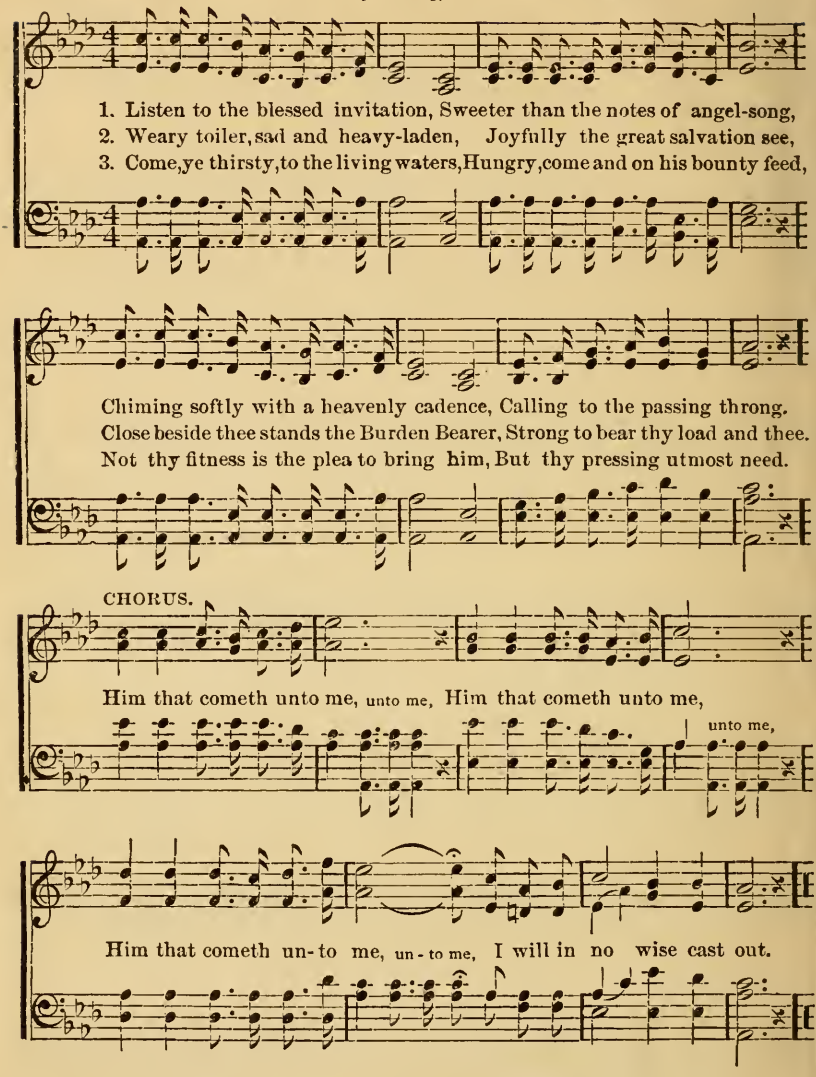
Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. John vi. 37. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful.
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

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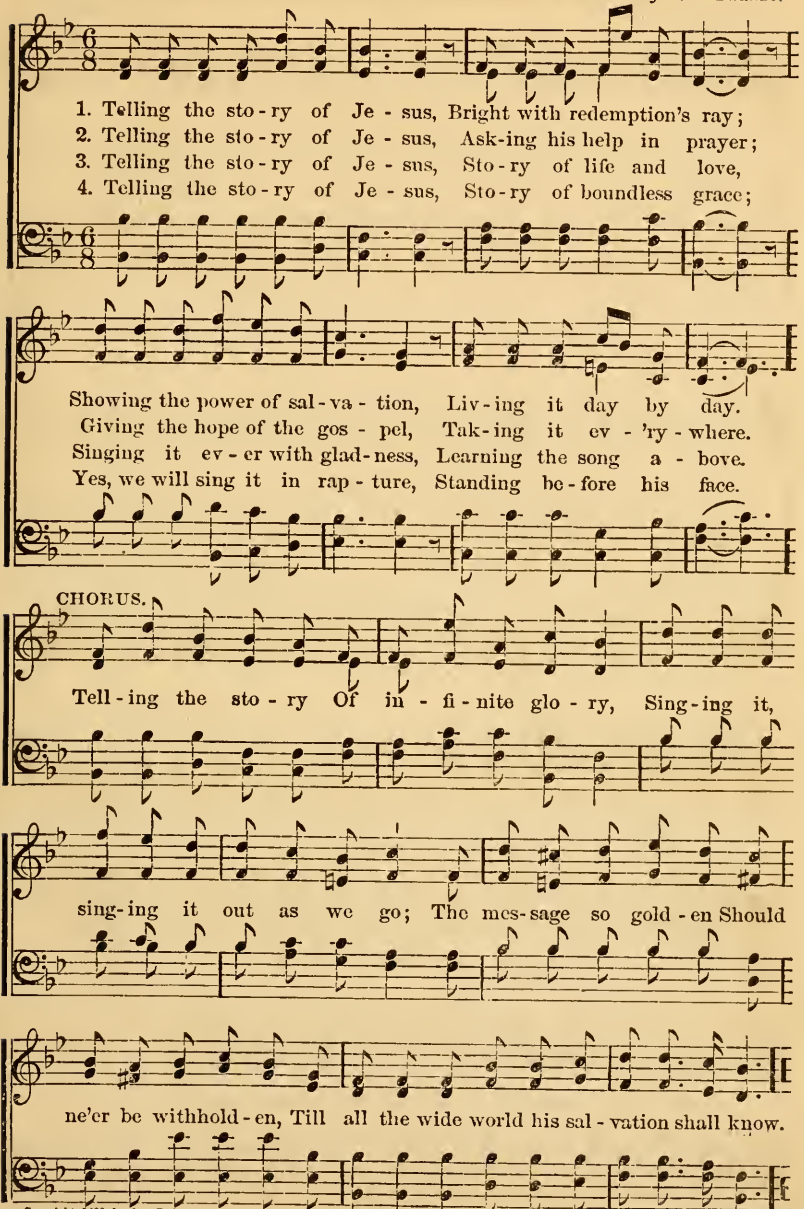
Telling the Story of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R Sweney.



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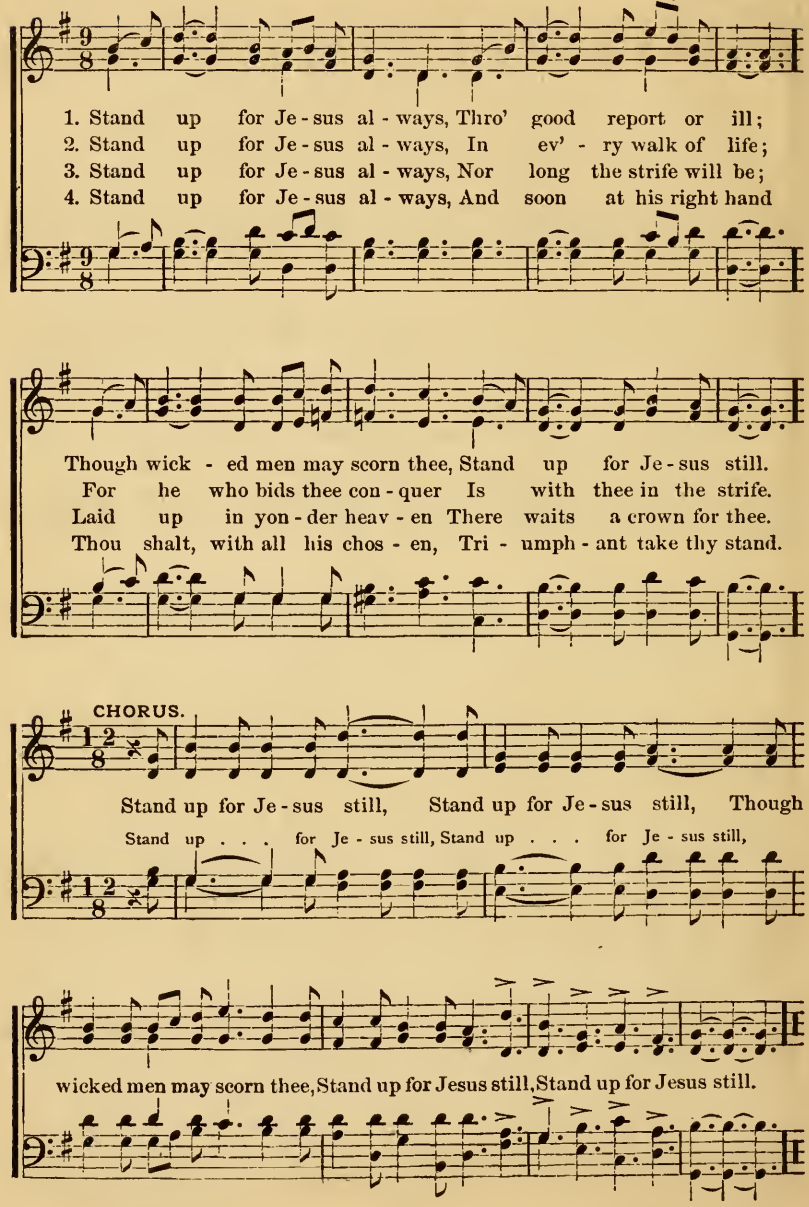
Stand Up for Jesus Always.

J. H. Tenney.



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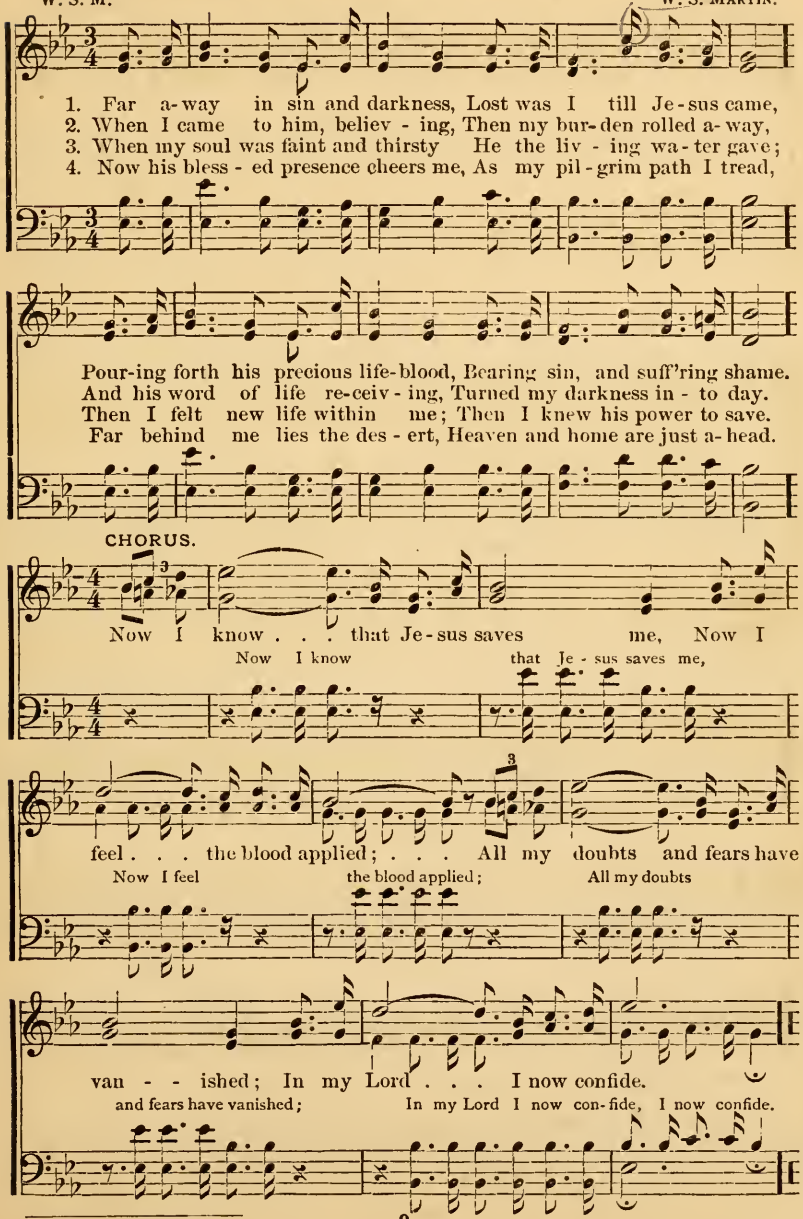
7 Now I Know that Jesus Saves Me.

W. S. M. W. S. Martin.



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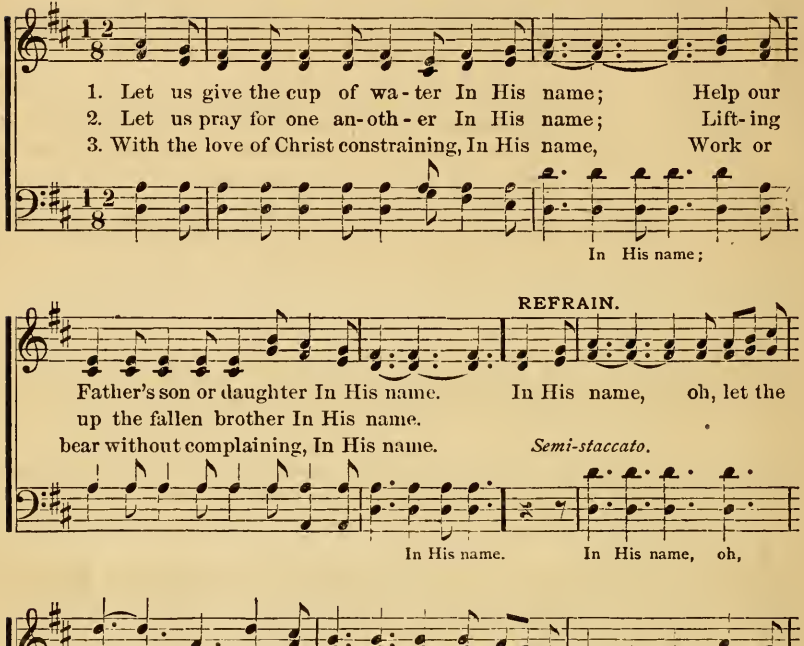
In His Name.

LIDIE E. HEWITT. Dedicated to "The King's Daughters." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



4 Let our lives flow out in blessing,
In His name;
Bravely God's own truth confessing,
In His name.

5 This will lighten every duty,
In His name;
Fill our lives with heaven's beauty,
In His name.

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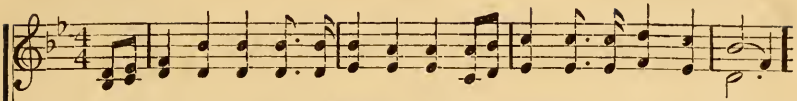
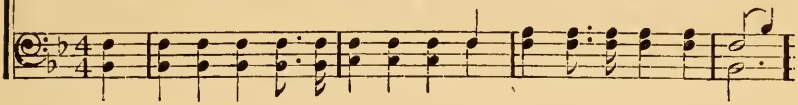
There's Room for All.

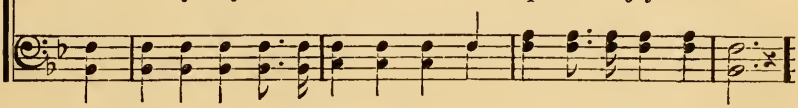
LAURA MILLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's room for all and the feast is spread,—Remember the price it cost;
2. There's room for all at the blood-stain'd cross, There's room by the streams that flow;
3. There's room for all at the door of grace, But why do you still de - lay?
4. There's room for all in our Father's home Prepared by redeeming love;

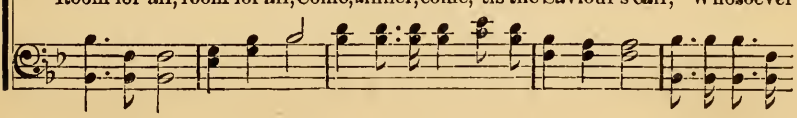


The Saviour's blood for the world was shed,—Oh, why need a soul be lost?
And, though your sins are of crimson hue, Come, wash them as white as snow.
The light that shines on your pathway now May set ere the close of day.
But on - ly they who are faithful here Can hope for the joys a - bove.

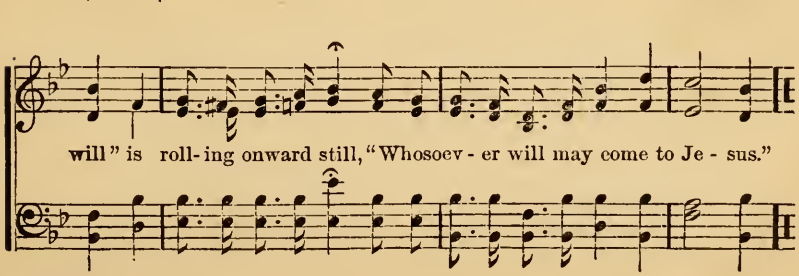


CHORUS.

Room for all, room for all, Come, sinner, come, 'tis the Saviour's call; "Whosoever



will" is roll- ing onward still, "Whosoev - er will may come to Je - sus."



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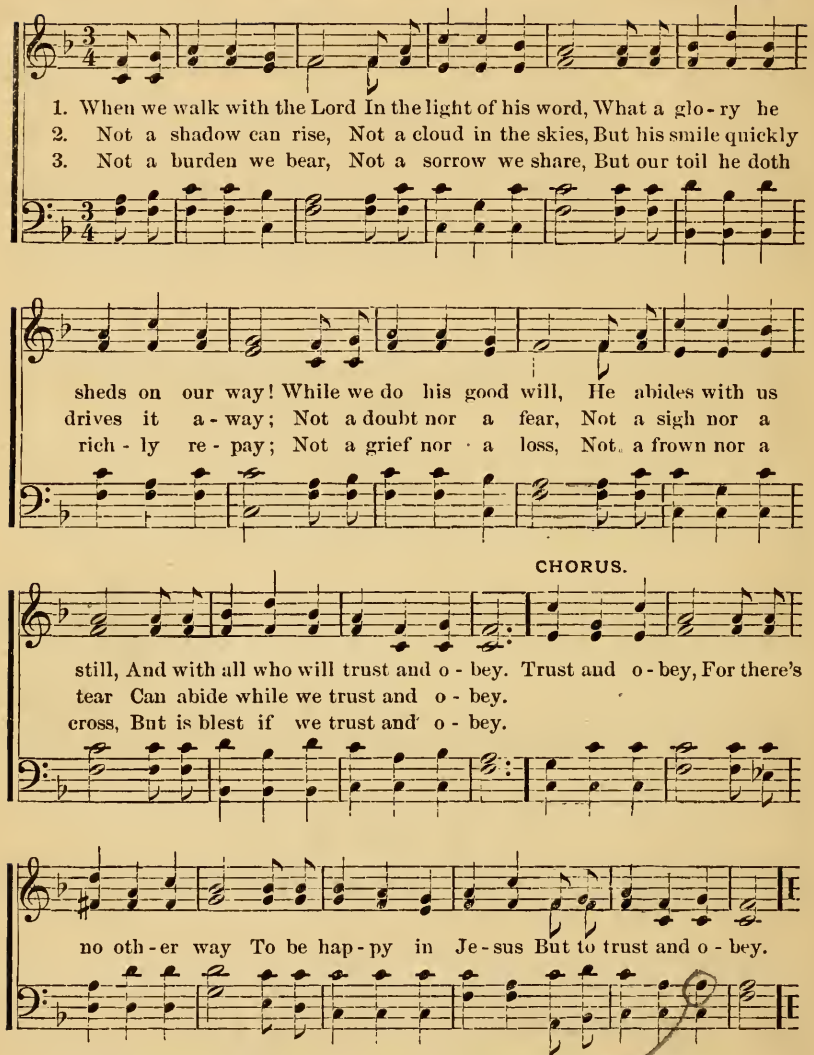
Trust and Obey

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B Towner.



4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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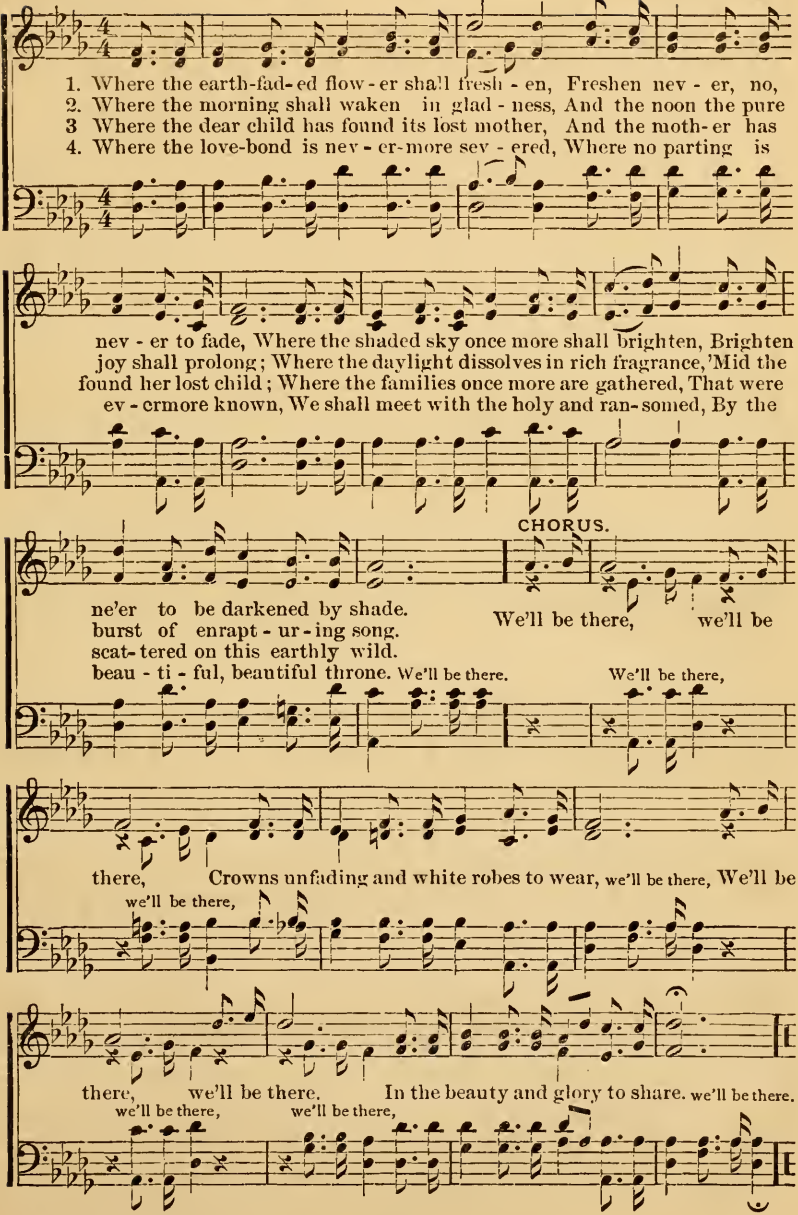
We'll be There.

Dr. H. Bonar. J. H. Tenney.



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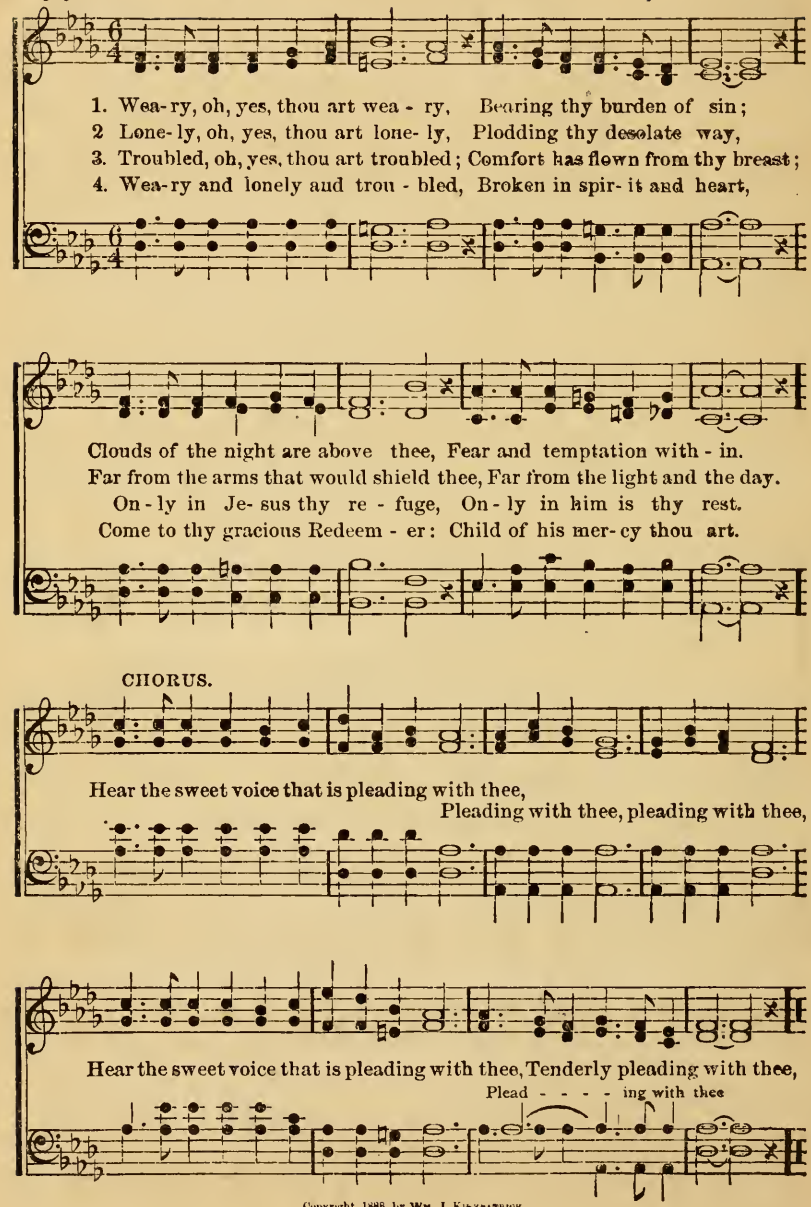
Pleading with Thee.

J. JACKSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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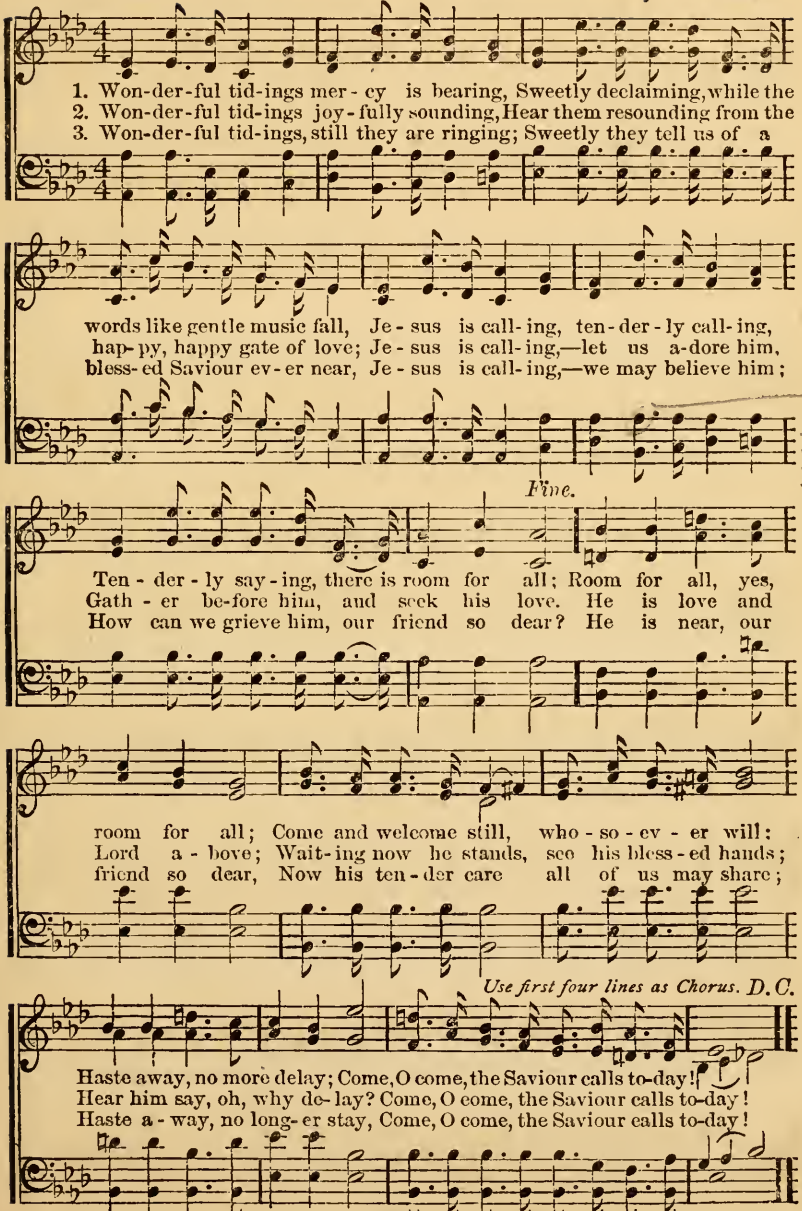
Wonderful Tidings.

SALLIE E. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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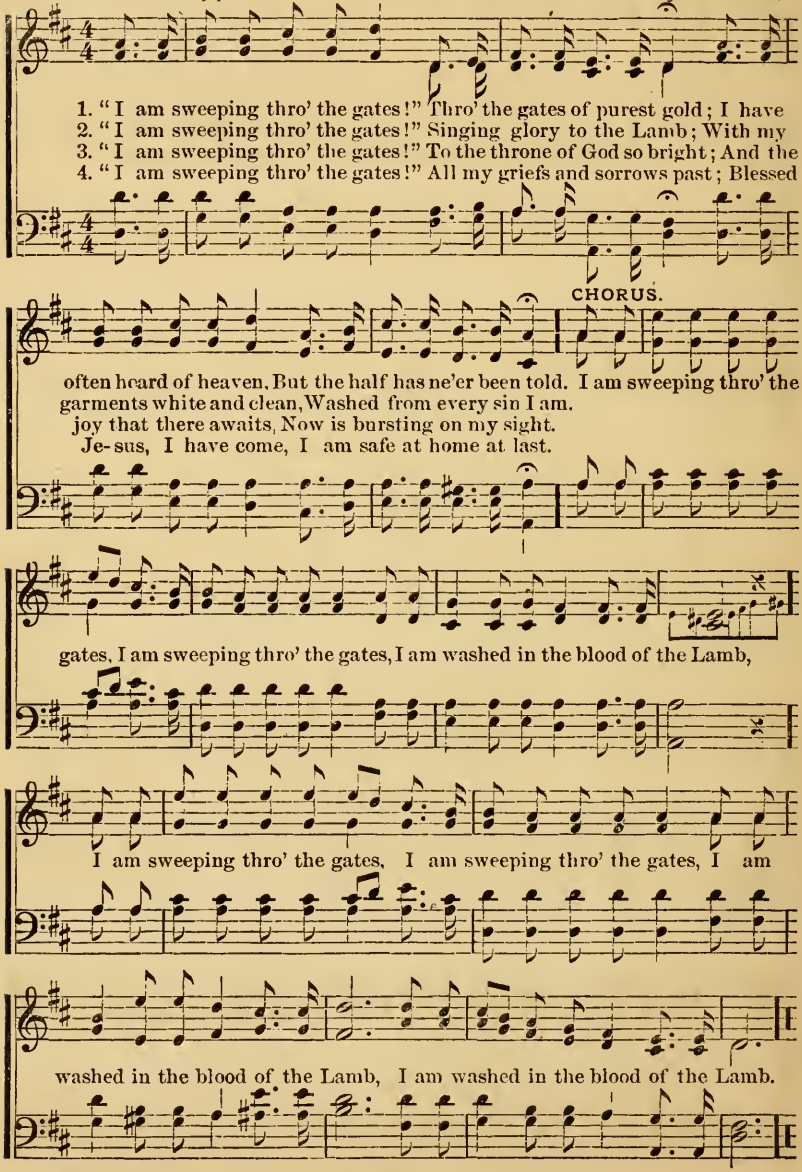
Washed in the Blood.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."
Dying words of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

Rev W. T. Dale. By per. J. H. Tenney.



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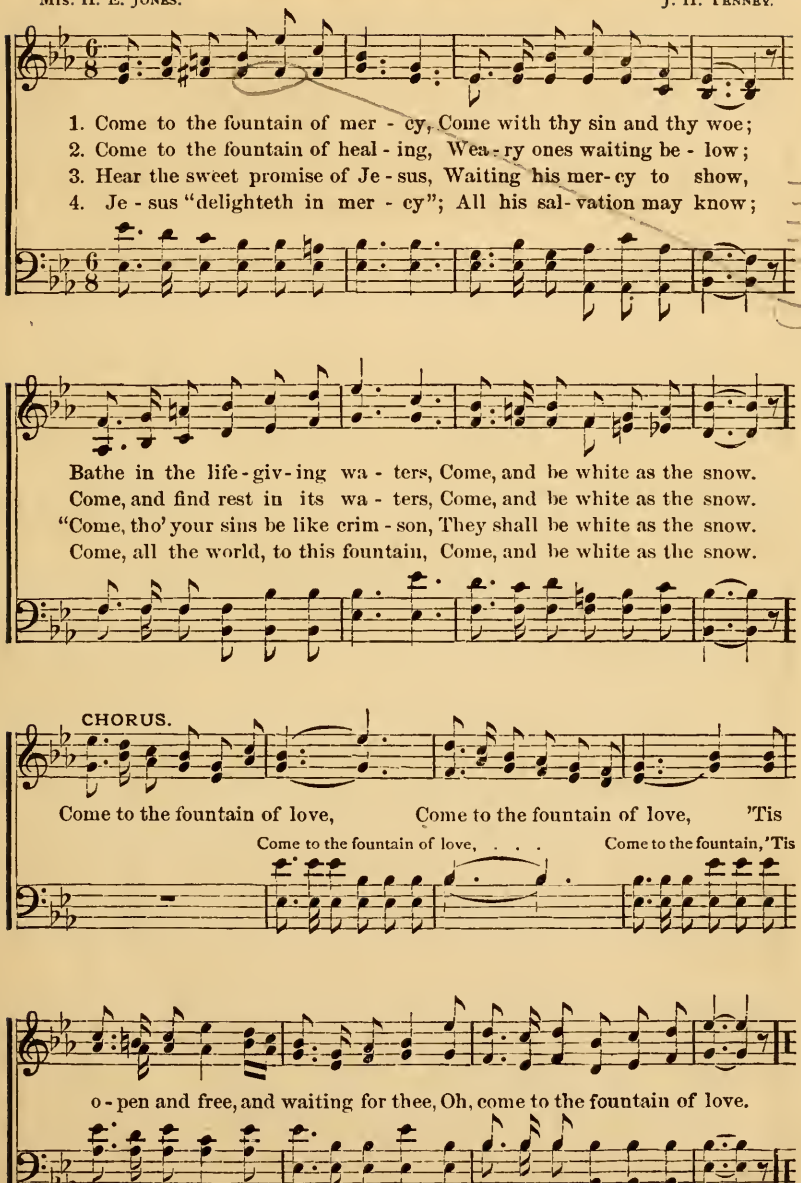
Come to the Fountain.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. J. H. Tenney.



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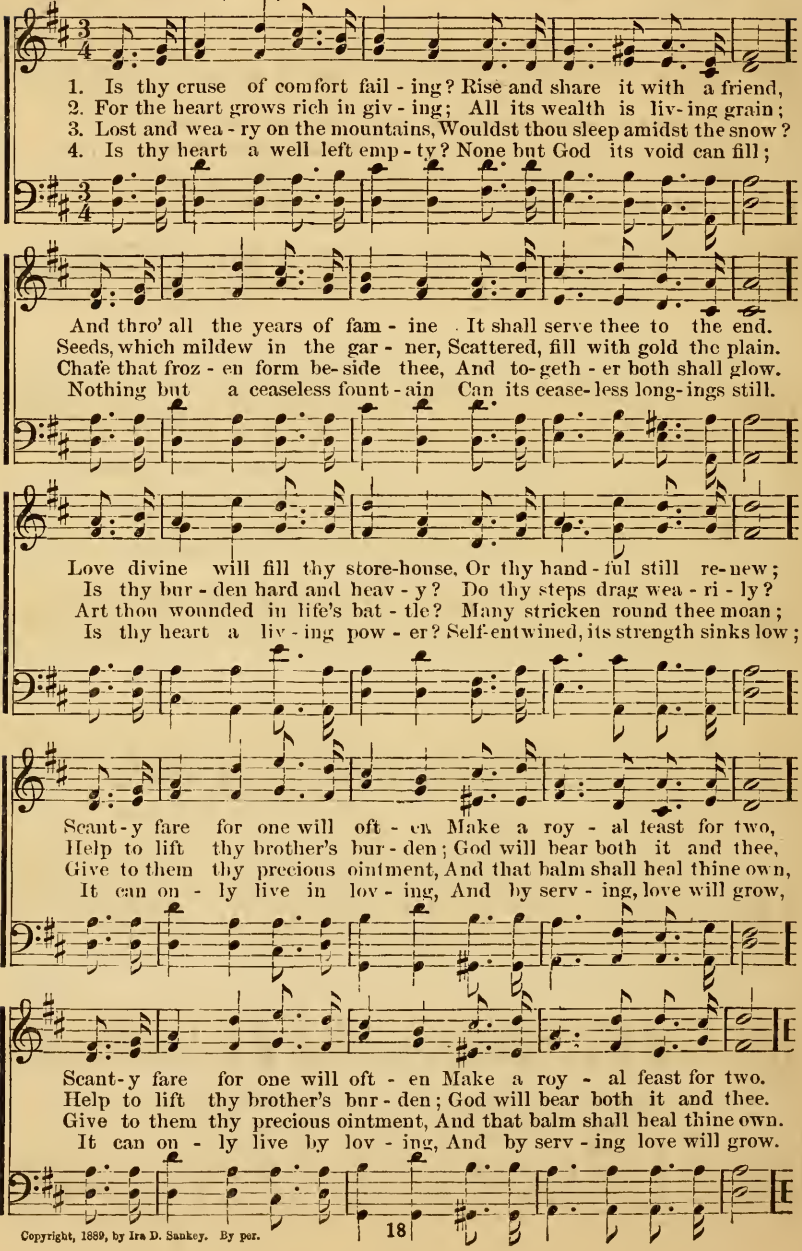
16 Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

Mrs. E. R. Charles, (altered). Ira D. Sankey.



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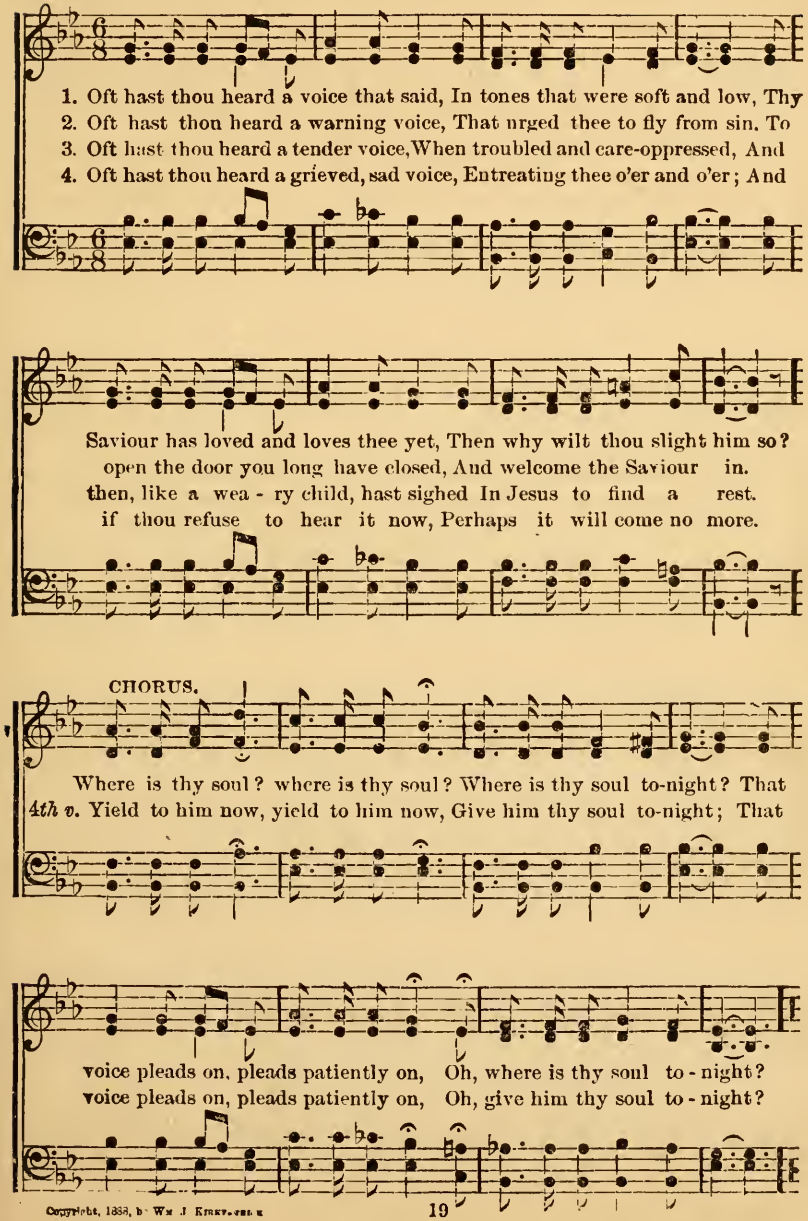
Where is Thy Soul?

MARTHA J. LANKTON. ARTHUR J. SMITH.



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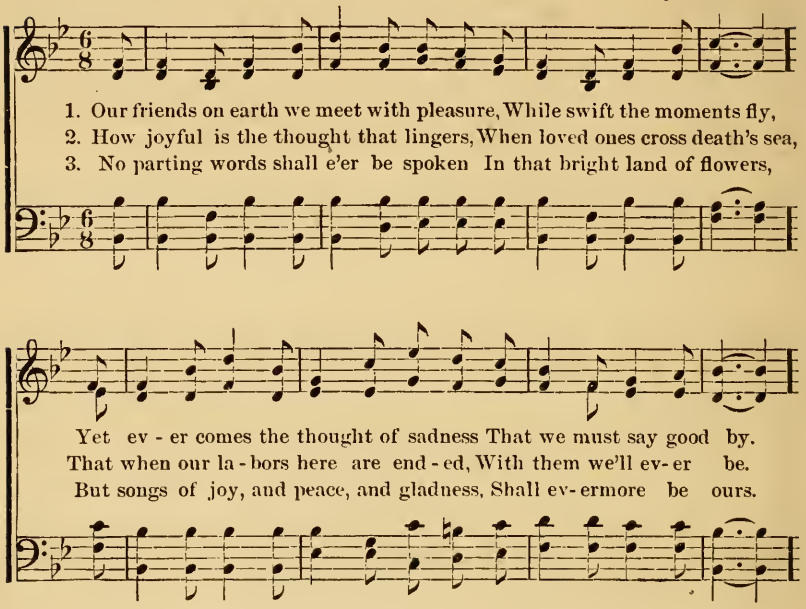
We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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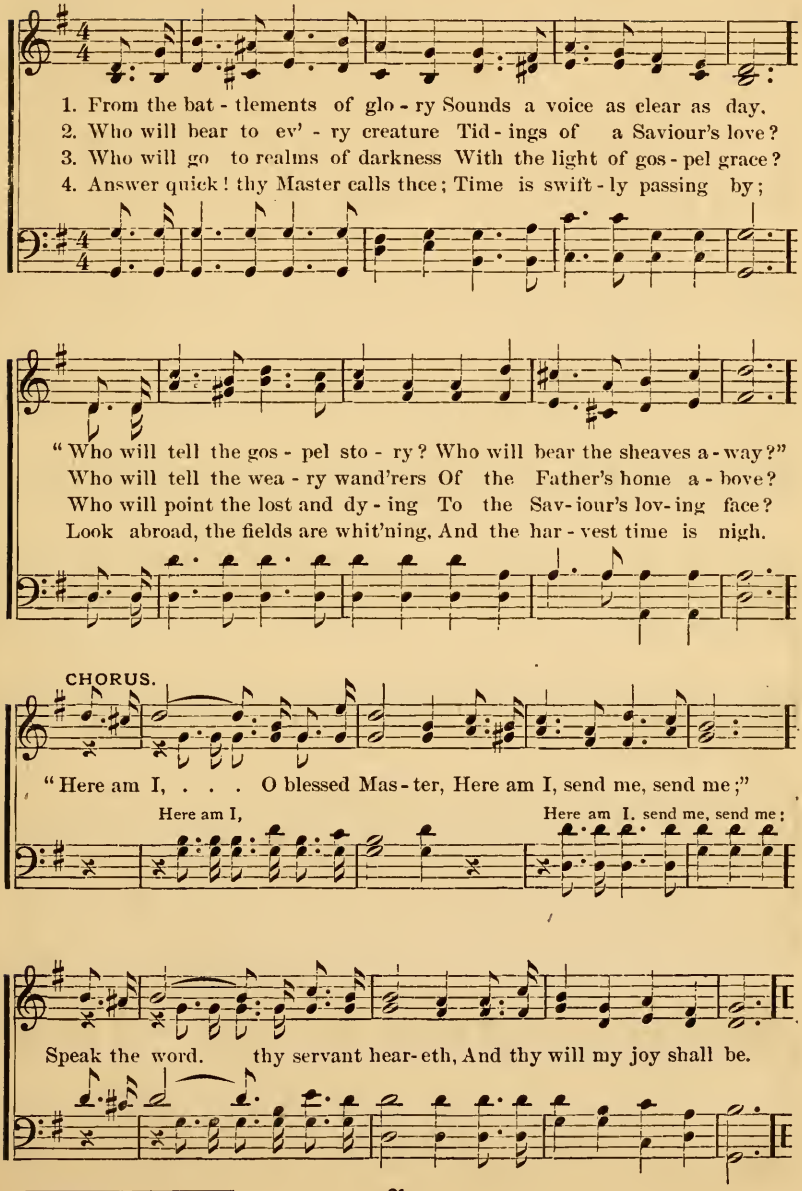
Here am I, Send Me.

W. S. M. Isaiah vi. 8. W. S. Martin.



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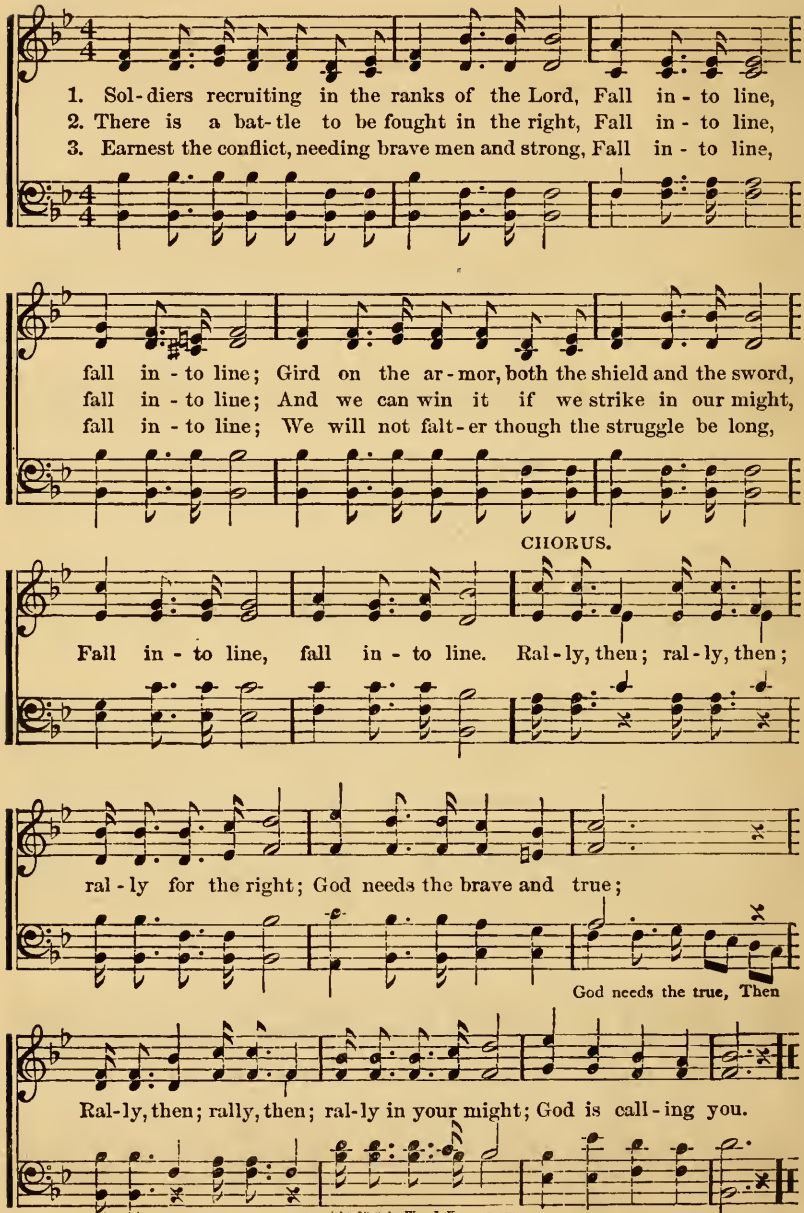
Rally for the Right.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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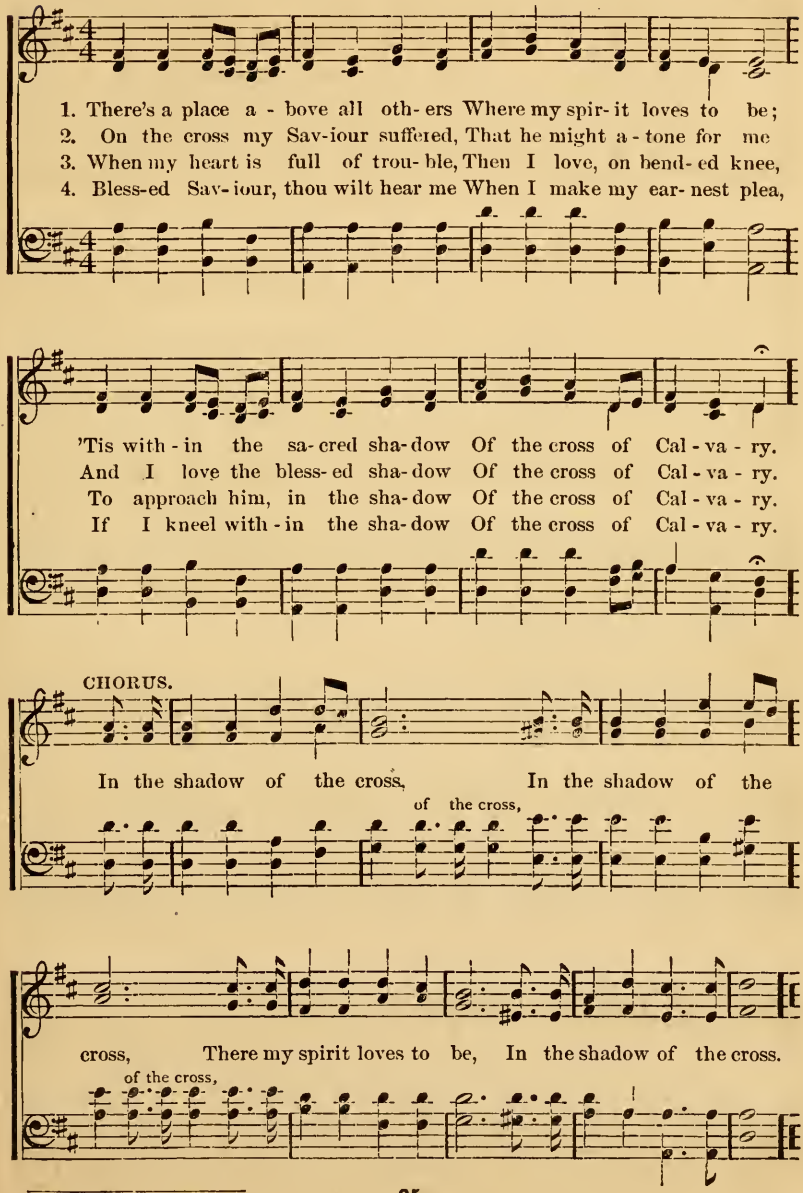
23 In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Tenney.



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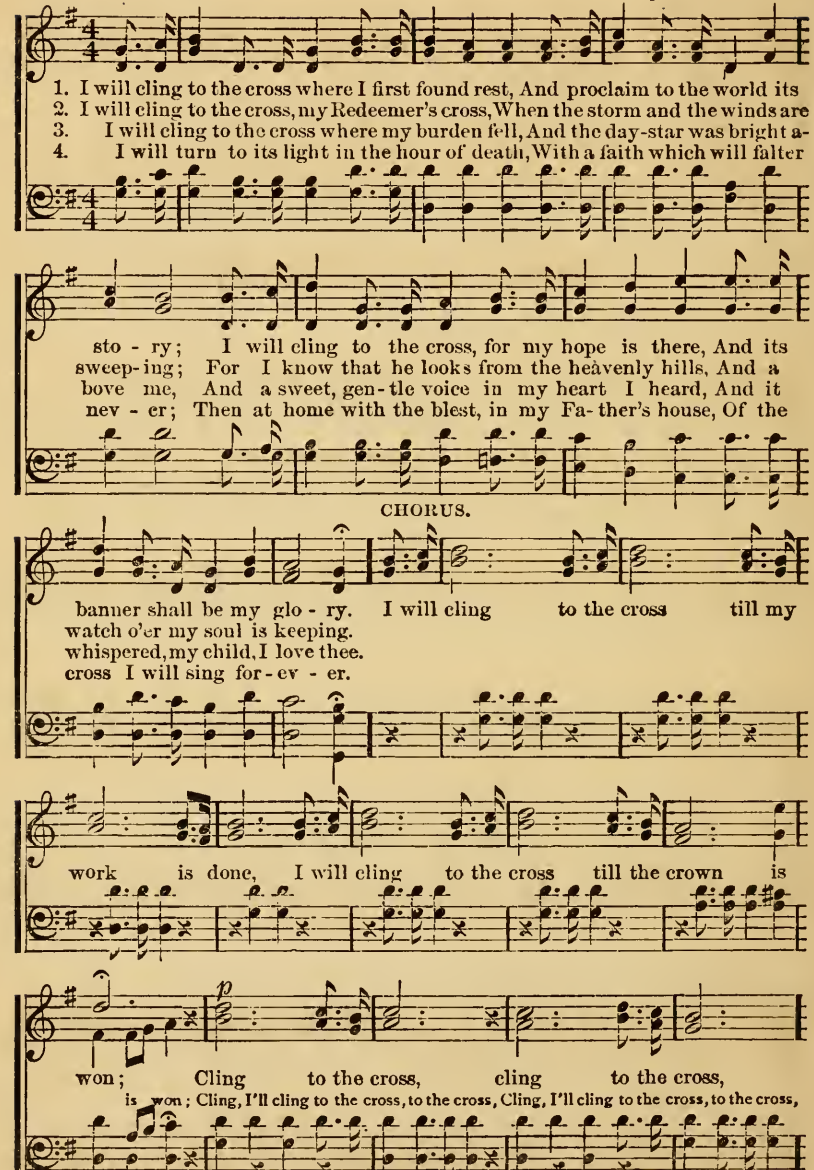
I will Cling to the Cross.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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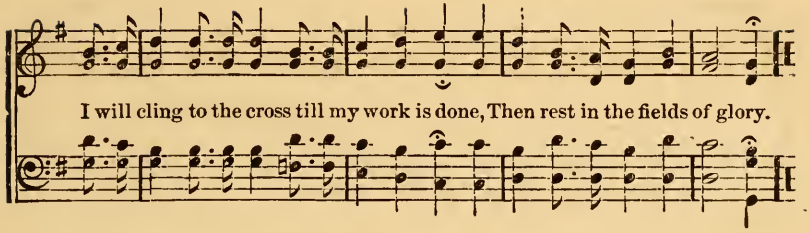
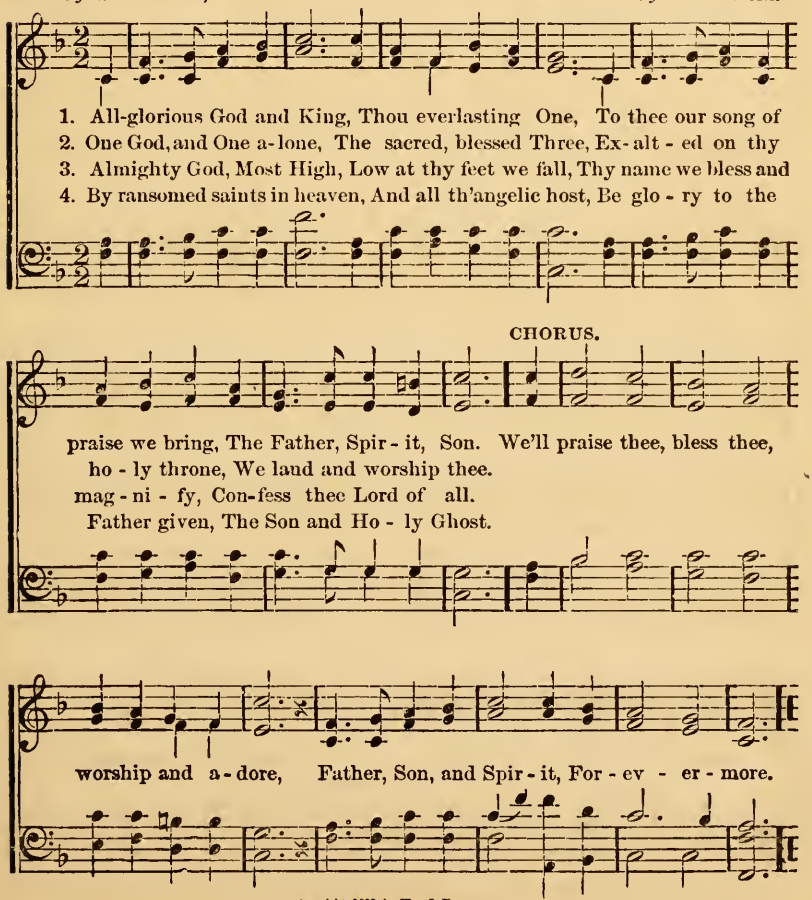
I will Cling to the Cross.—CONCLUDED.



25 Hymn to the Trinity.

Rev. Jos. H Martin, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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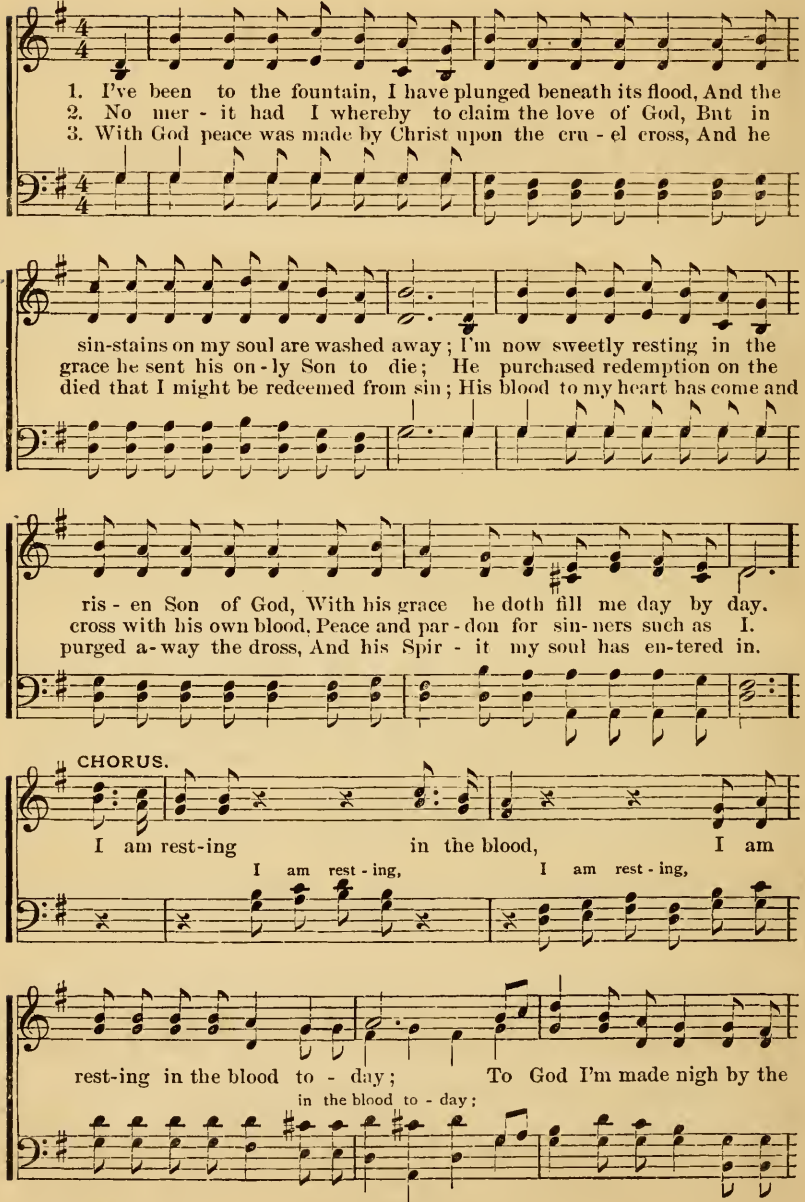
Resting in the Blood.

W. S. M. W. S. Martin.



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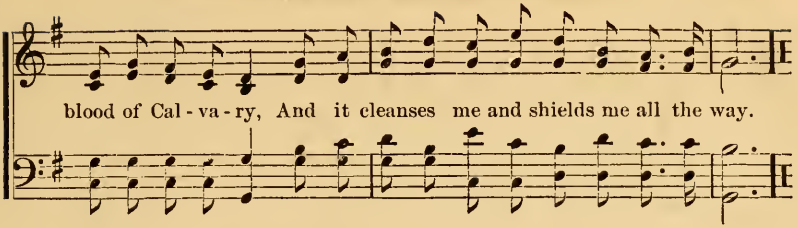
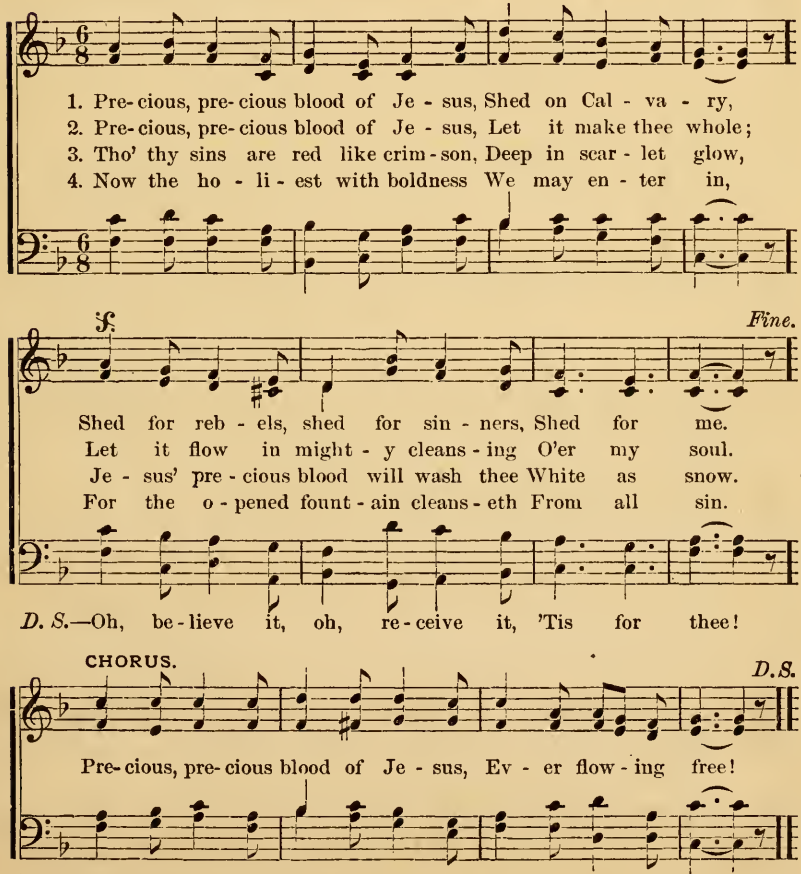
Resting in the Blood.—CONCLUDED.



27 Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. J. H. TENNEY.



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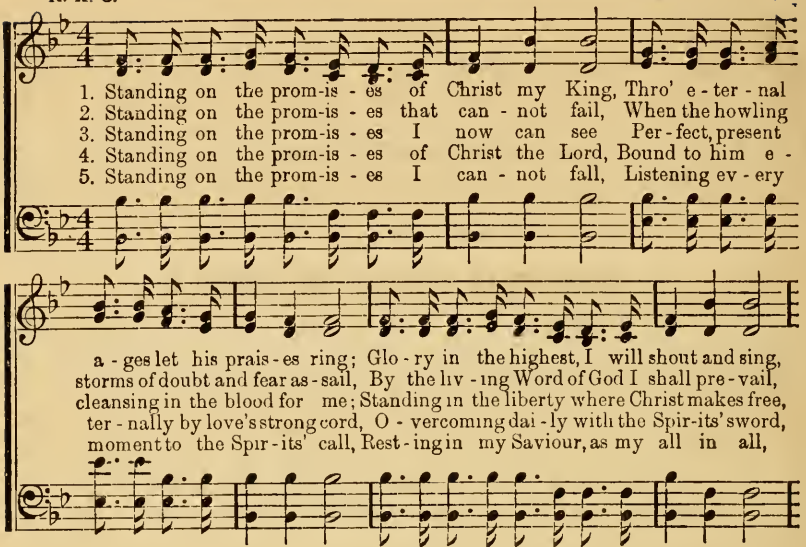
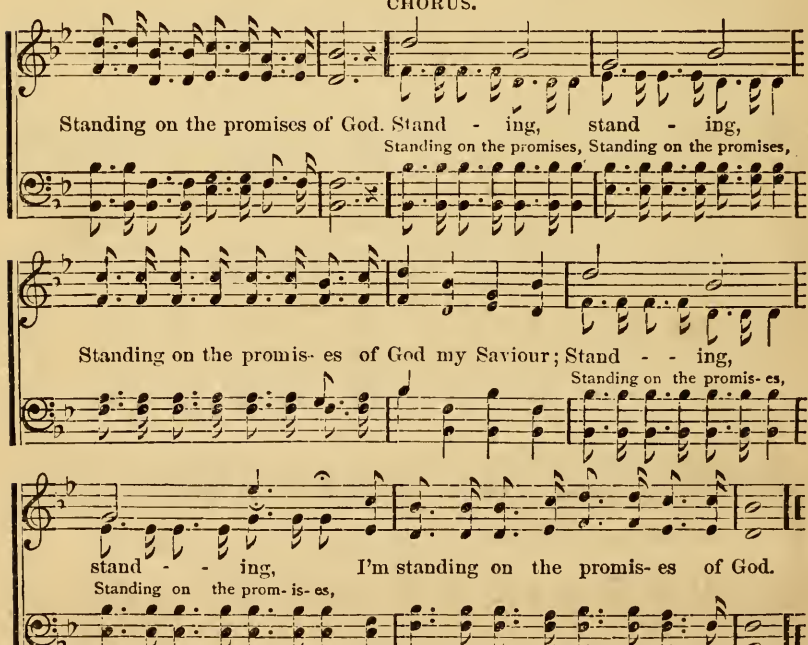
Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



CHORUS.



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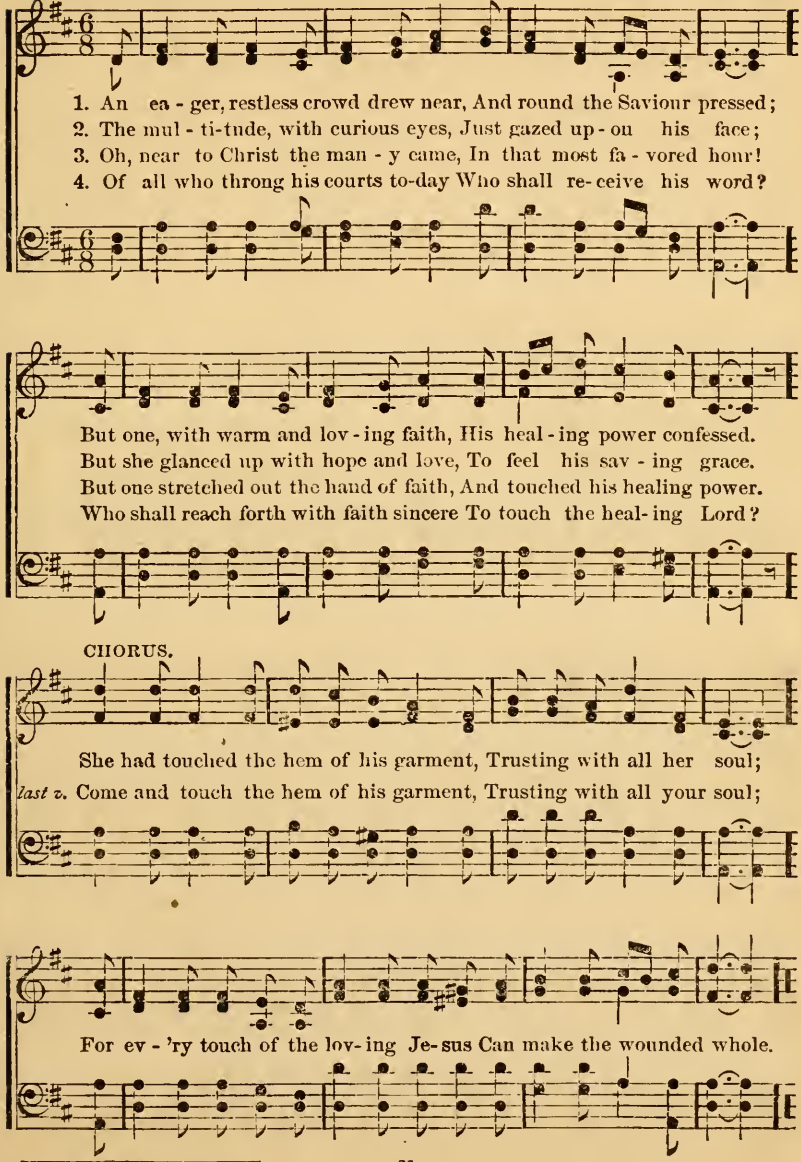
From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

The Healing Touch.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."
Mark v. 27.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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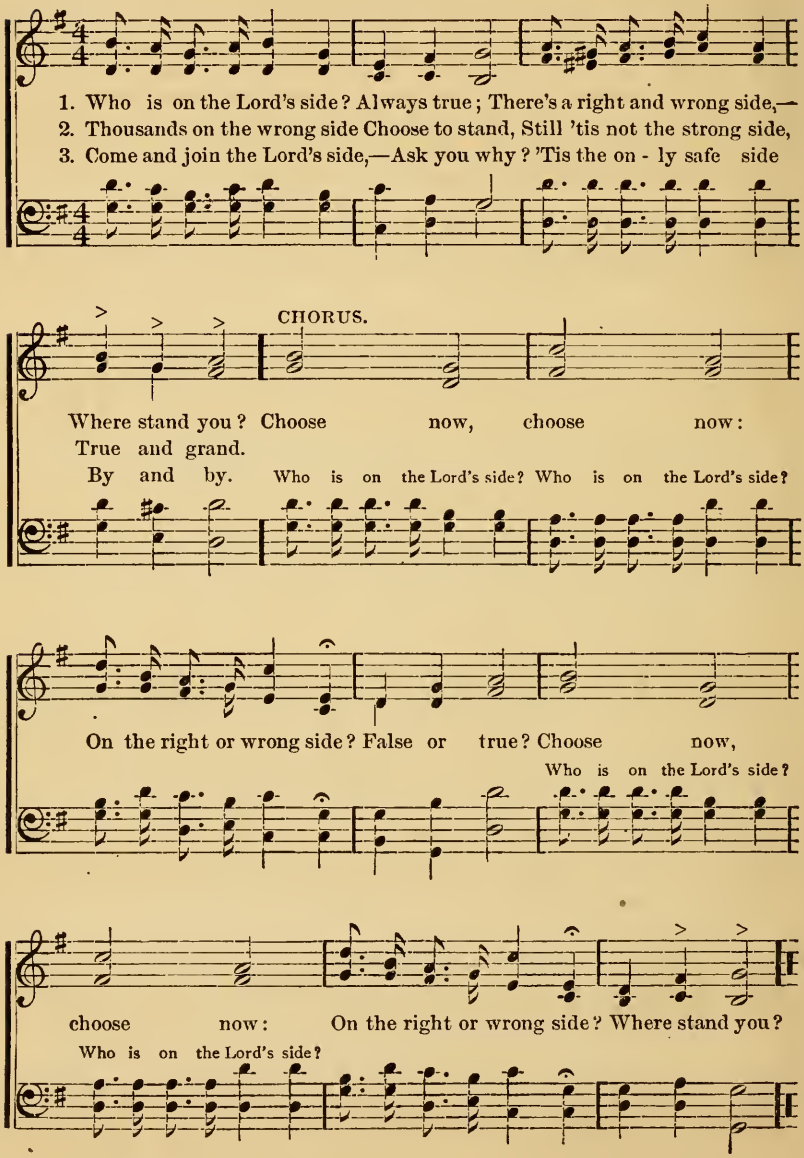
Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"
Exodus xxxii. 26.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.



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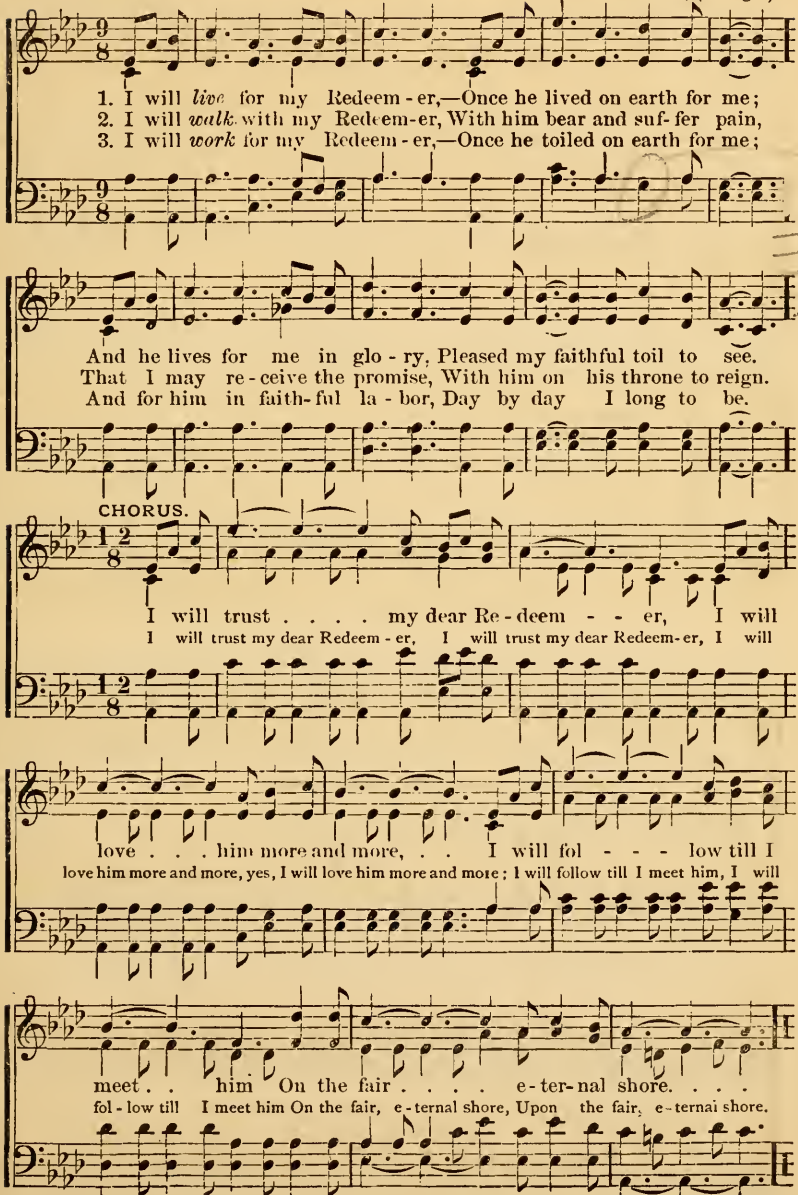
31 I will Trust my Dear Redeemer.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. W. A. Galpin, (arranged).



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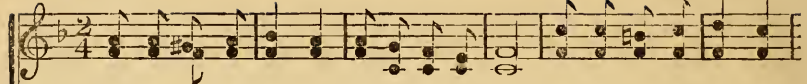
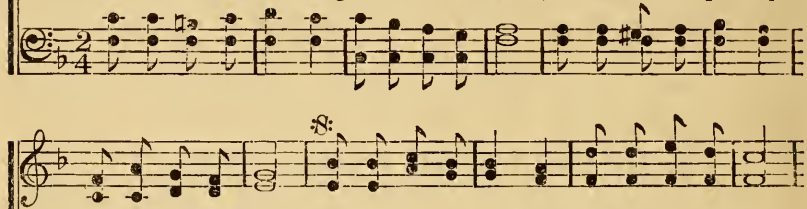
Whatsoever.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

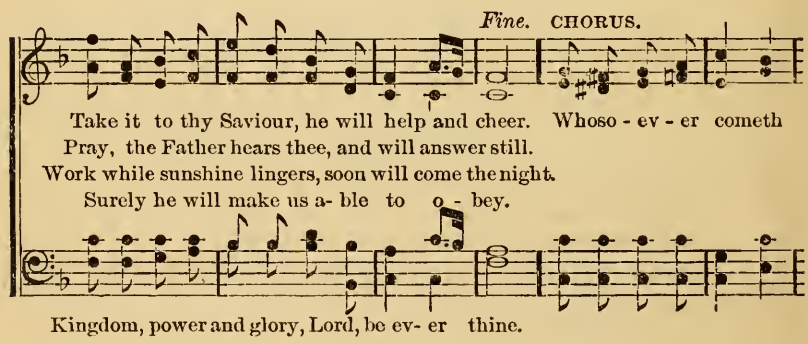


1. What- so- ev - er bur- den presses on thy heart, Take it to thy Saviour,
2. What- so- ev - er plea thou bringest in his name, Oh, the precious promise,
3. What- so- ev - er work thy hand may find to do For our loving Mas- ter,
4. What- so- ev - er bid- ding find we in his word, Whatsoev - er pre- cept



he will peace impart, What- so- ev - er sor- row, whatso- ev - er fear,
through all years the same! Whatso- ev - er plea, ac - cording to his will,
service good and true, Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy might,"
of our blessed Lord, He who giveth ev - er strength as needs each day

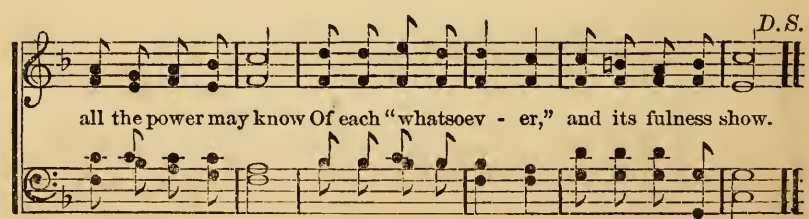
D.S.—Oh, the love of Je - sus! Oh, his grace divine!



Fine. CHORUS.

Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and cheer. Whoso - ev - er cometh
Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer still.
Work while sunshine lingers, soon will come the night.
Surely he will make us a- ble to o - bey.

Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ev- er thine.



D.S.

all the power may know Of each "whatsoev - er," and its fulness show.

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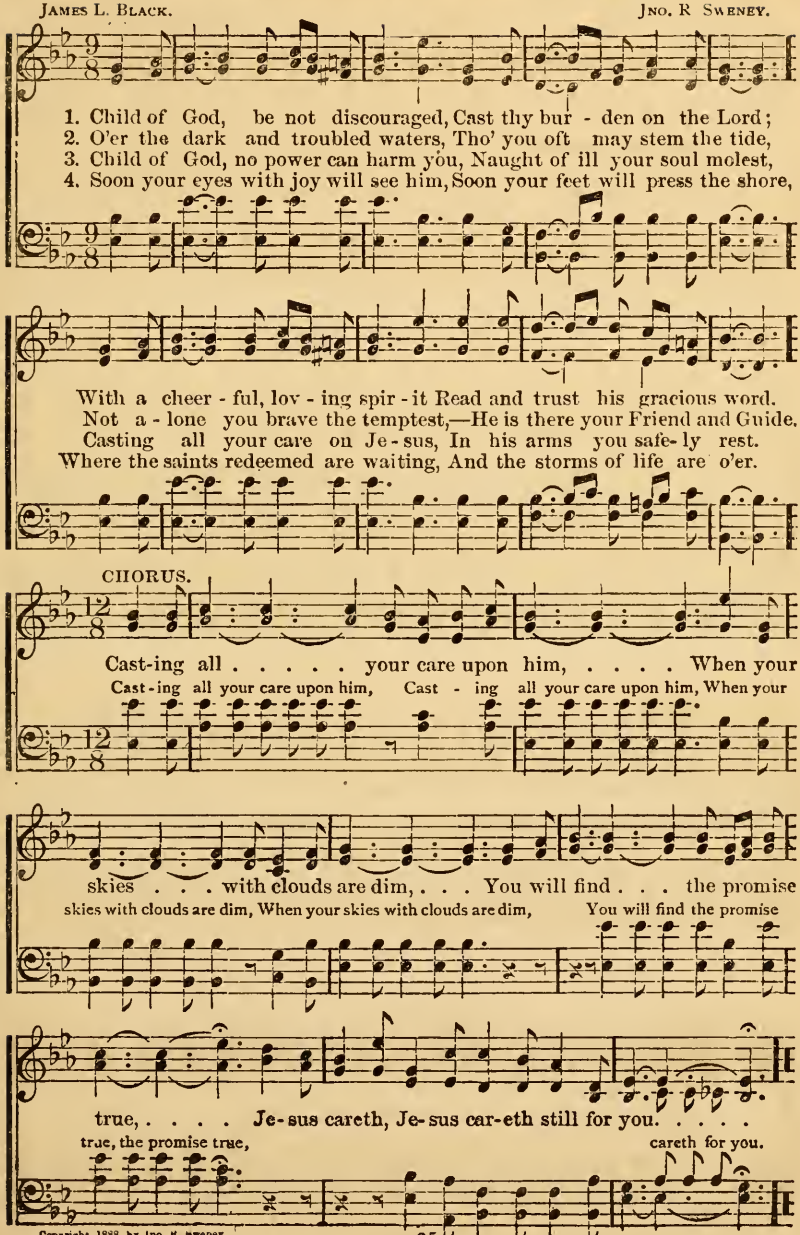
Casting Your Care upon Him.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R SWENEY.



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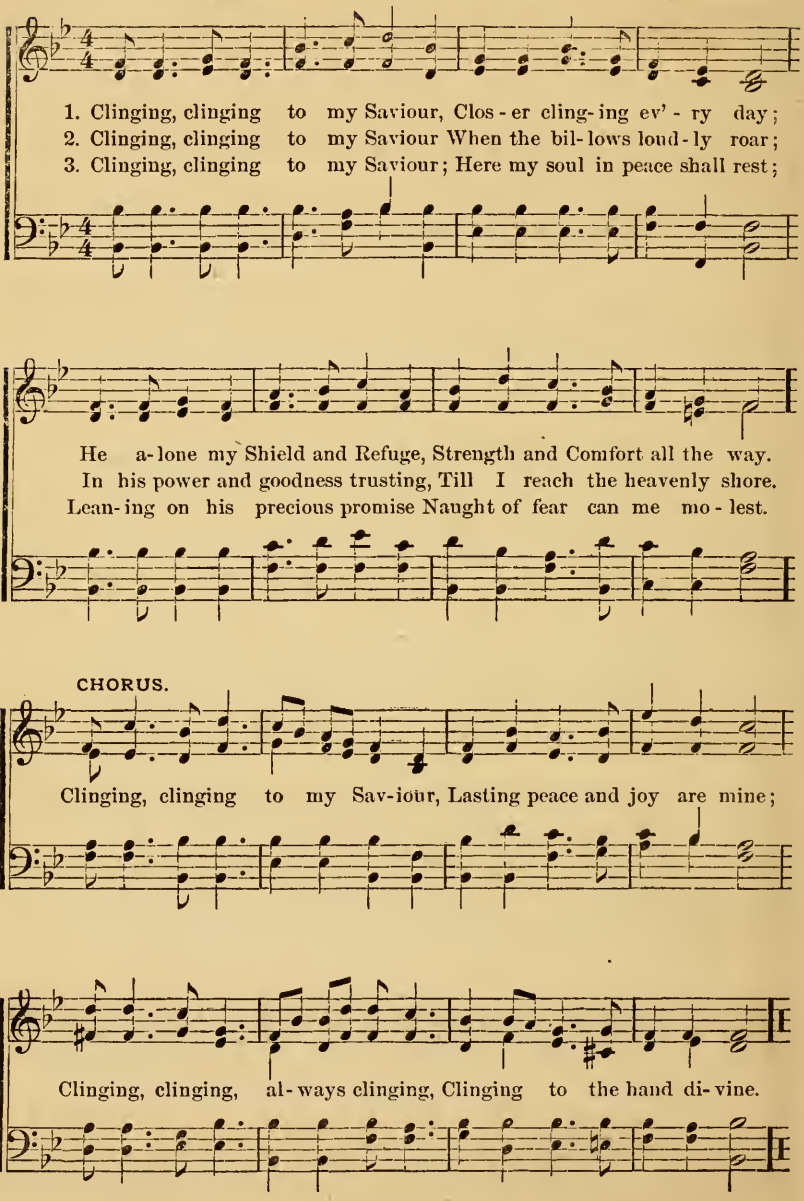
34 Clinging to My Saviour.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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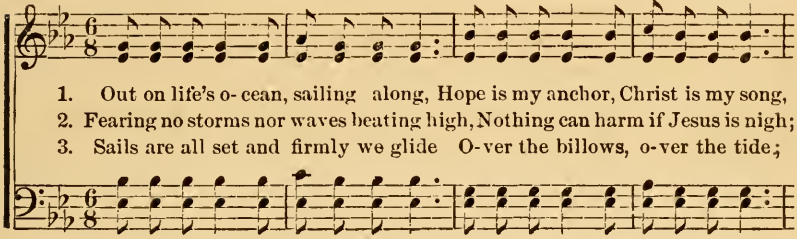
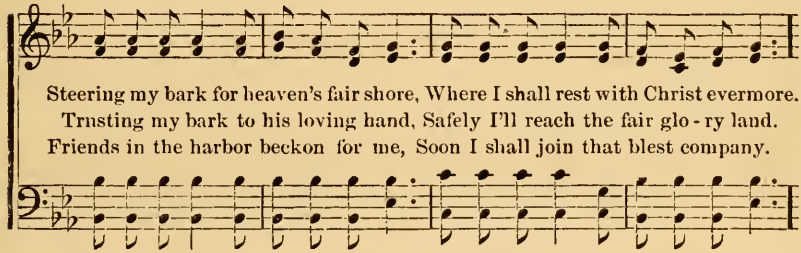
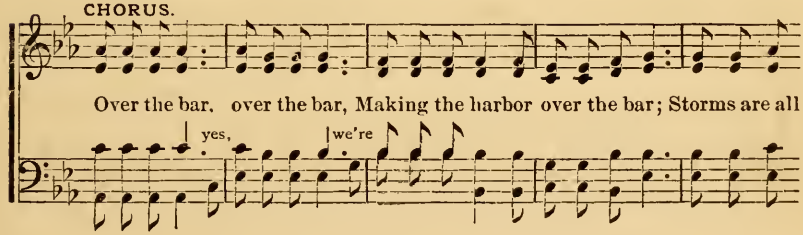
Over the Bar.

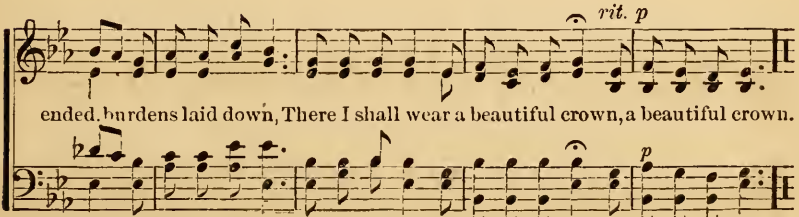
"After the afternoon service yesterday, Mr. Martin, in company with a few friends, visited Mother Osgood, who is in her one hundredth year. In conversation Mrs. Osgood spoke of herself as 'crossing over the bar and entering the haven of everlasting rest.' From this circumstance Mr. Martin composed the song entitled 'Over the Bar,' which he sang very effectively at the evening service."—*Amesbury (Mass.) News.*

W. S. Martin. J. H. Tenney









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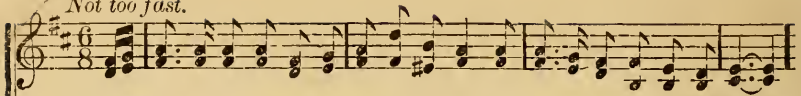
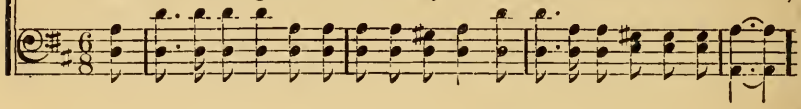
Is it I?

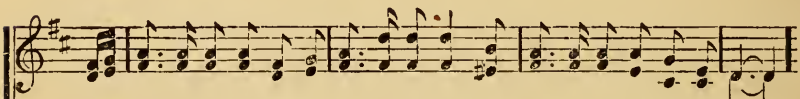
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.

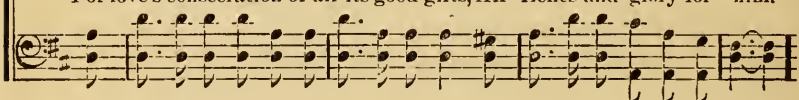


1. The Master is calling for some one to-day To work in his broad harvest-field,
2. The Master is calling for some one to-day To stand in his ranks brave and true,
3. The Master is calling for some one to-day To go with his message of love,
4. The Master is asking of some one to-day The treasure which time cannot dim,

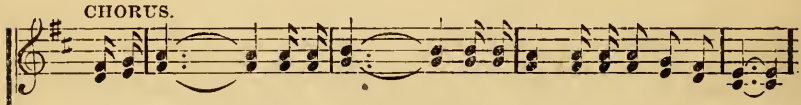




To save for his garner the ripening grain, Asks some one glad service to yield.
To march to the conflict against mighty foes, And willing allegiance re - new.
To give to the wand'rer the rescuing hand, To lead to the Saviour a - bove.
For love's consecration of all its good gifts, All riches and glory for him.

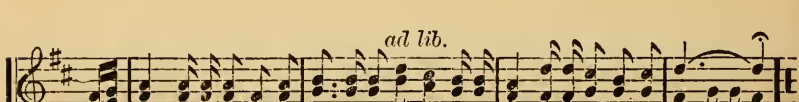


CHORUS.



Is it I? . Is it I? . . . Is it I? tell me, Lord, is it I?

Is it I? Is it I?



ad lib.

Thy voice gently falling, for someone is calling, Is it I, tell me, Lord, is it I? is it I?

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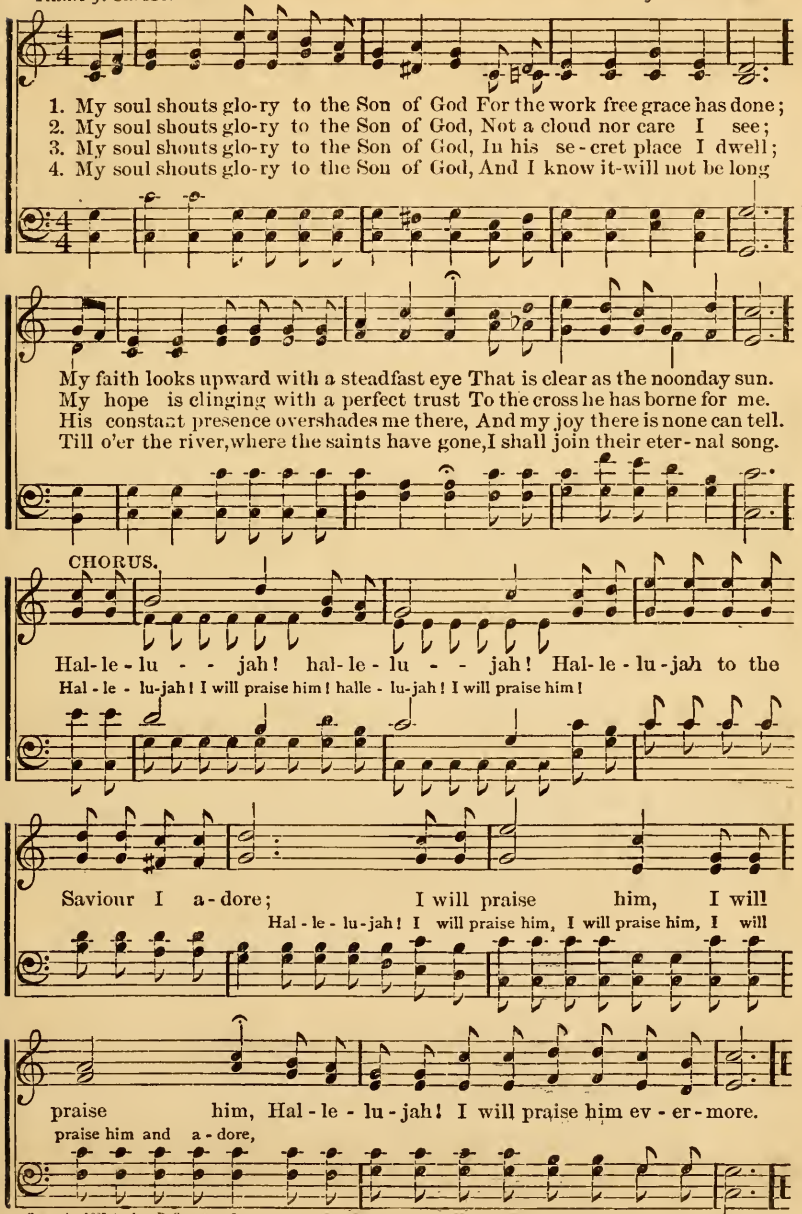
My Soul Shouts Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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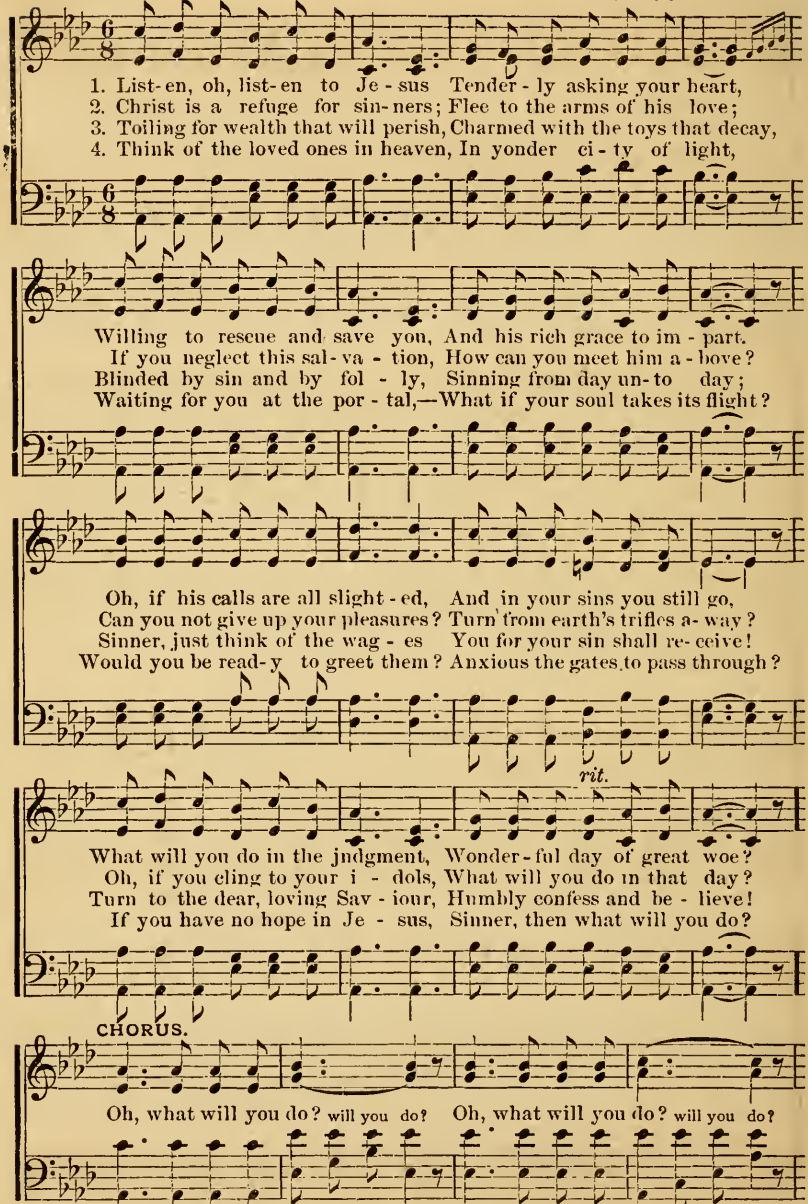
What Will You Do?

T. B. Weaver. Arranged by J. H. Tenney.



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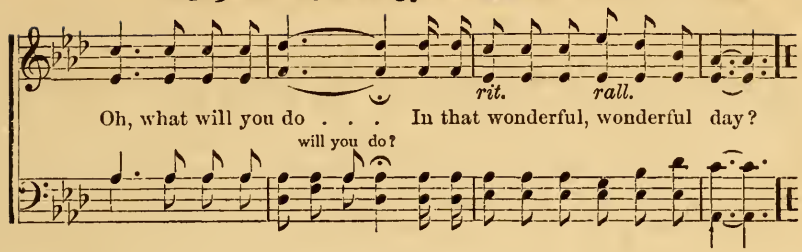
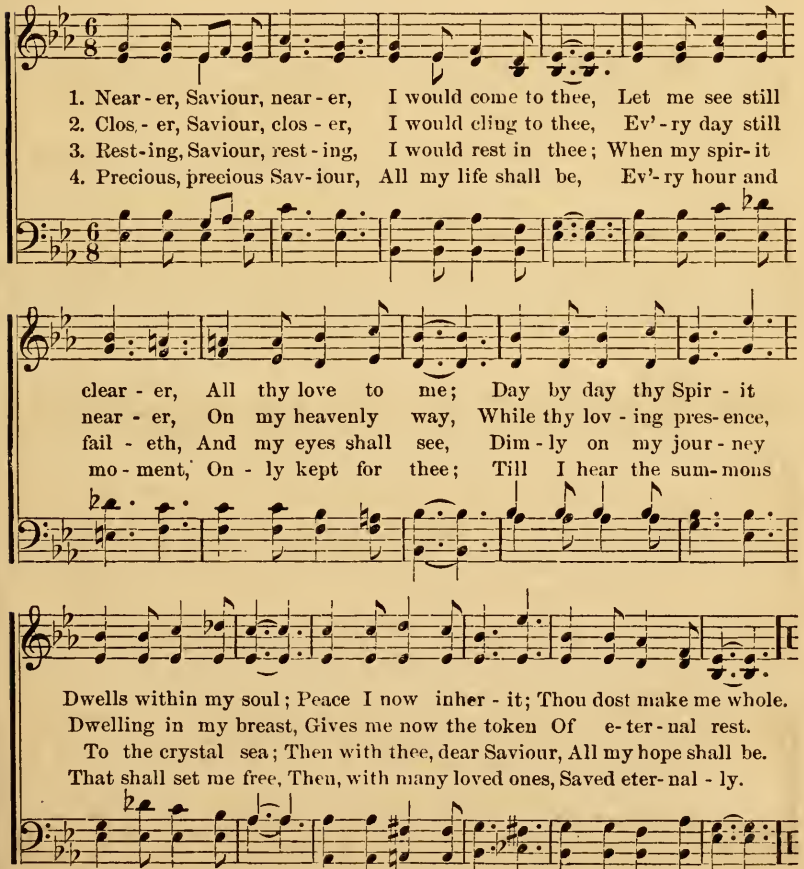
What Will You Do?—CONCLUDED.



39 Trusting.

C. B. J. R. Psalm lxxxvi. 1, 2. C. B. J Root.



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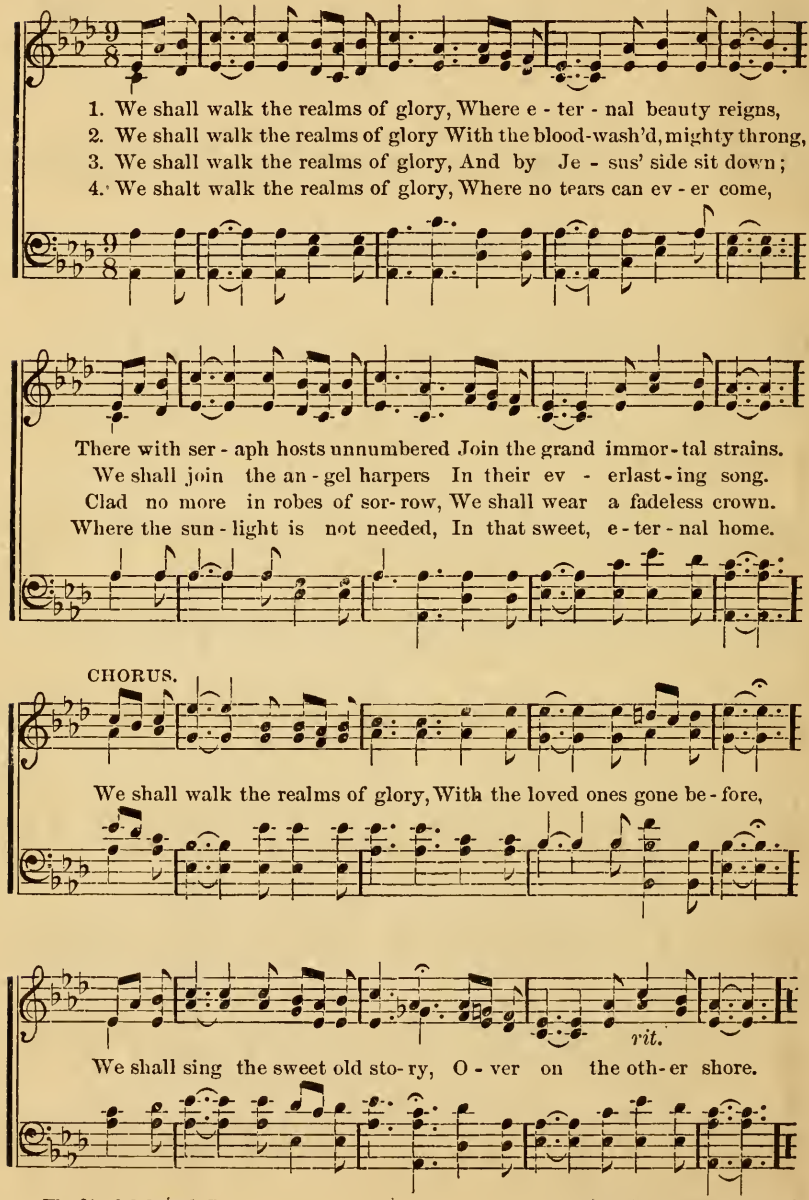
40 We shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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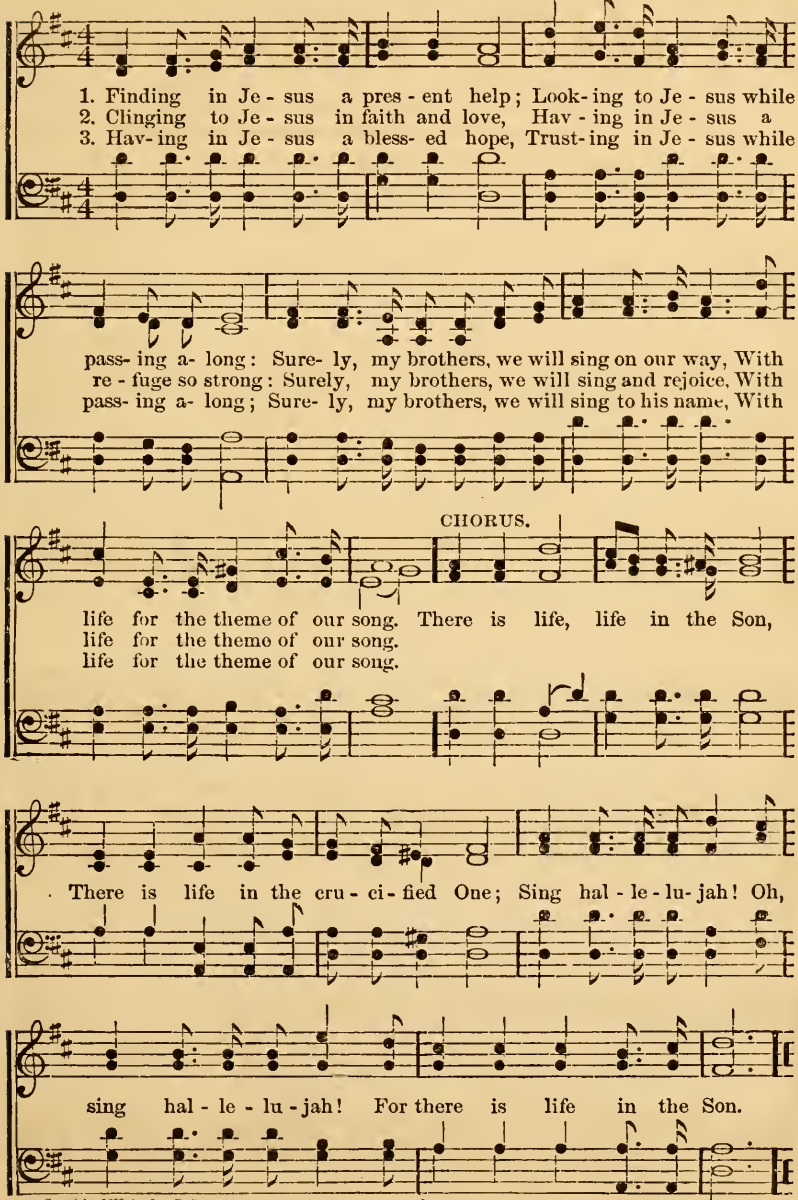
There is Life in the Son.

E. A. Barnes. "He that hath the Son hath life."—2 John 5: 12. Jno. R. Sweney.



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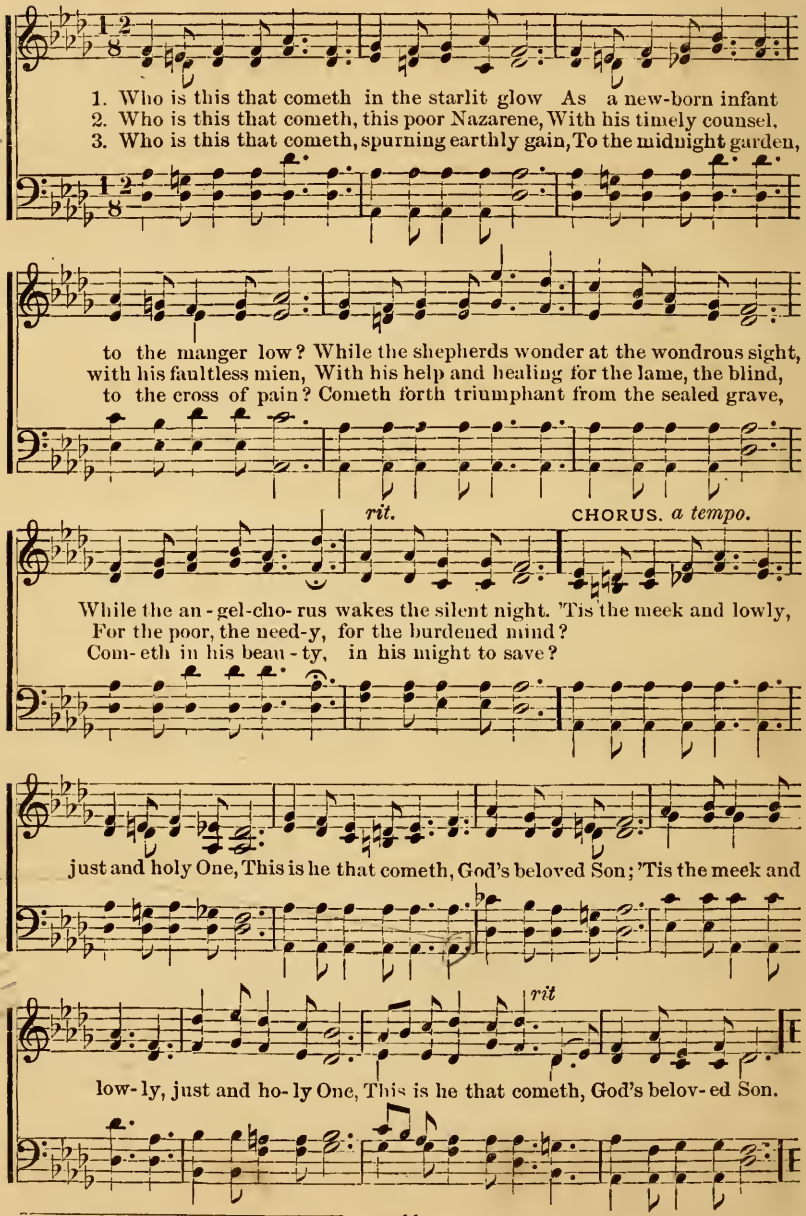
Who is This that Cometh?

Mrs. F. E. Pettingill. Isaiah lxiii. 1. J. H. Tenney.



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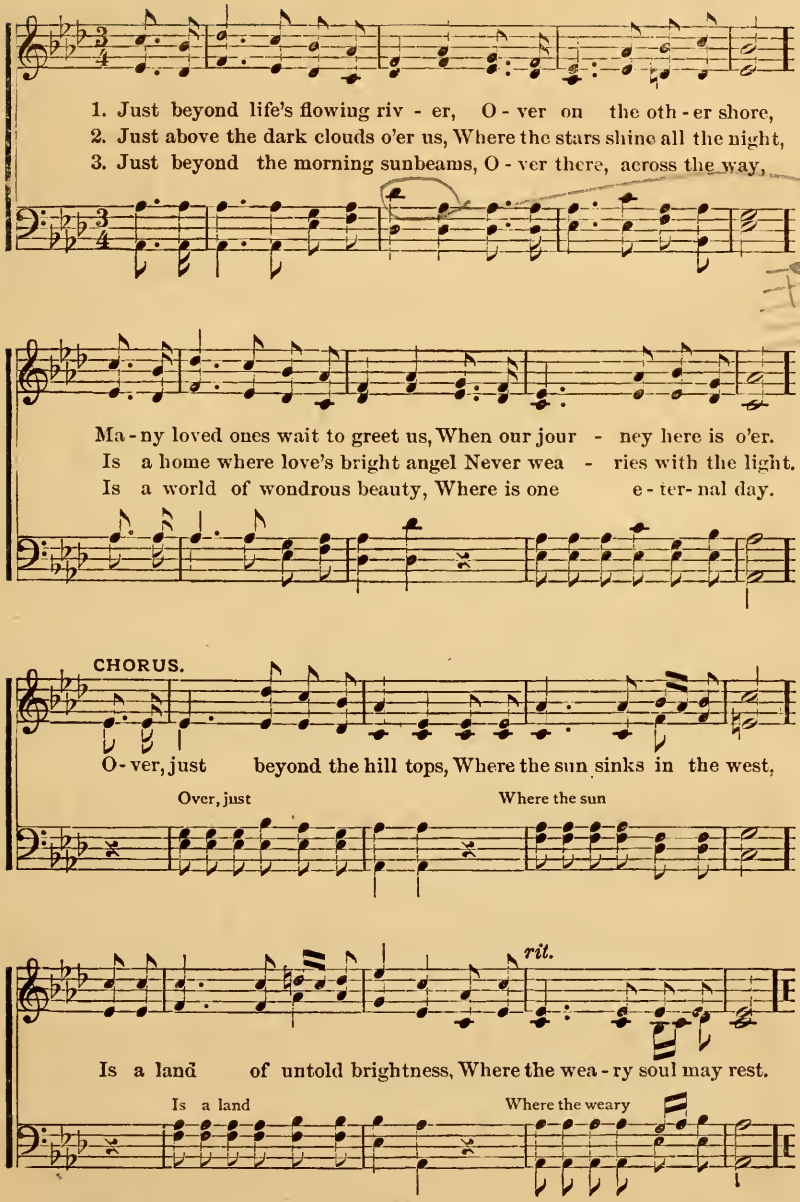
Just Beyond.

W. S. Martin.



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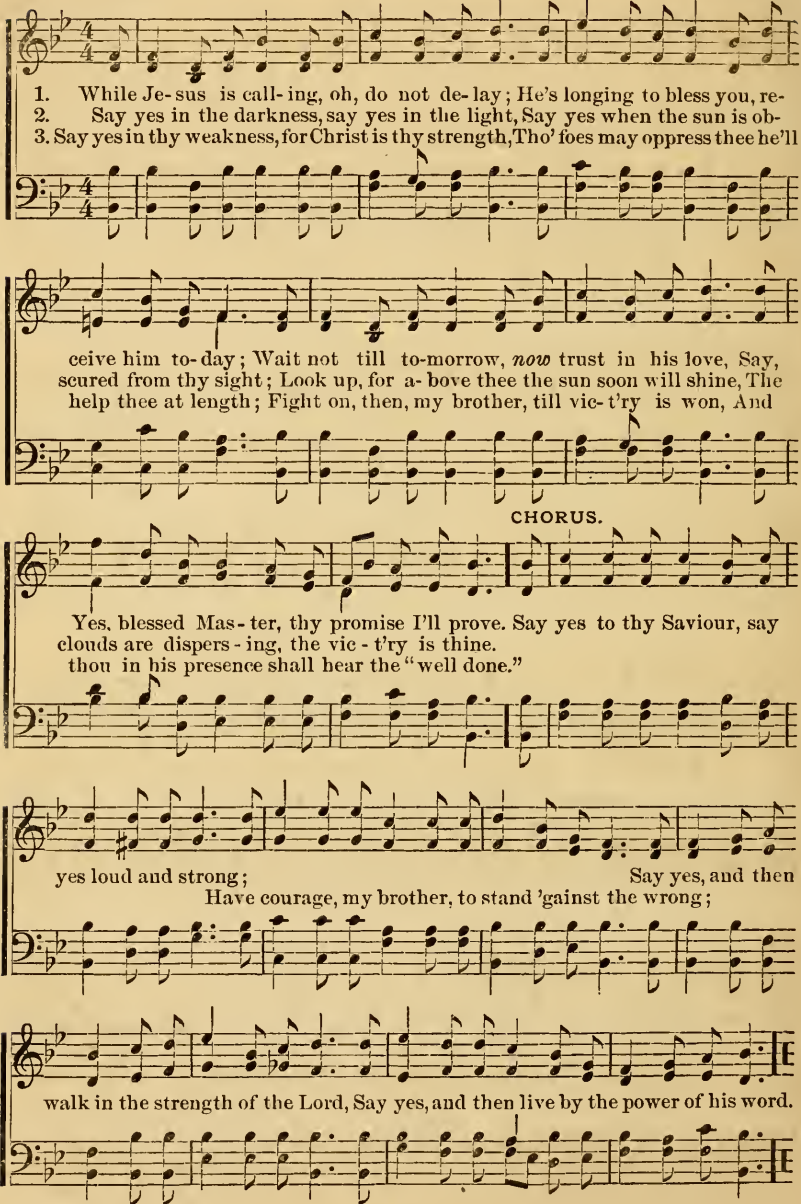
Have Courage to Say Yes.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.



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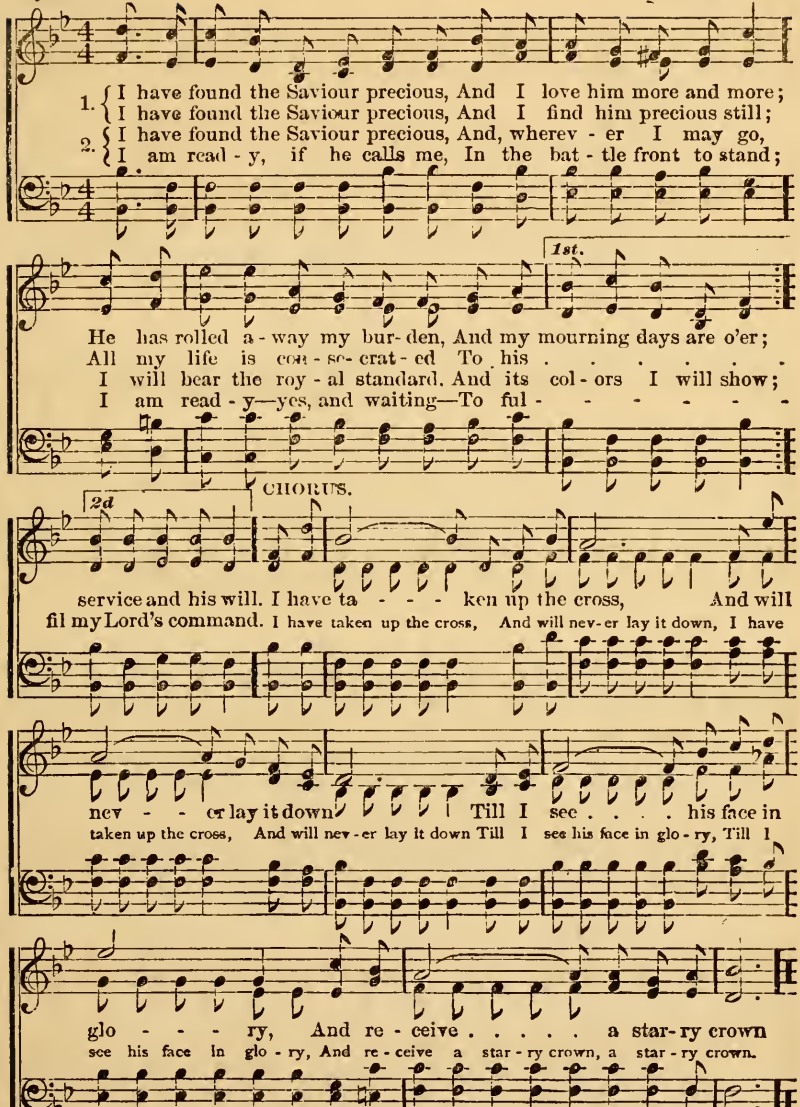
The Saviour Precious.

JAMES S. APPLE. JNO R. SWENEY.



3 I have found the Saviour precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Saviour precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

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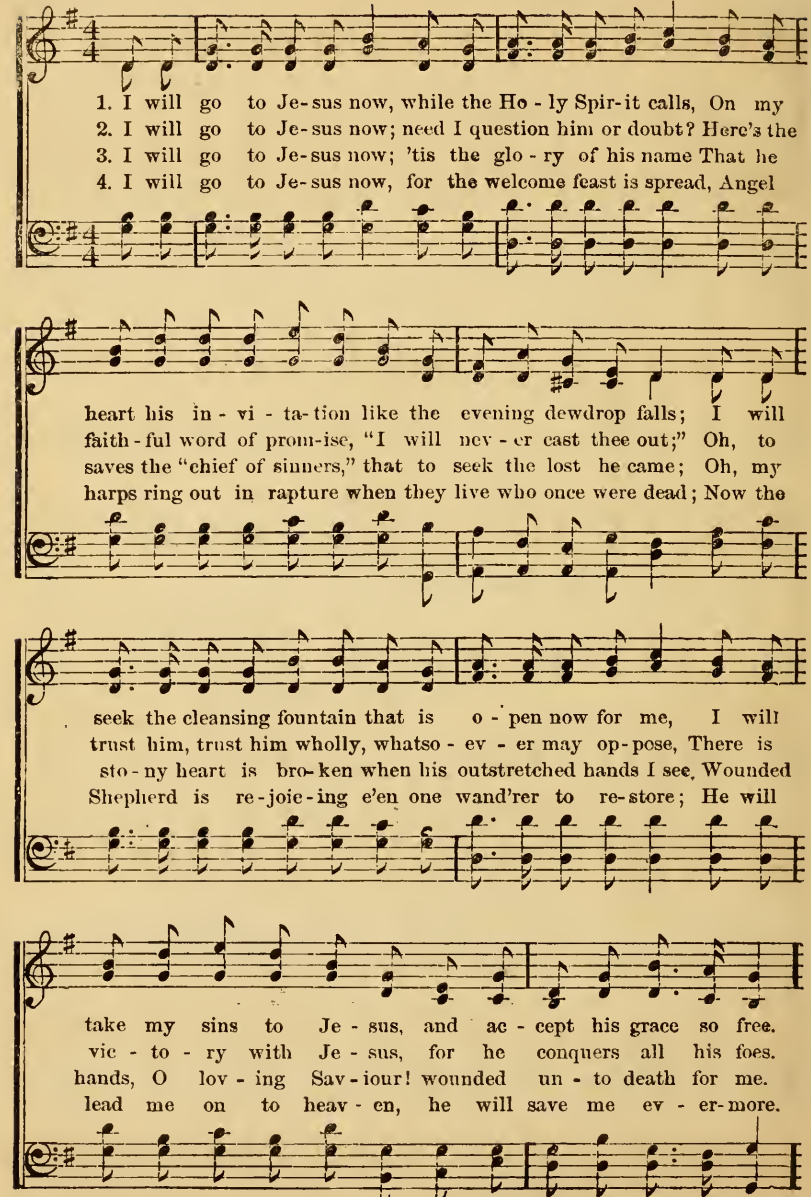
I will Go to Jesus Now.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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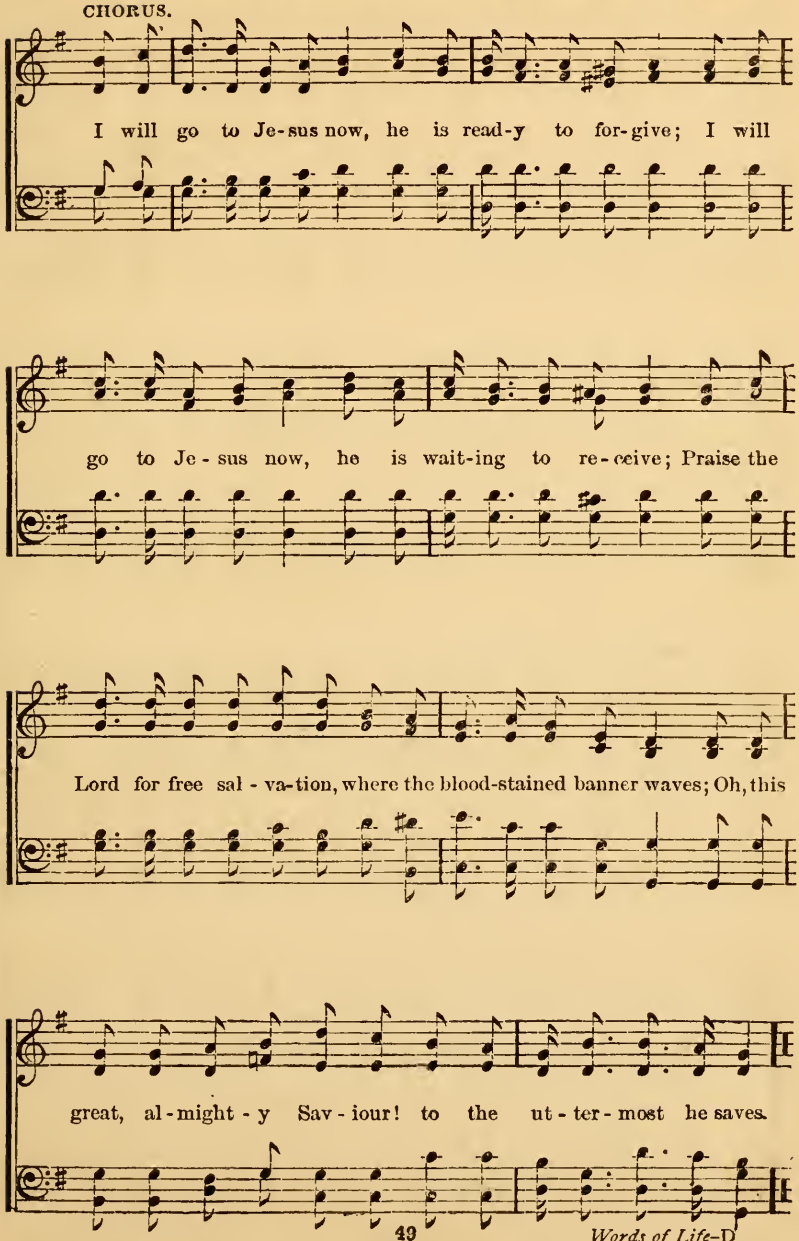
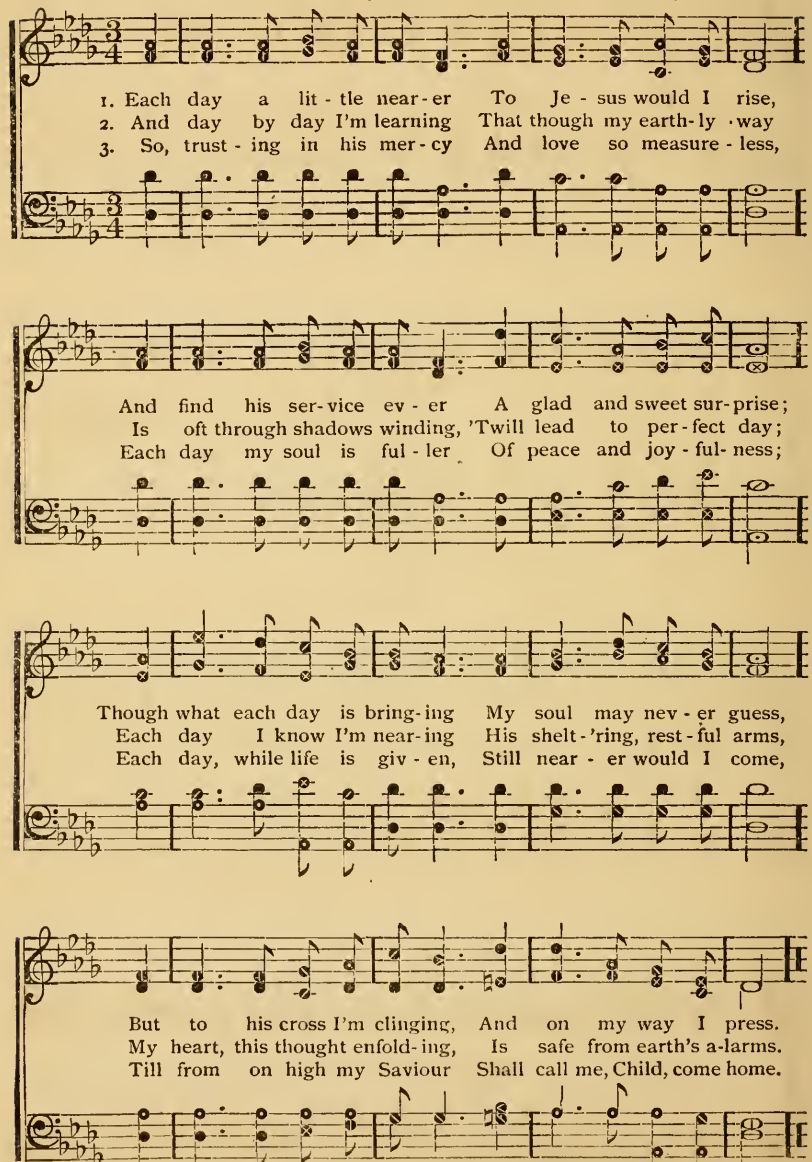

CHORUS.
I will go to Je-sus now, he is read-y to for-give; I will
go to Je-sus now, he is wait-ing to re-ceive; Praise the
Lord for free sal-va-tion, where the blood-stained banner waves; Oh, this
great, al-might-y Sav-iour! to the ut-ter-most he saves.

Each Day a Little Nearer.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."
James iv. 8

FAITH WILLIAMS. J. H. TENNEY.



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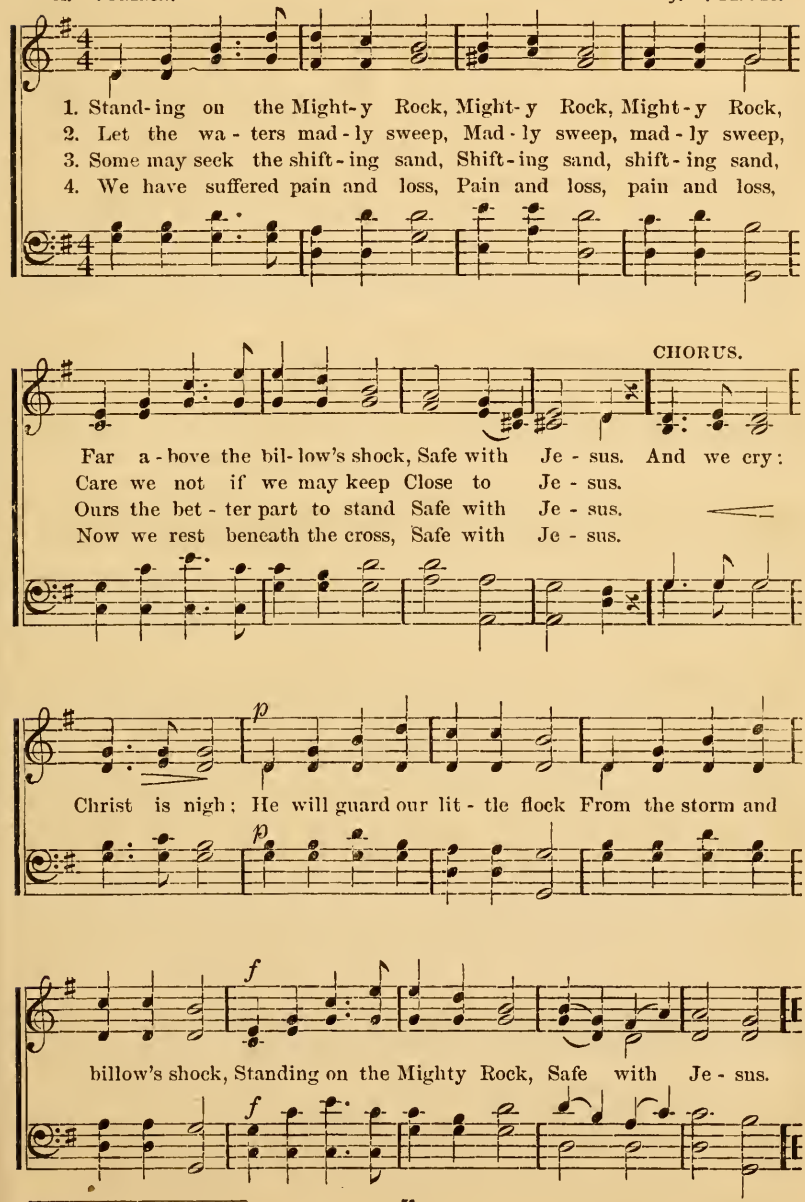
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

49 Standing on the Mighty Rock.

A. W. French. Psalms xl 2. J. H. Tenney.



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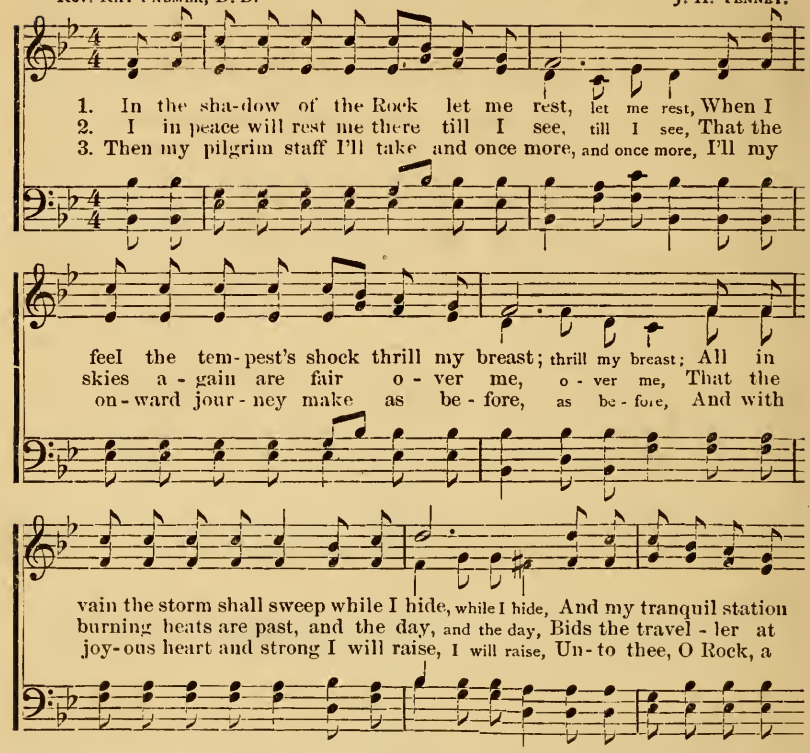
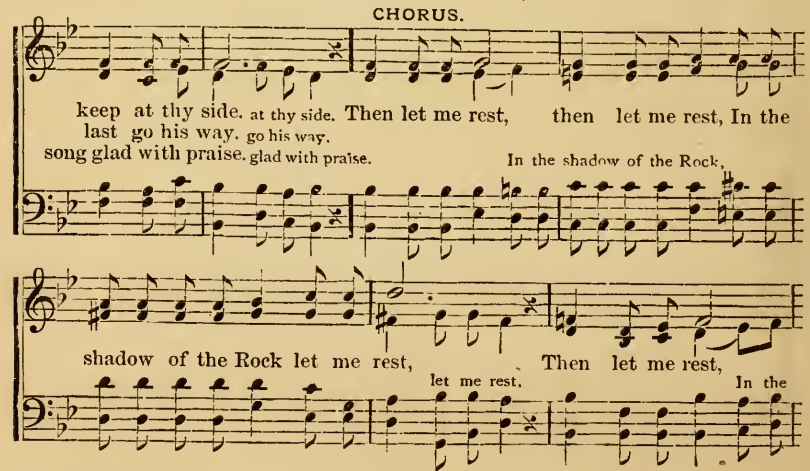
In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. J. H. Tenney.



CHORUS.



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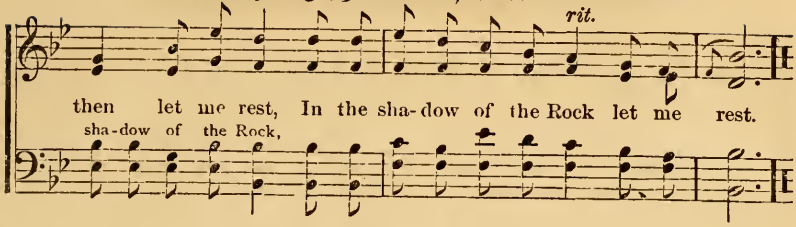
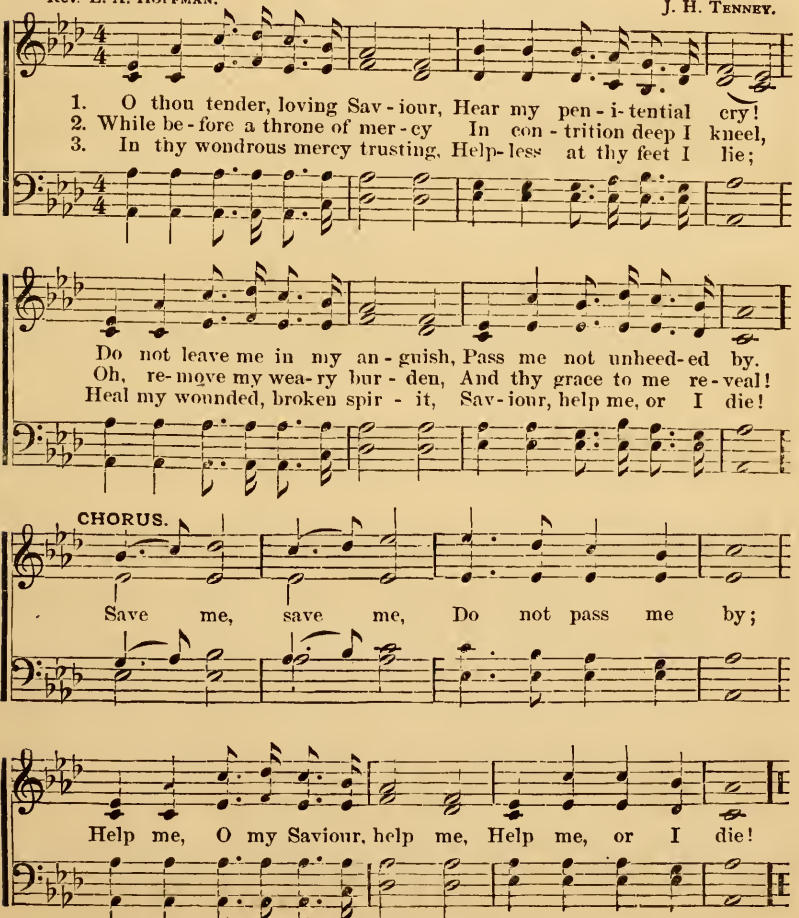
In the Shadow, etc.—CONCLUDED.



51

Help Me, or I Die.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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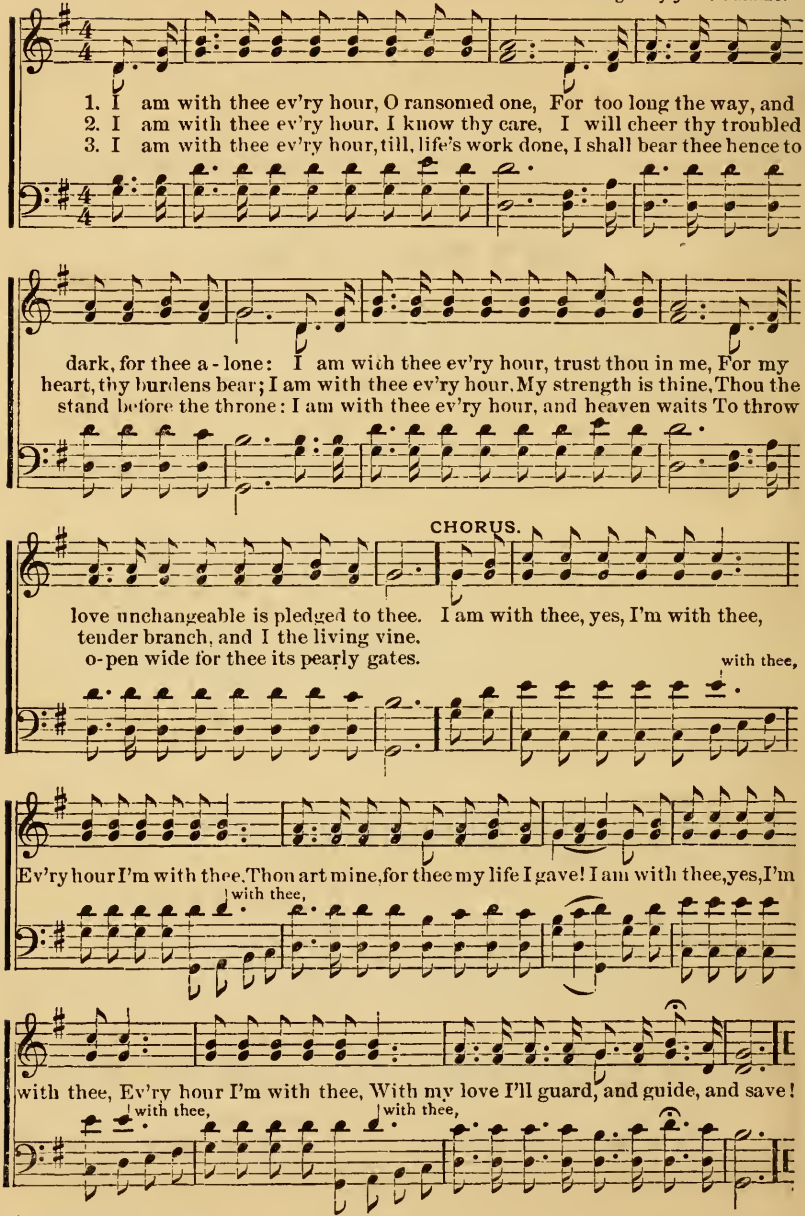
I Am With Thee Every Hour.

Arranged by J. H. TENNEY.



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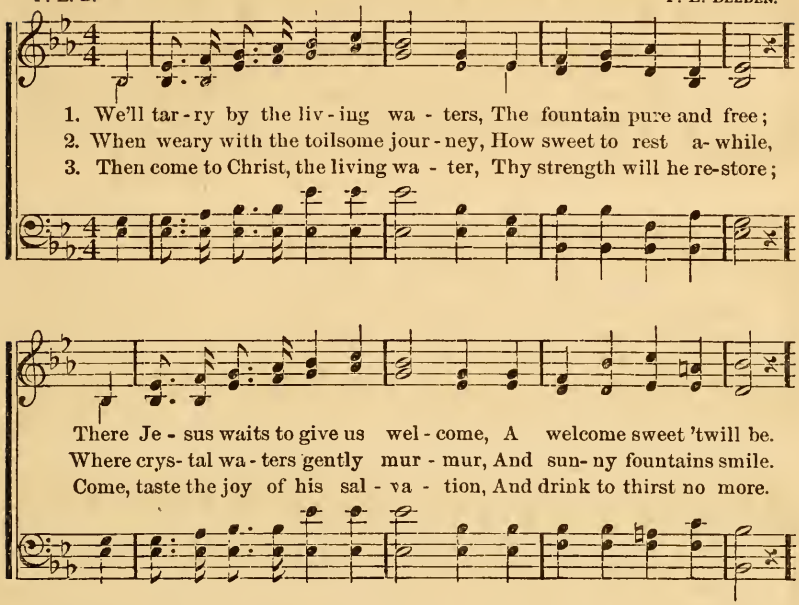
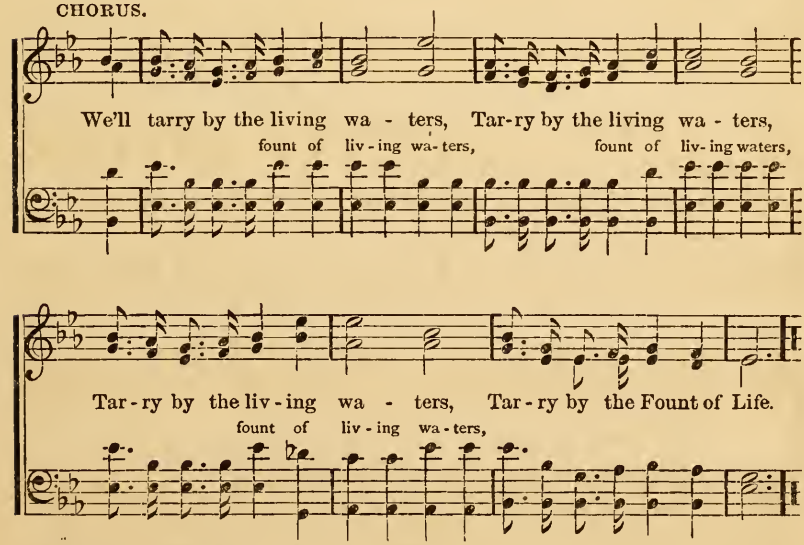
Tarry by the Living Waters.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."
Rev. xxi. 6.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.



CHORUS.



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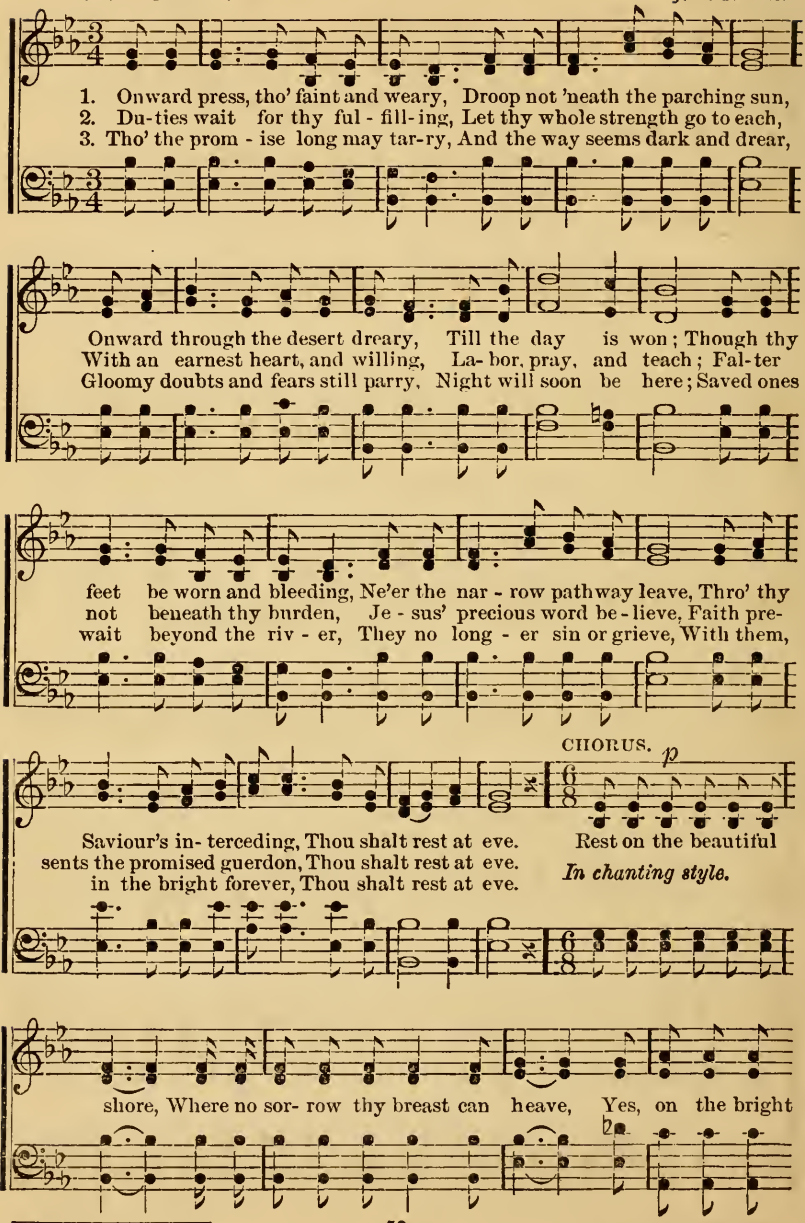
Thou Shalt Rest at Eve.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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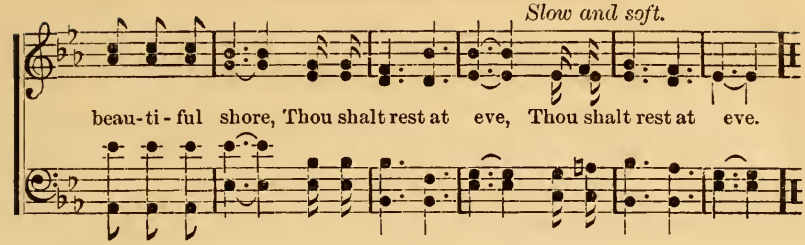
Thou Shalt Rest at Eve.—CONCLUDED.

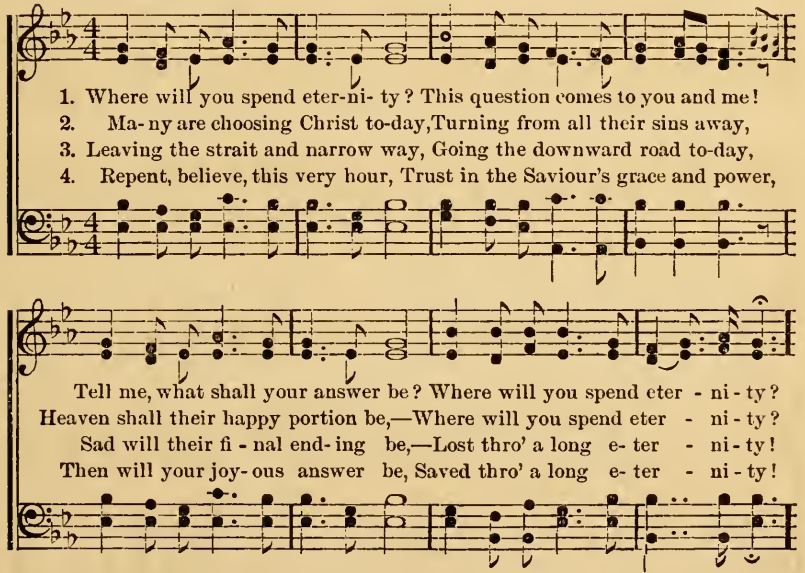
Slow and soft.

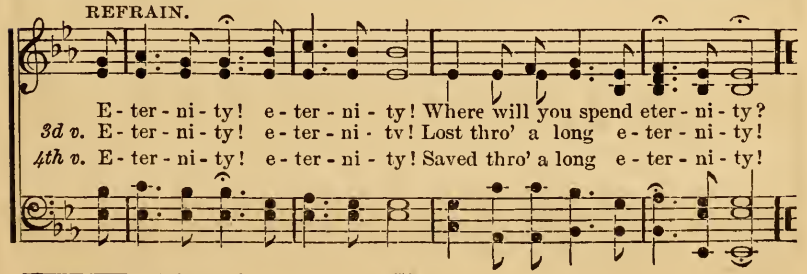


55 Where will You Spend Eternity?

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. xxv. 46.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.





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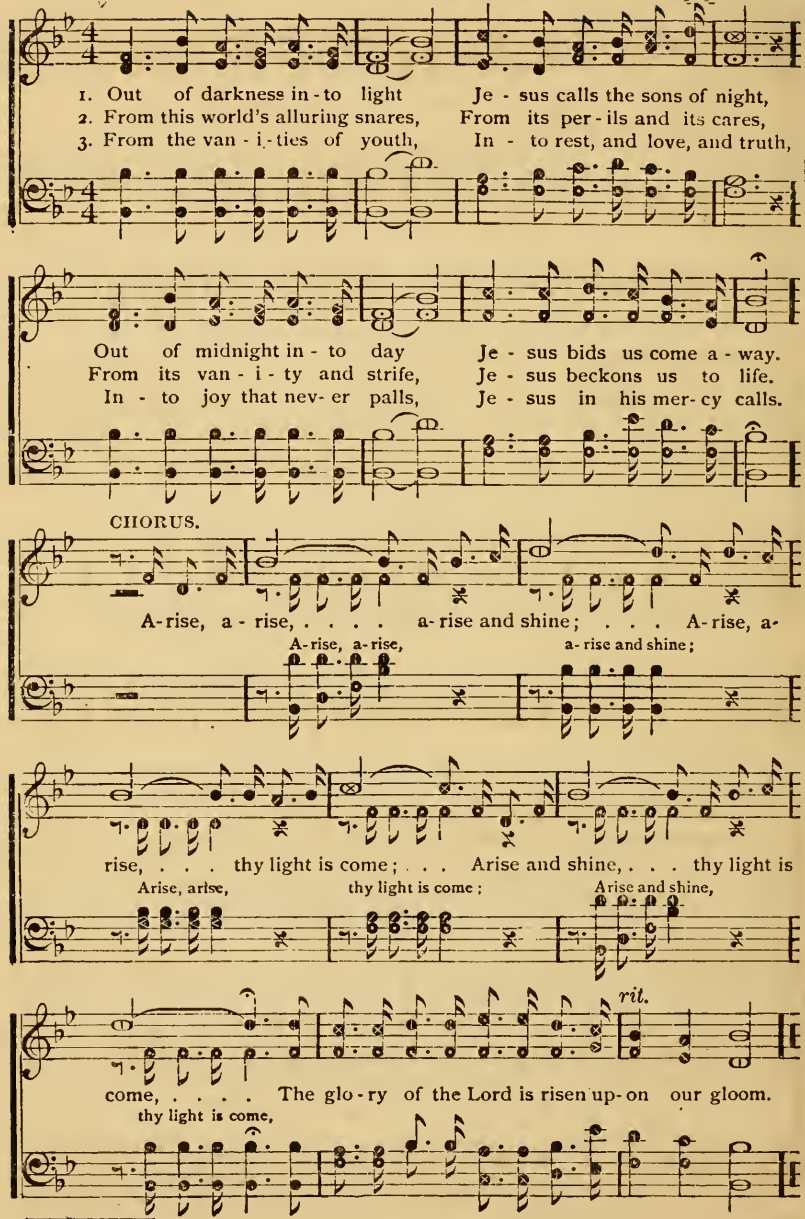
Arise and Shine.

H. Bonar. J. J. Hood.



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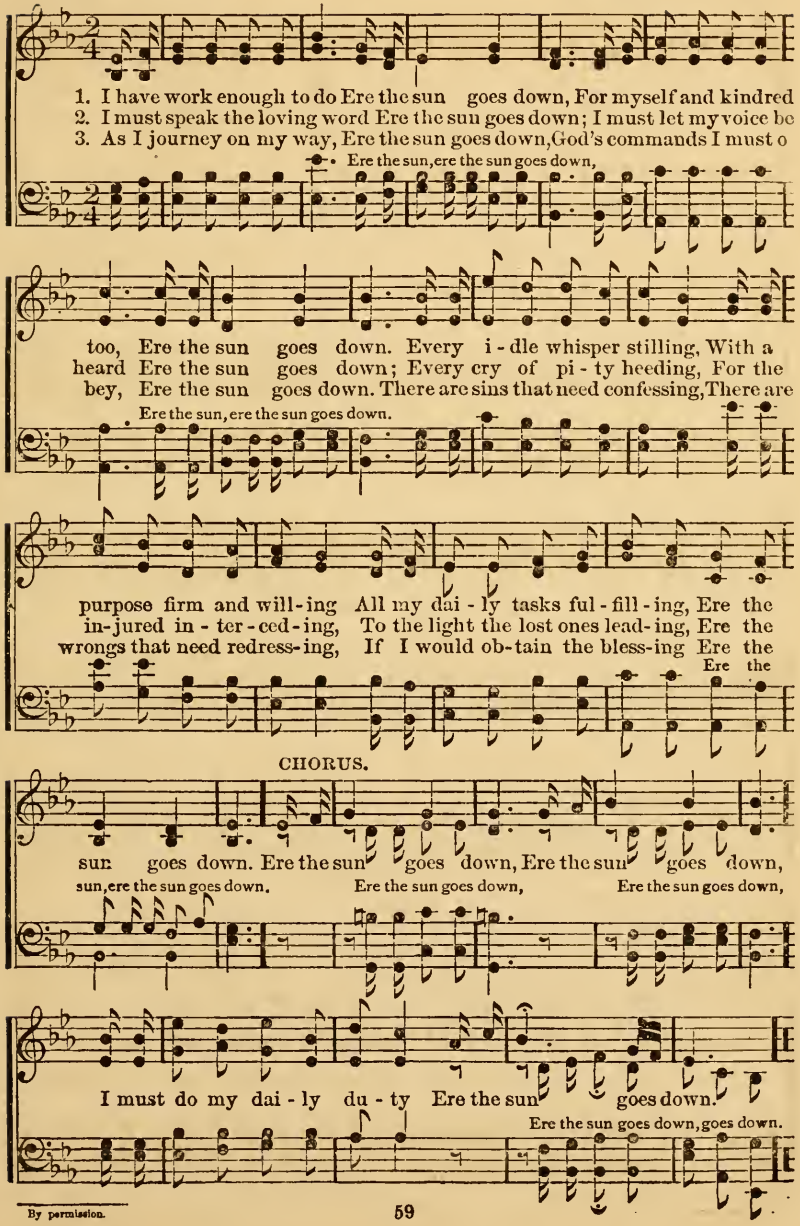
Ere the Sun goes down.

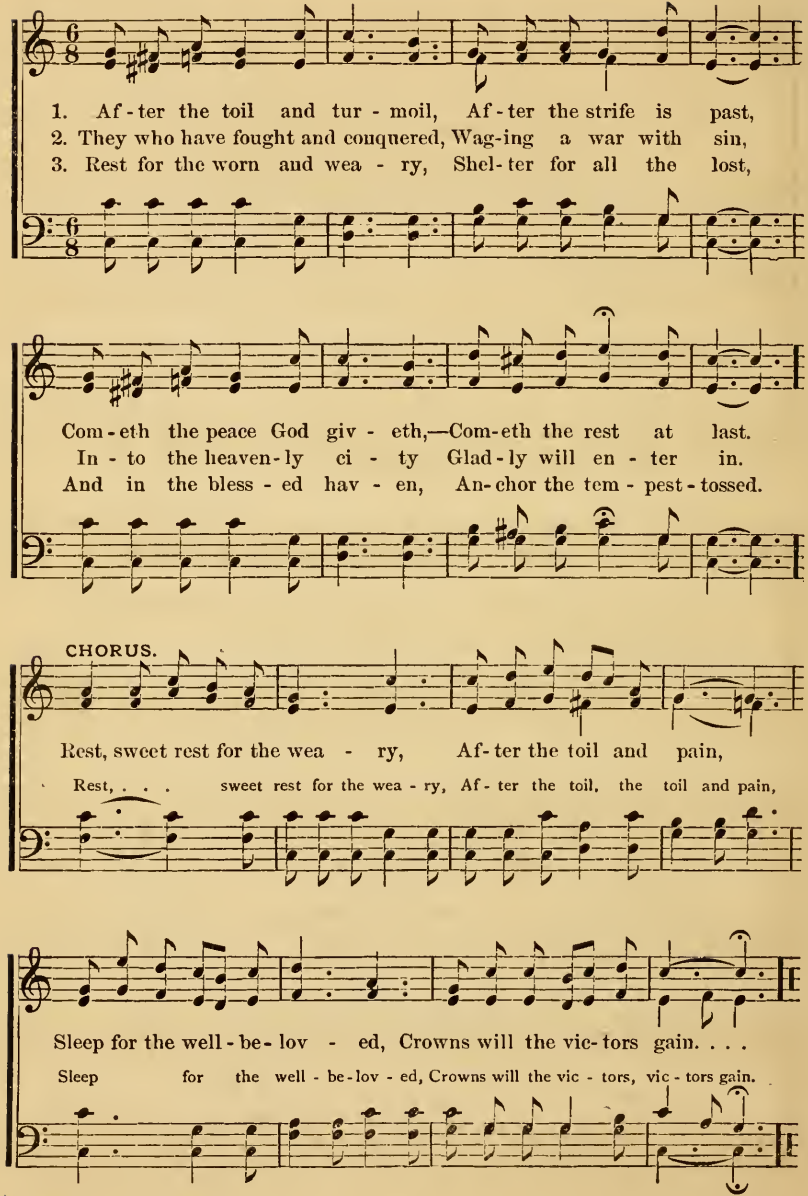
JOSEPHINE POLLARD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



By permission.

Rest in Heaven.

Mrs. C. L Shacklock. J. H. Tenney.



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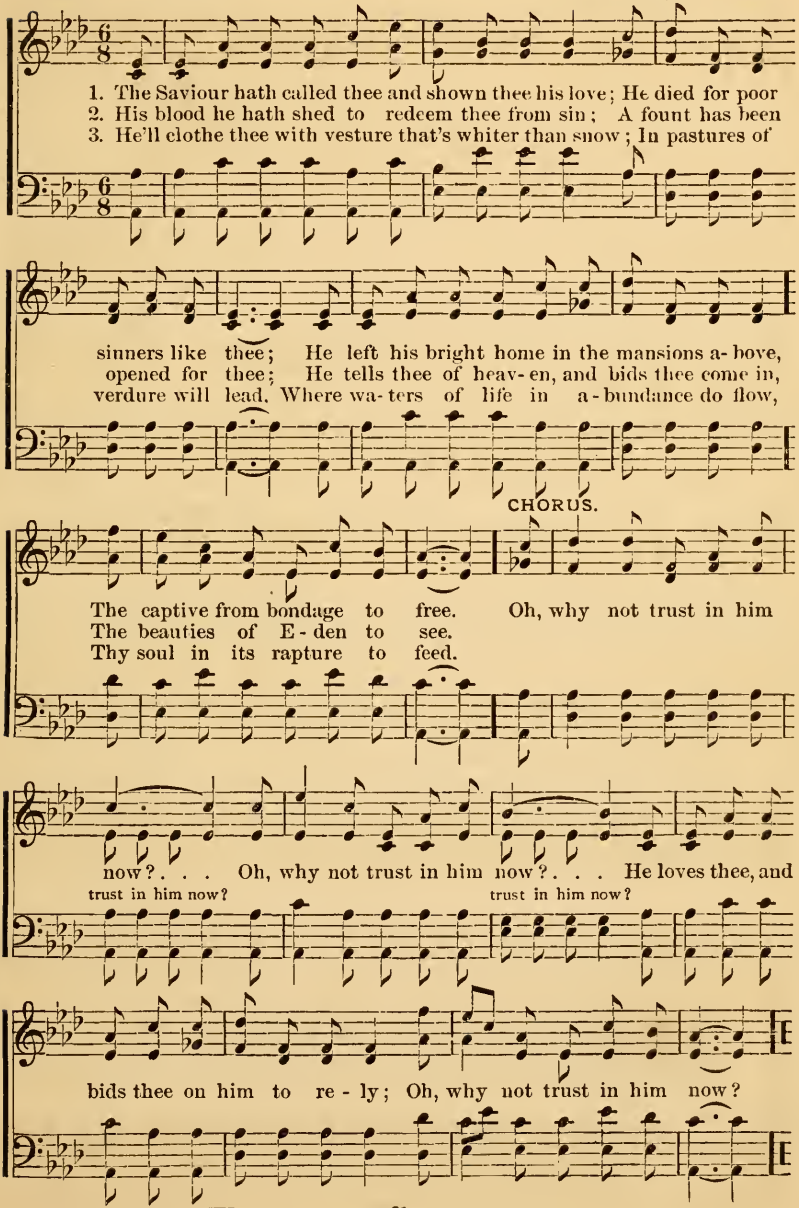
59

Why not Trust in Him Now?

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J H. Tenney.



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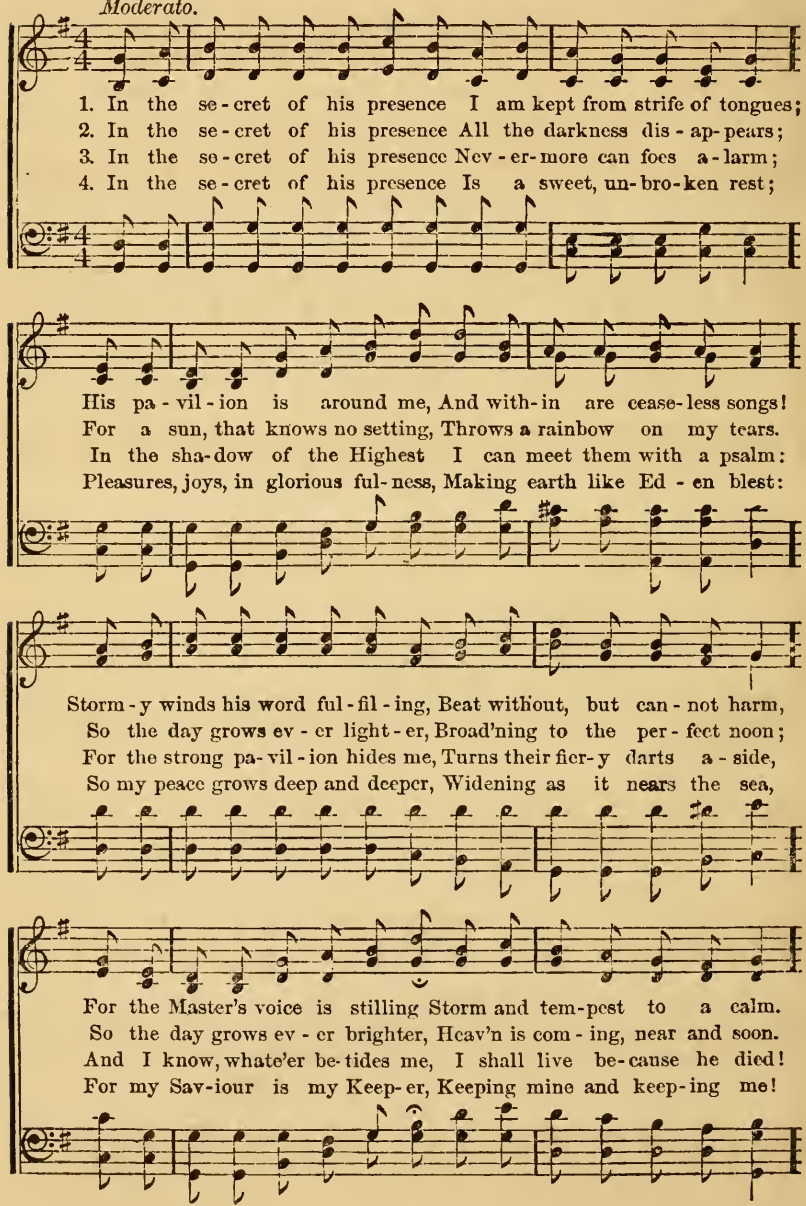
In the Secret of His Presence.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.



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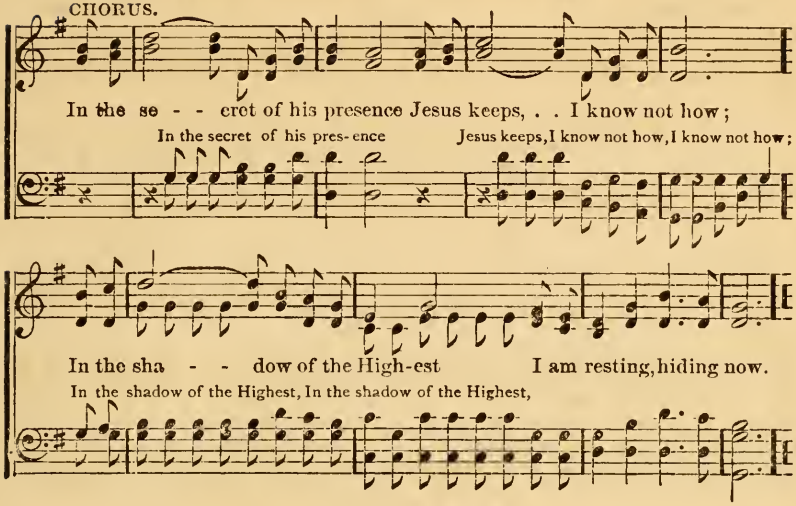
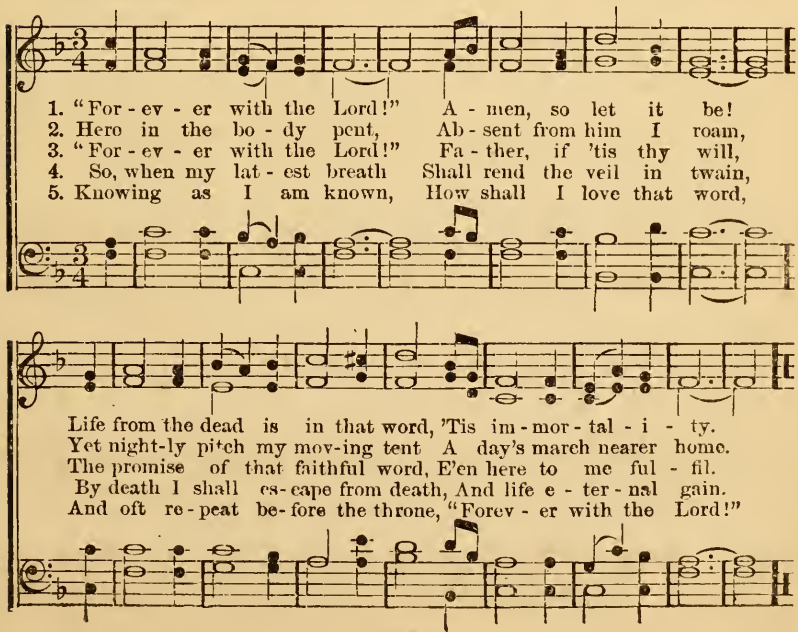
In the Secret of His Presence.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



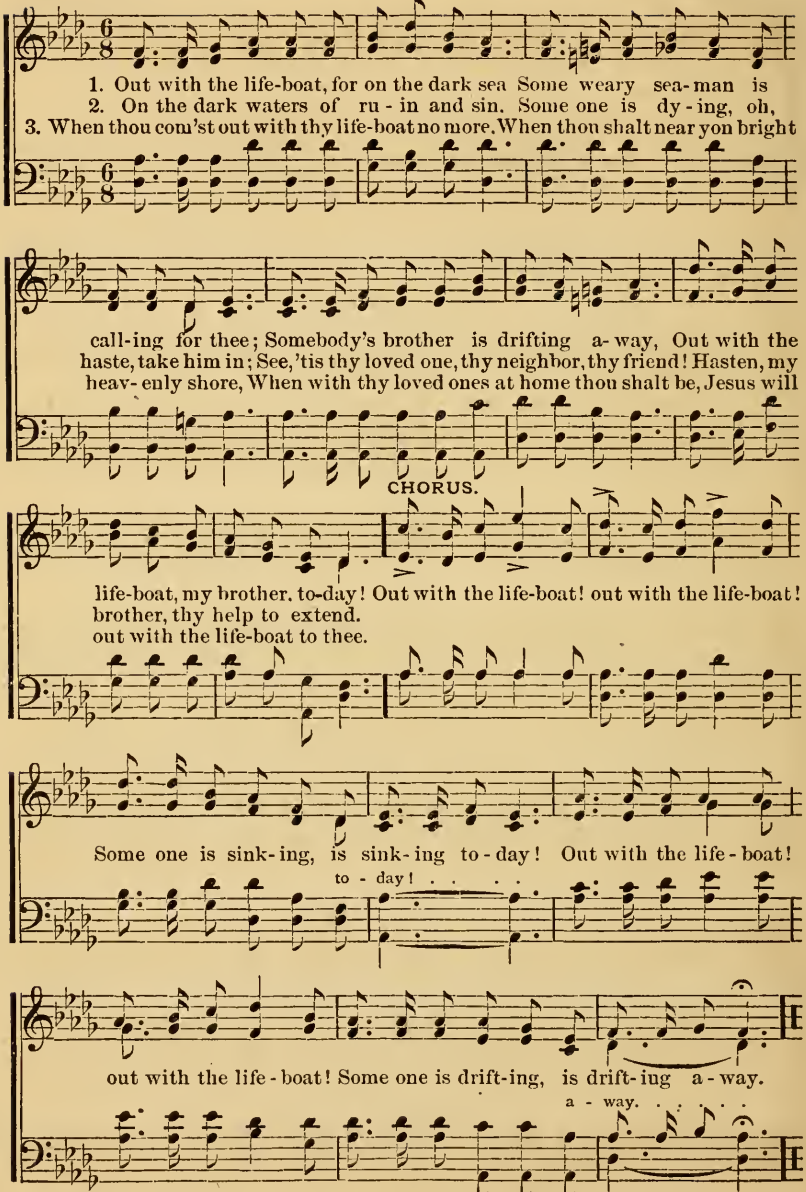
61 Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Tune, VIGIL, S. M.



Out with the Life-boat.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.



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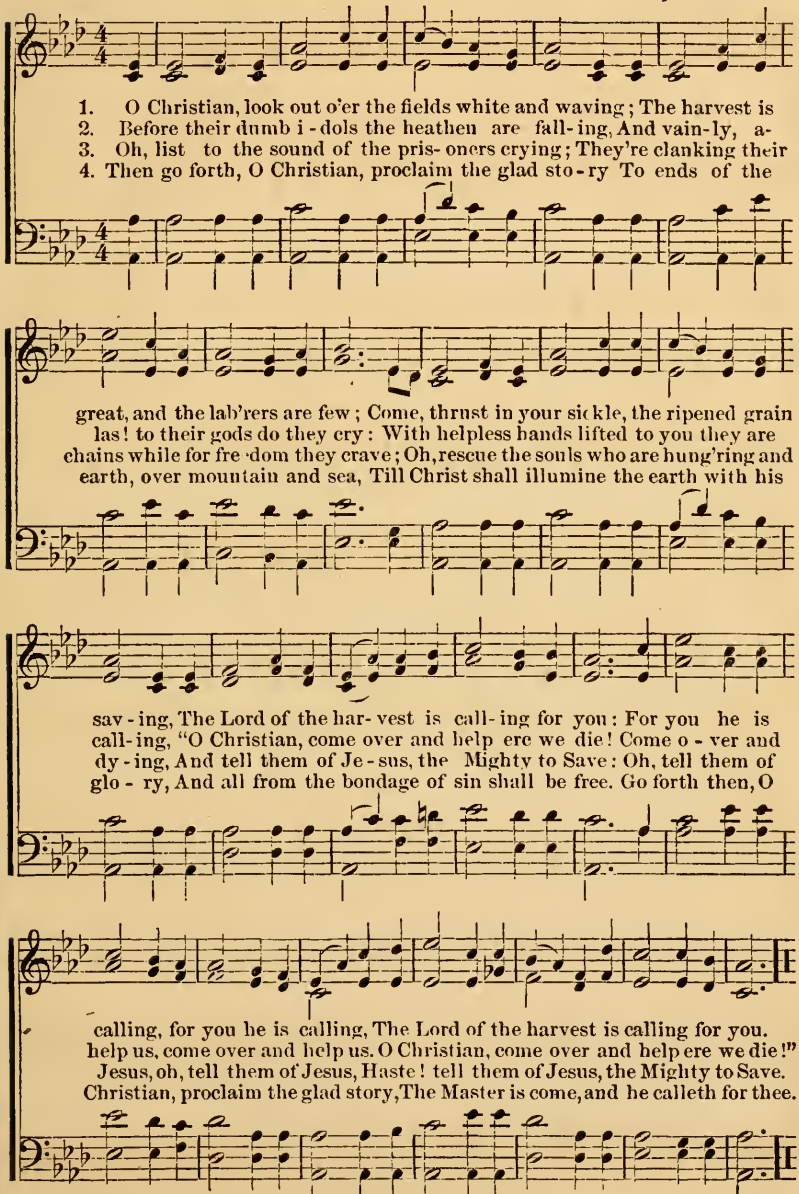
Calling for You.

Mary S. Wheeler. J. H. Tenney.



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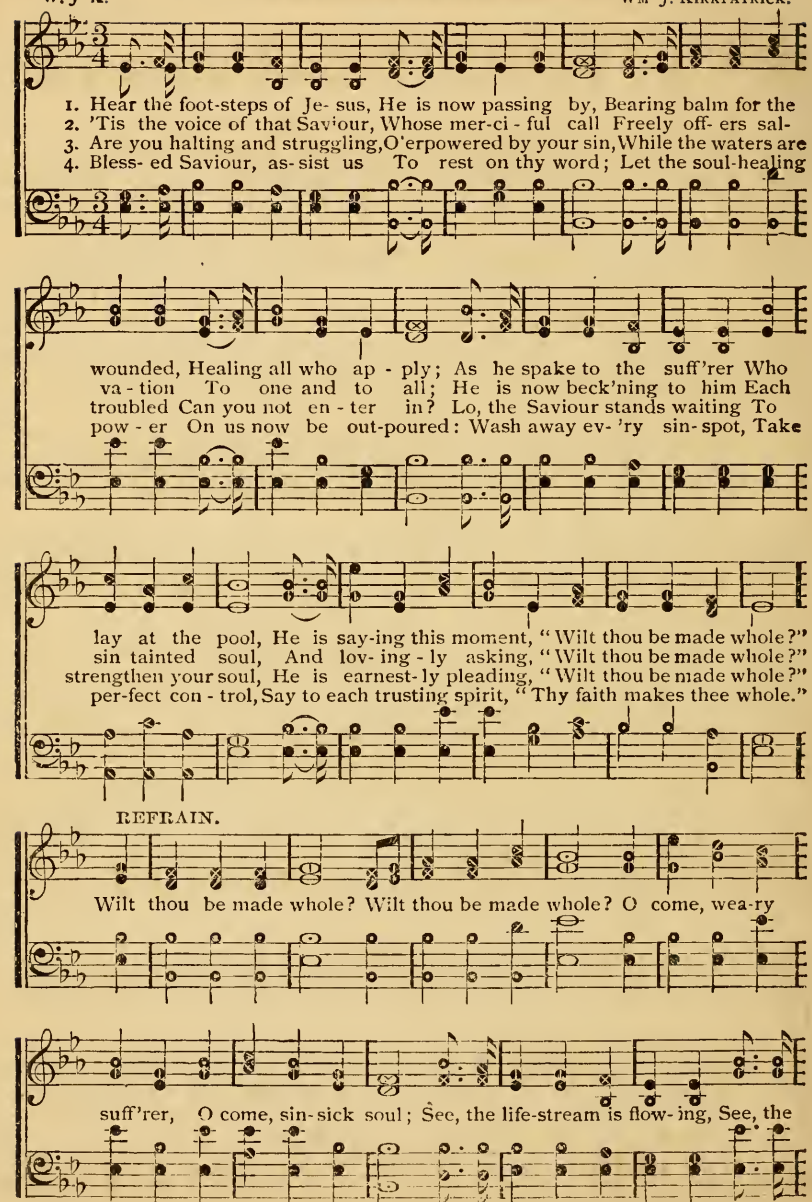
Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.



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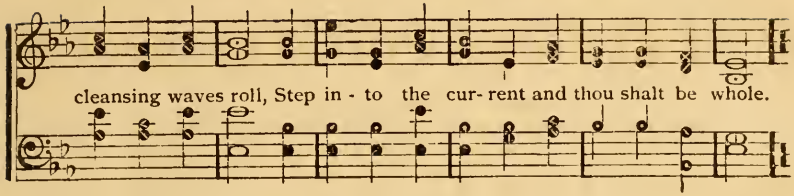
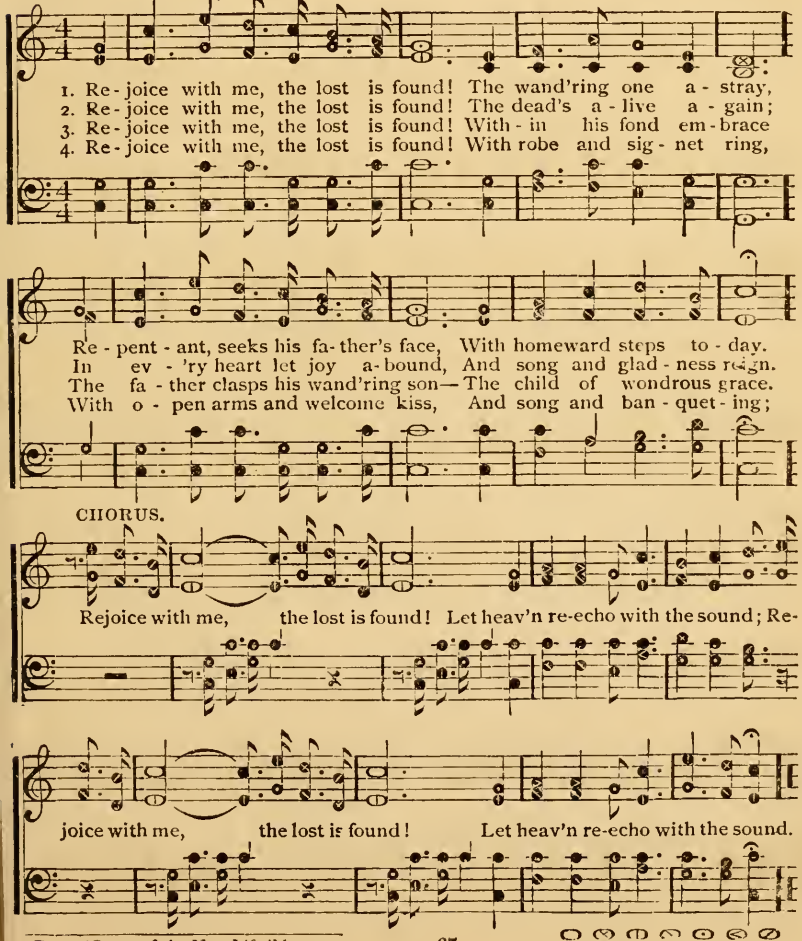
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



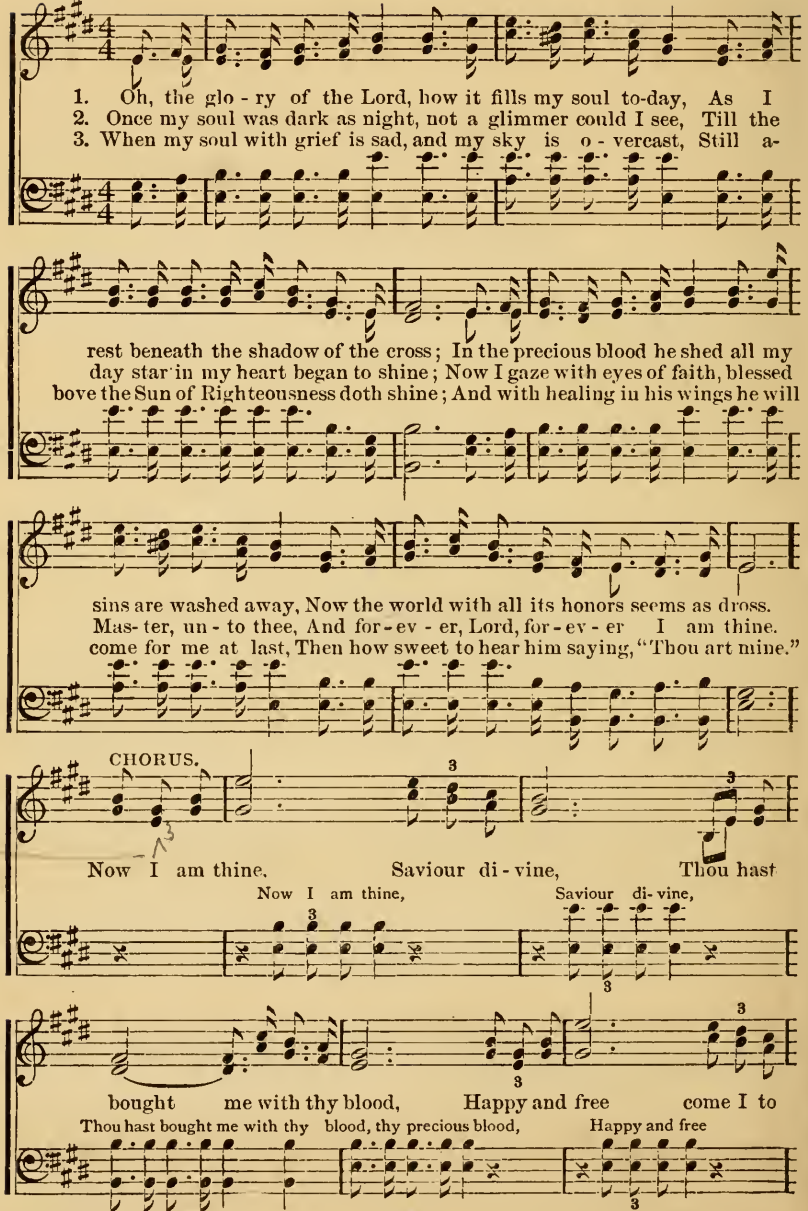
65 Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.



Now I am Thine.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.



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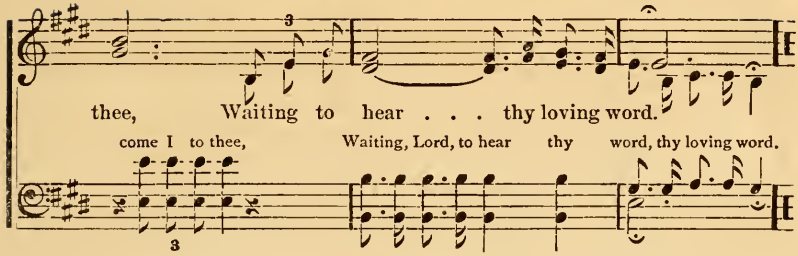
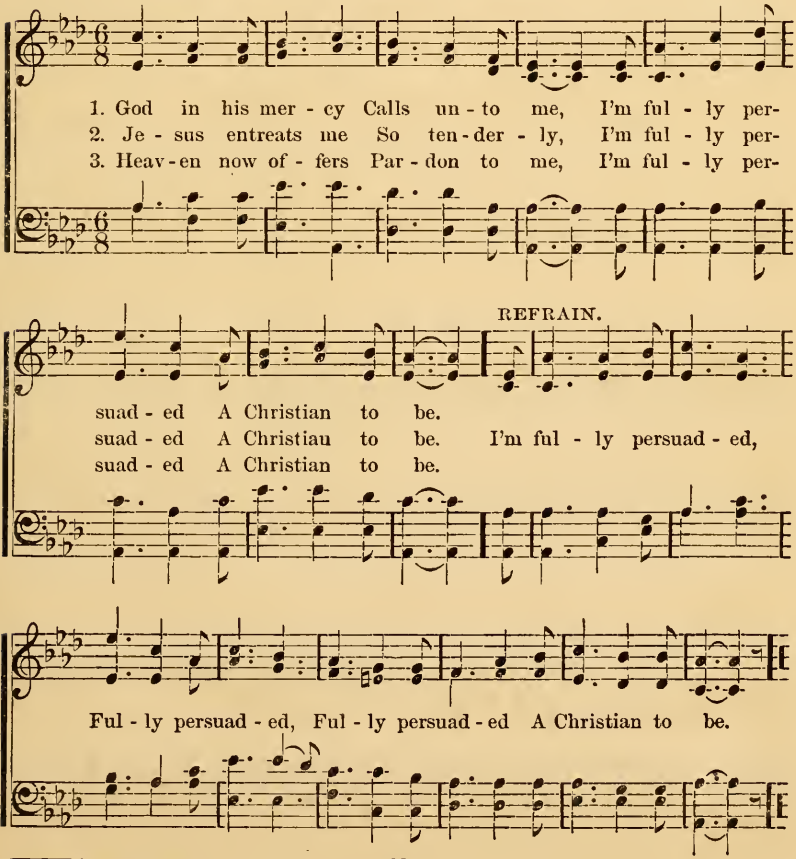
Now I am Thine.—CONCLUDED.



67

Fully Persuaded.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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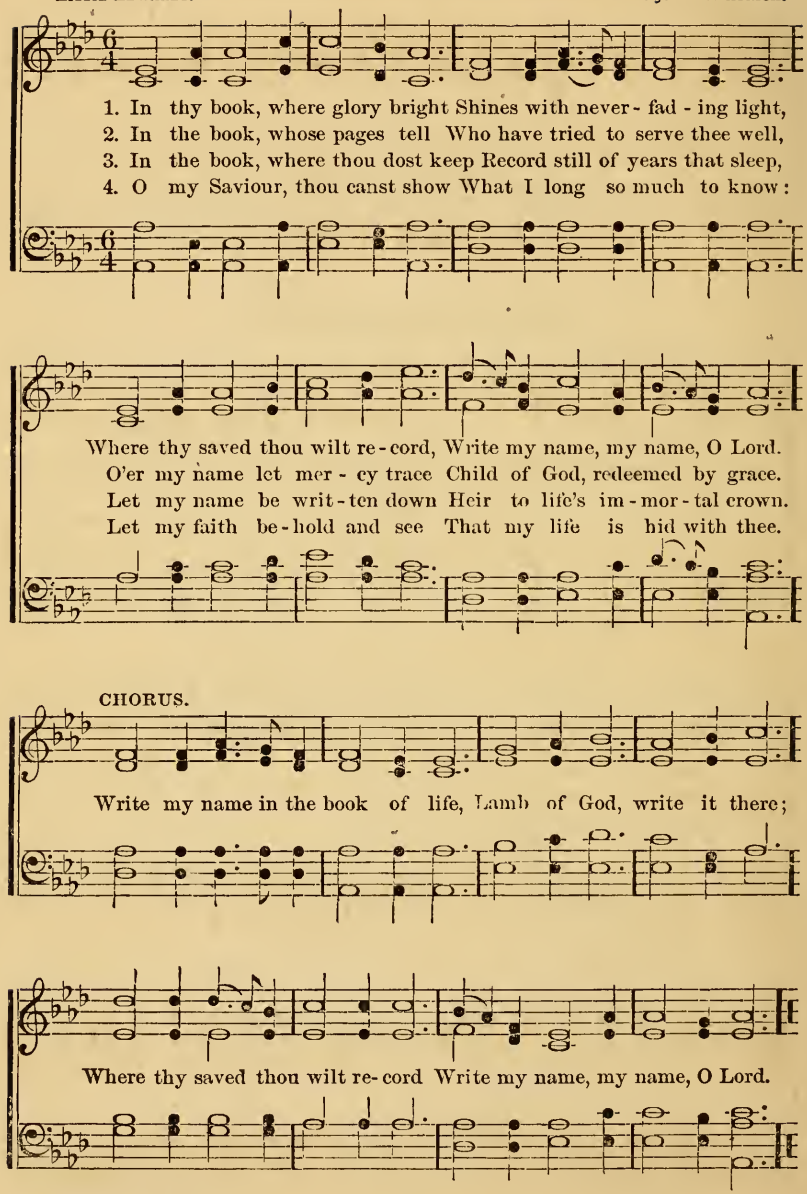
In the Book of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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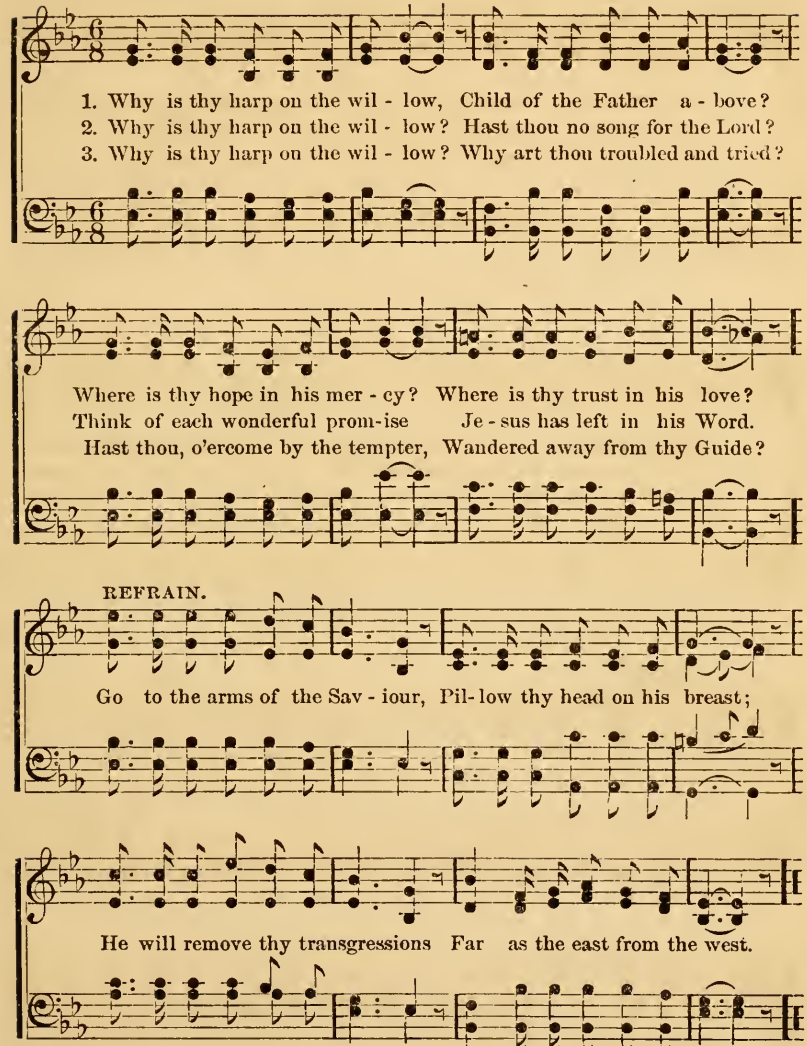
69 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



4 Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
Jesus will answer thy call;
If thou art truly repentant,
He will forgive thee for all.

5 Take now thy harp from the willow,
Sing the glad songs of the past;
Trust not thyself, but in Jesus,
Then shalt thou triumph at last.

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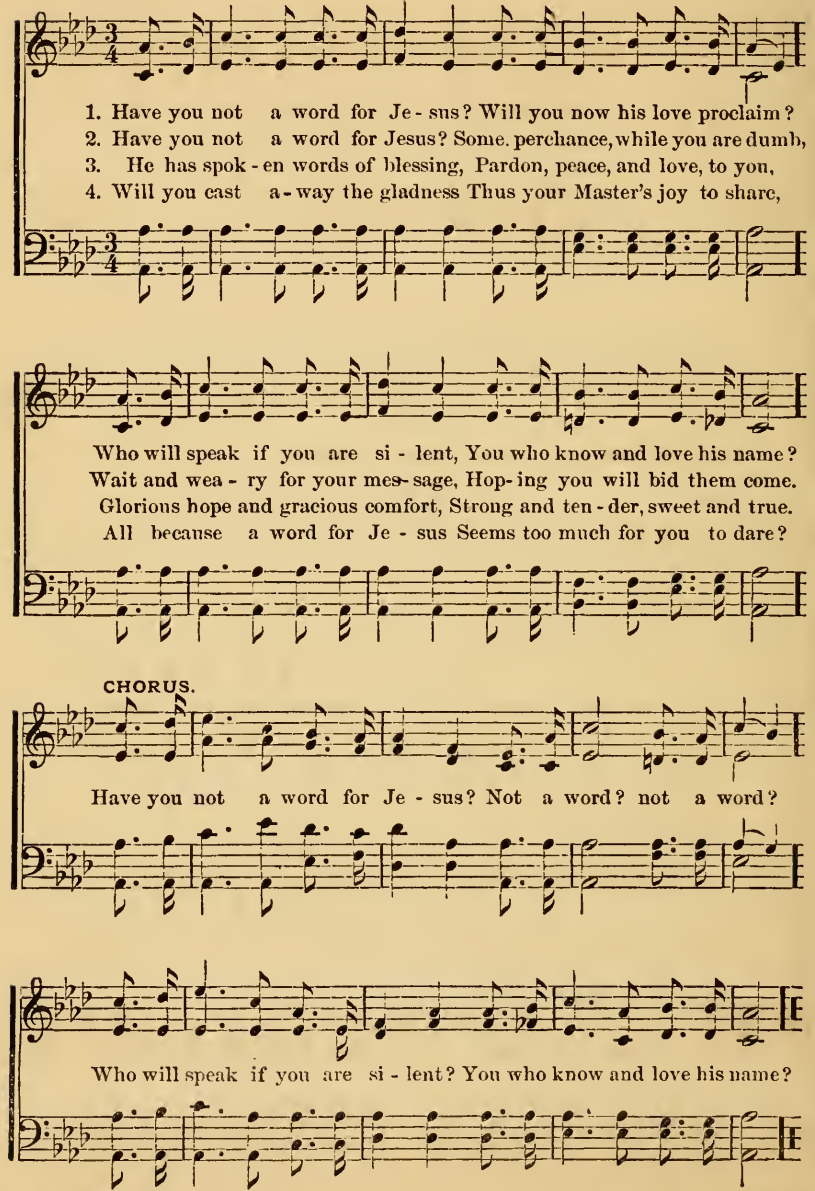
70 Have You not a Word for Jesus?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. J. H. TENNEY.



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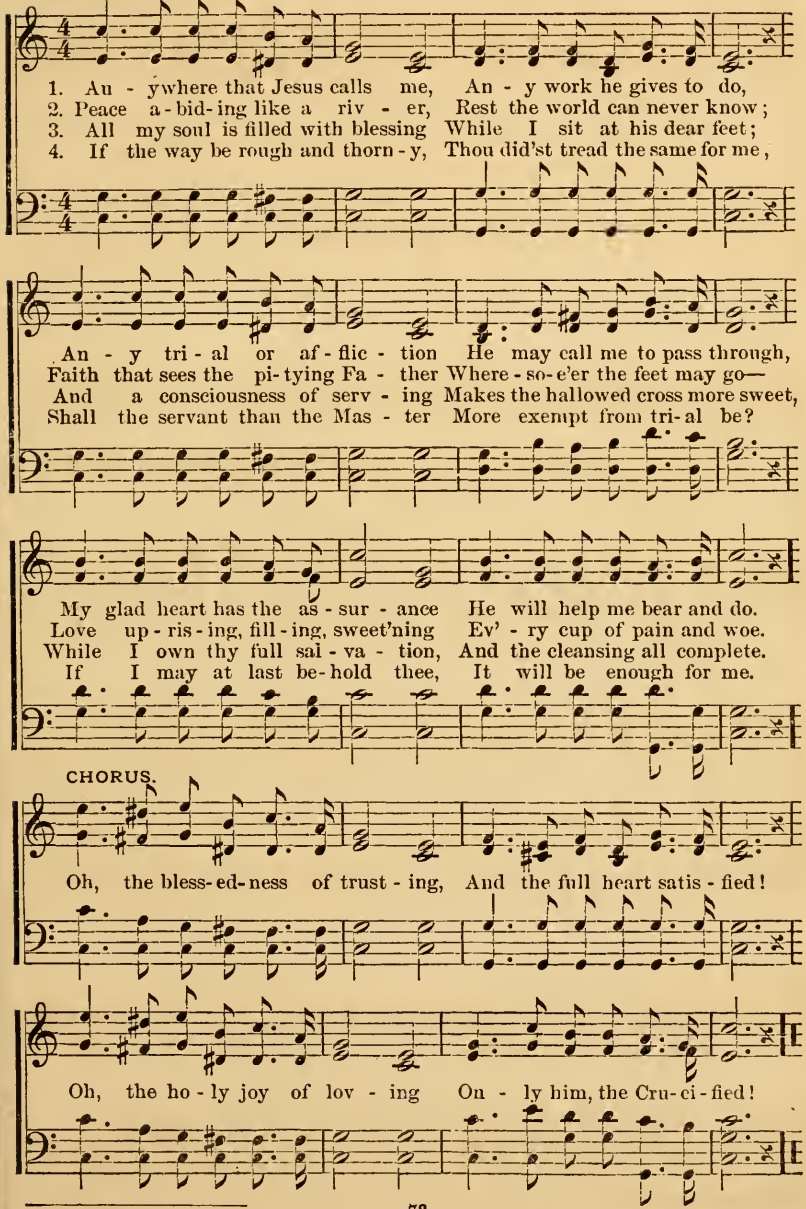
71 Oh, the Blessedness of Trusting.

With tender expression. W. S. MARTIN.



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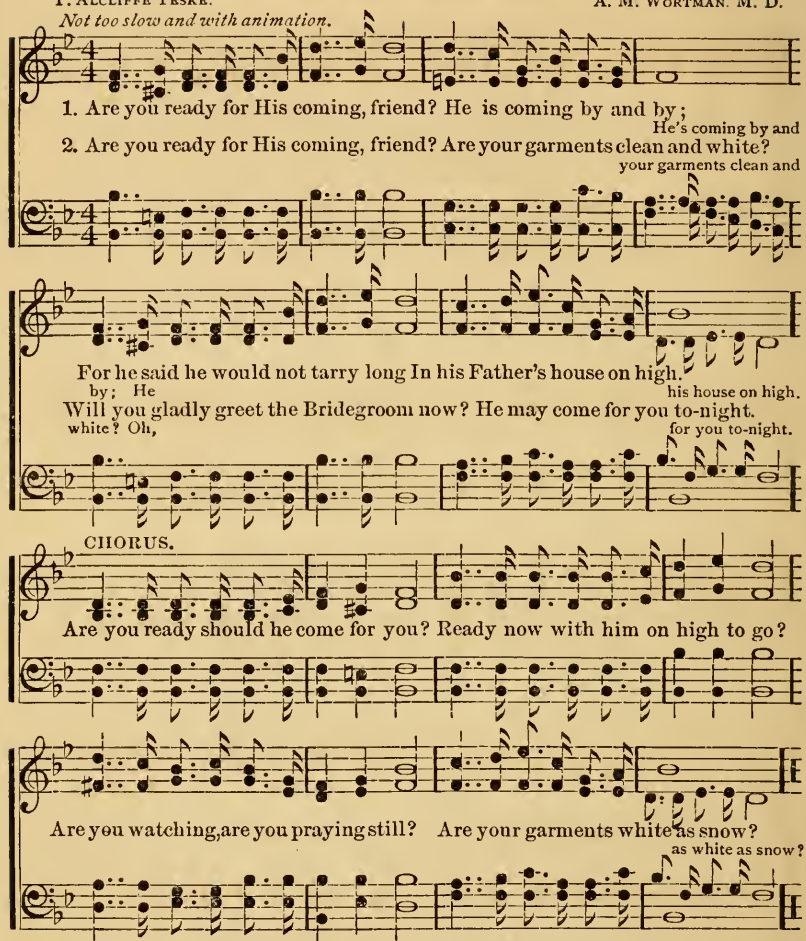
Are you ready for His coming?

T. Alcliffe Teske. A. M. Wortman. M. D.

Not too slow and with animation.



3 He will come in all his glory bright,
As upon the mount he stood;
upon the mount he stood;
Can you } sing the glad hosanna loud,
Oh, }
I am washed in Jesus blood?

4 Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer still,
When the saints he will redeem;
the saints he will redeem;
Now the } light of morn is breaking fast,
The }
We can see its golden beam.

5 Yes, we're ready for his coming now
And we watch, and wait, and pray,
we watch, and wait, and pray
For the } day to dawn in glory bright,
The }
And the night to roll away.

6 We are ready should he come for us,
Ready now in peace to go;
yes, now in peace to go;
We are } watching, and we're waiting
We're } [still,
With our robes as white as snow.

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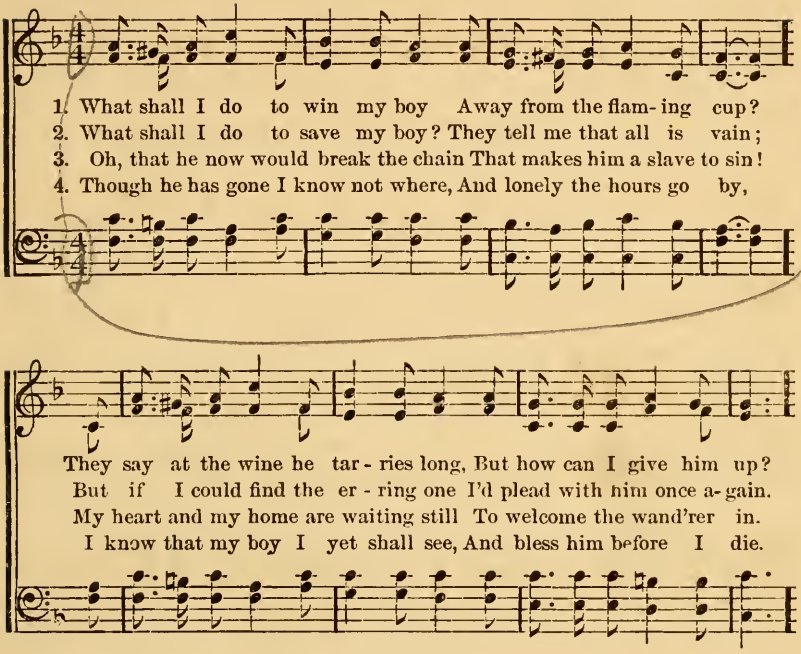
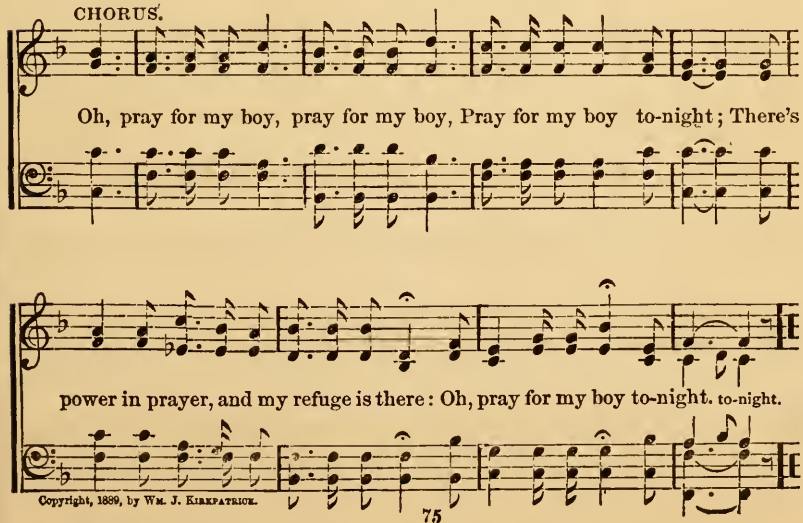
Pray for My Boy.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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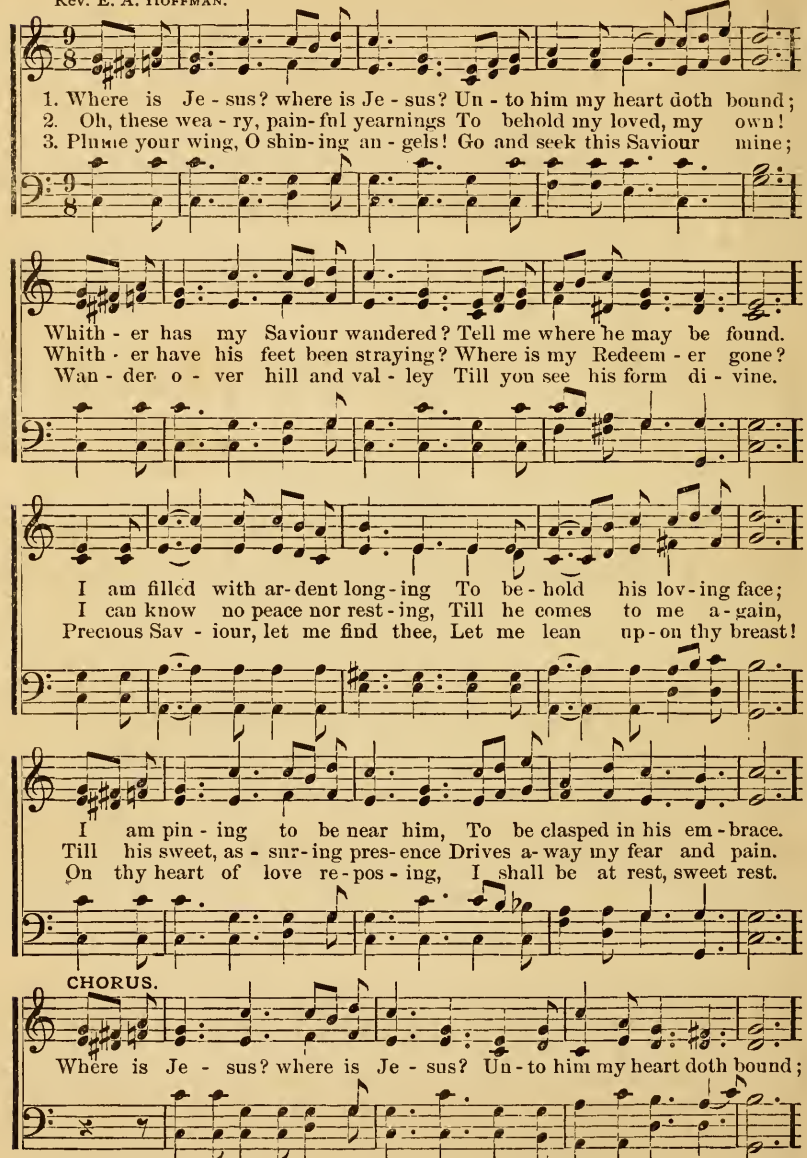
Where is Jesus?

"And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."
John xx. 13.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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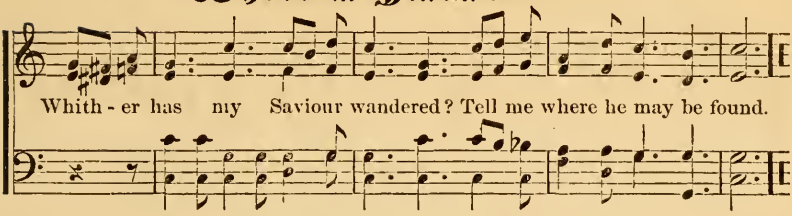
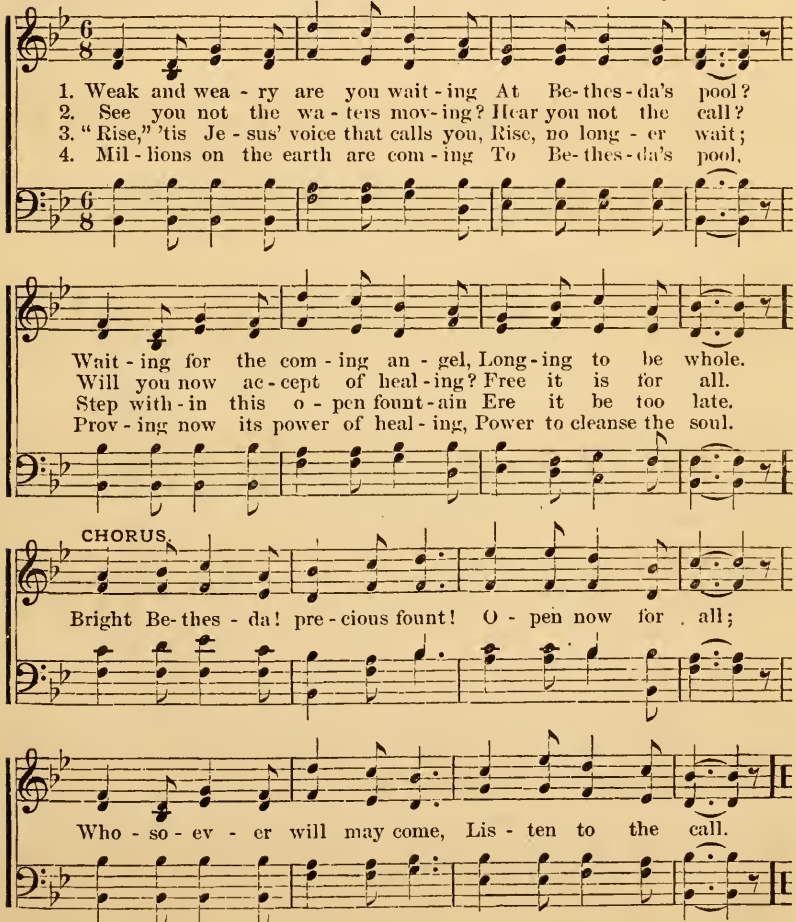
Where is Jesus?—CONCLUDED.



75 At Bethesda's Pool.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



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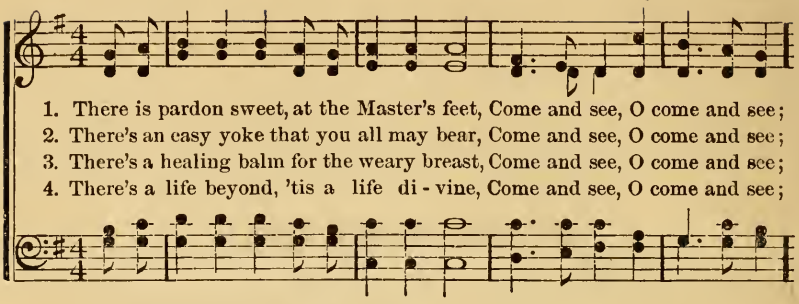
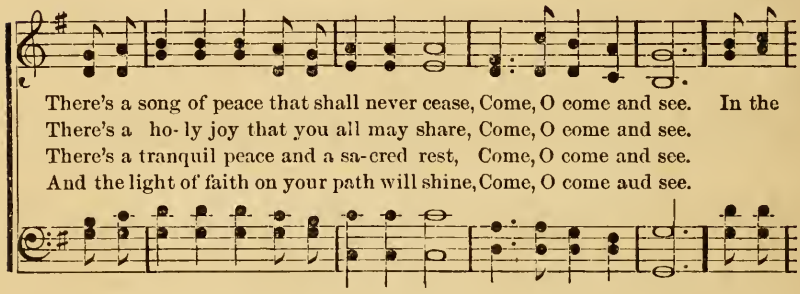
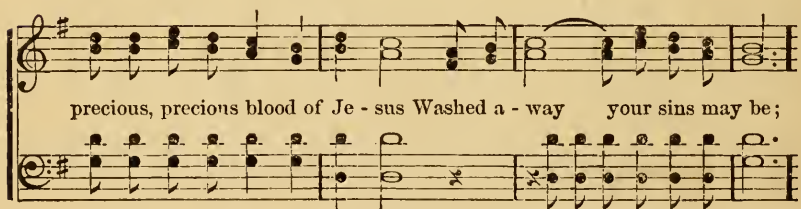
Come and See.

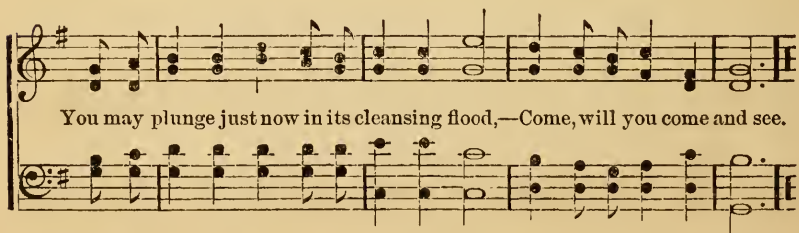
CHARLES H. ELLIOTT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.







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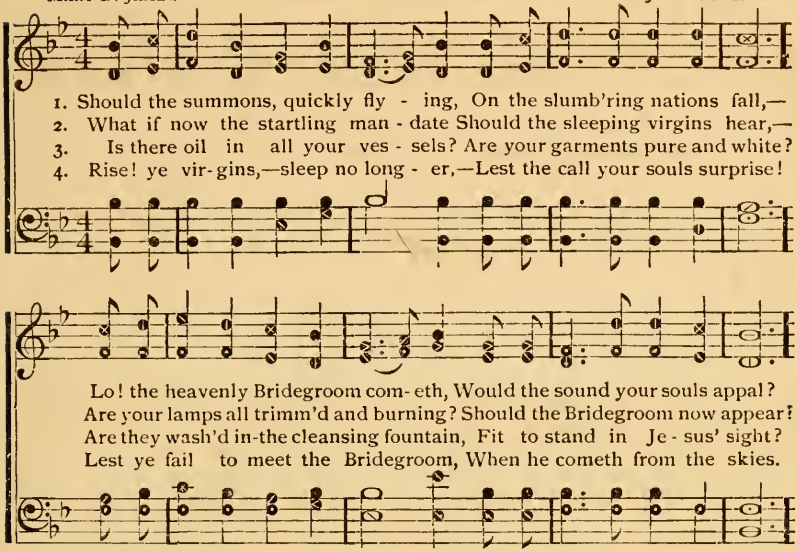
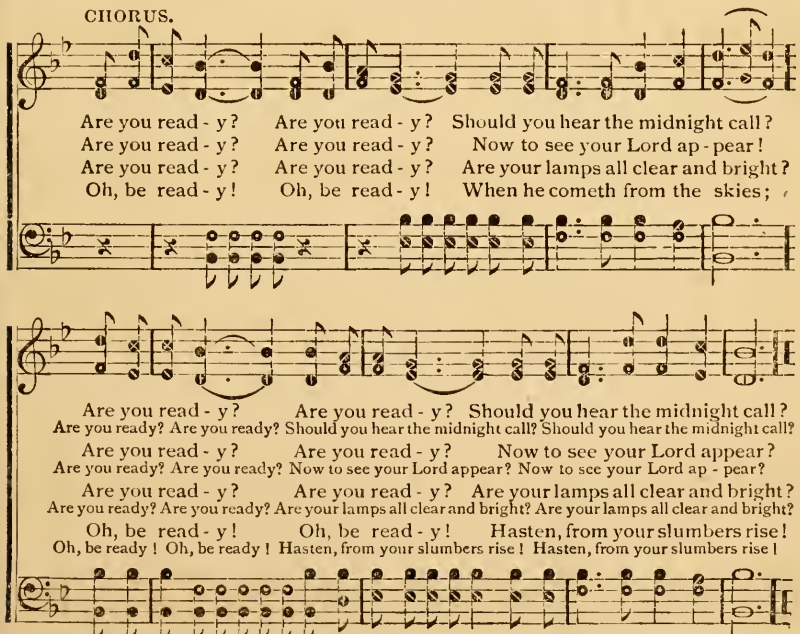
Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.



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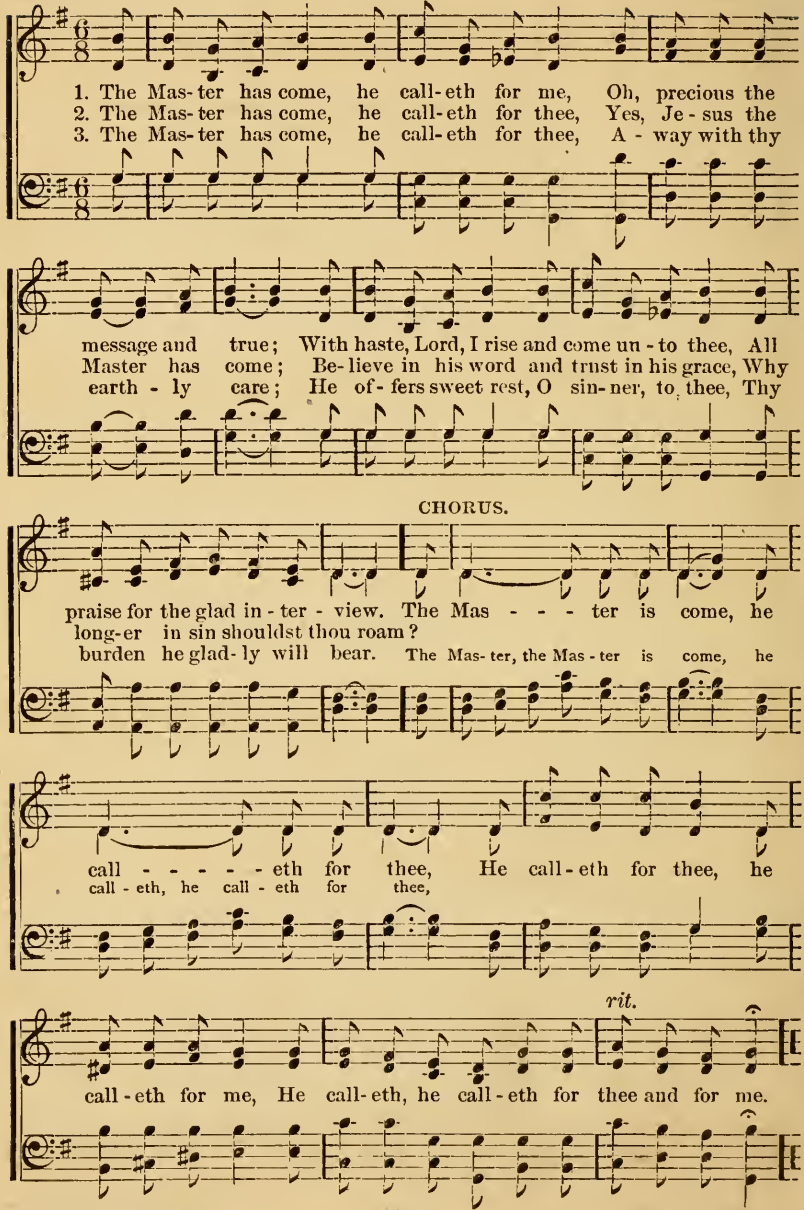
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Master's Call.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby. John xi. 28. W. S. Martin.



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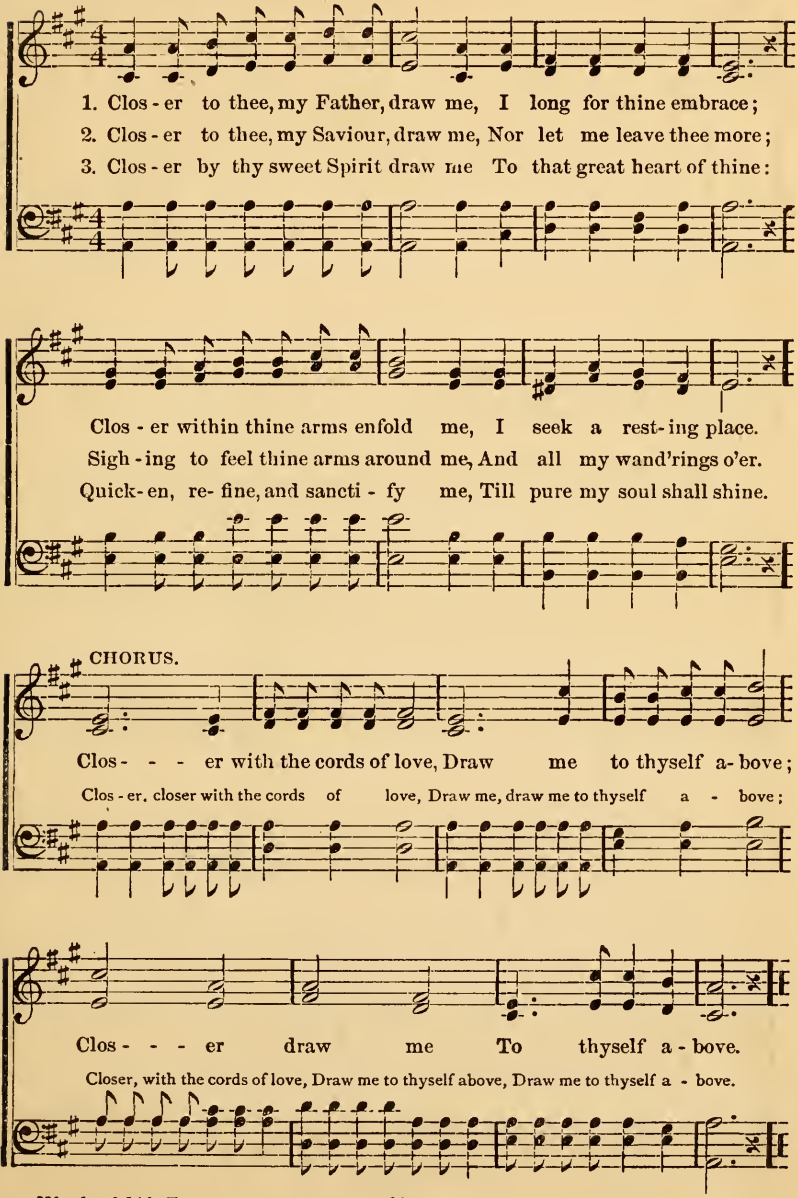
Draw me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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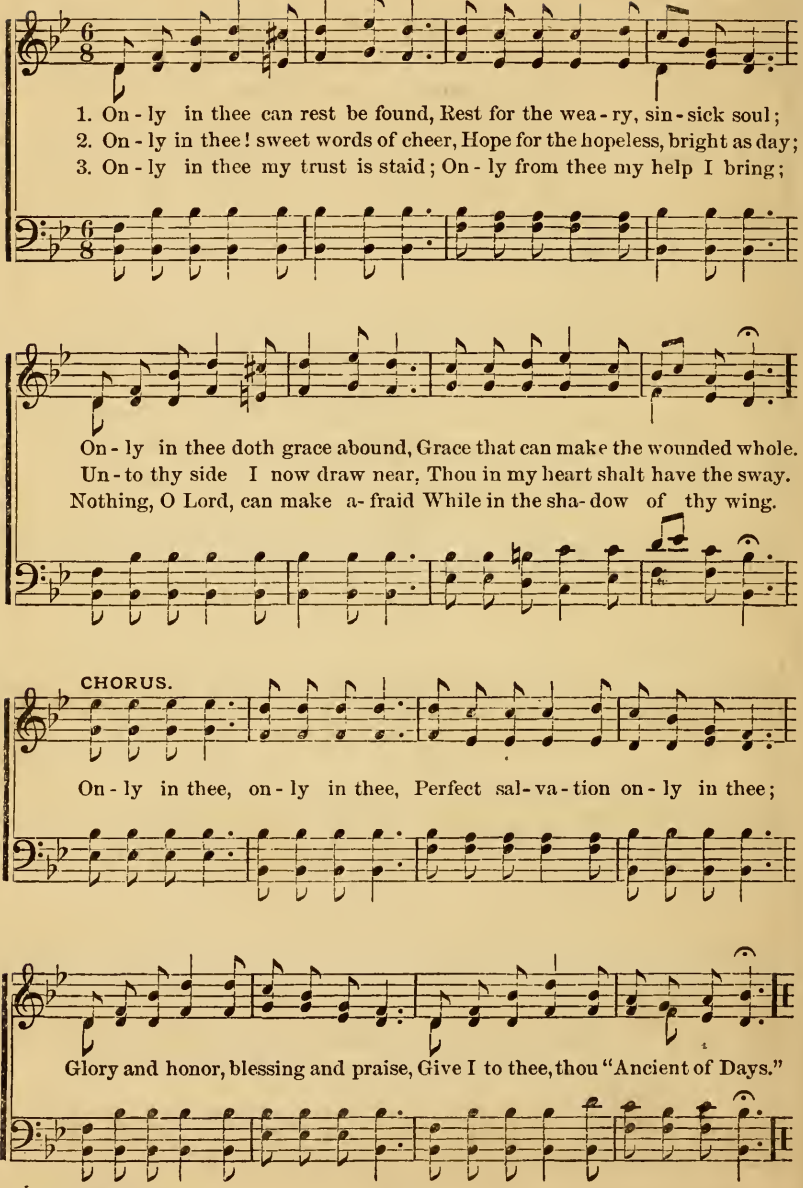
Only in Thee.

W. S. M. W. S. Martin.



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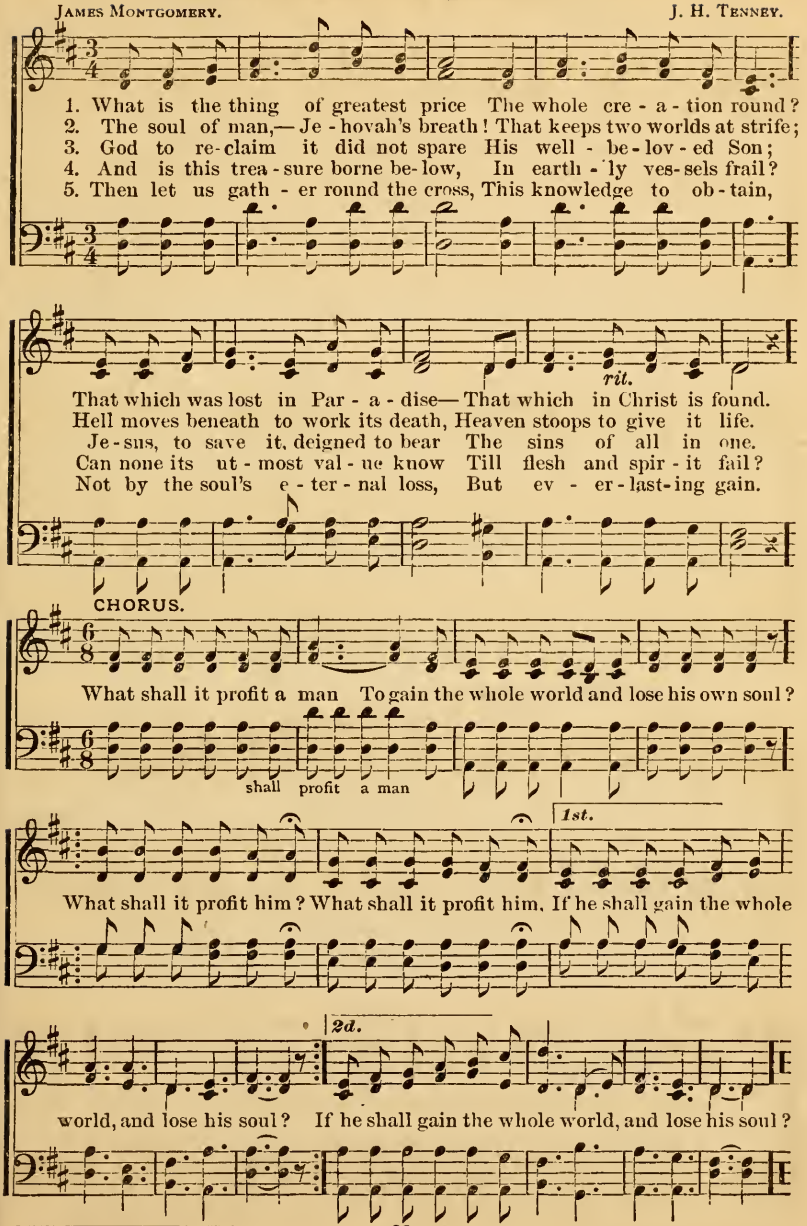
What shall it Profit him?

JAMES MONTGOMERY. J. H. TENNEY.



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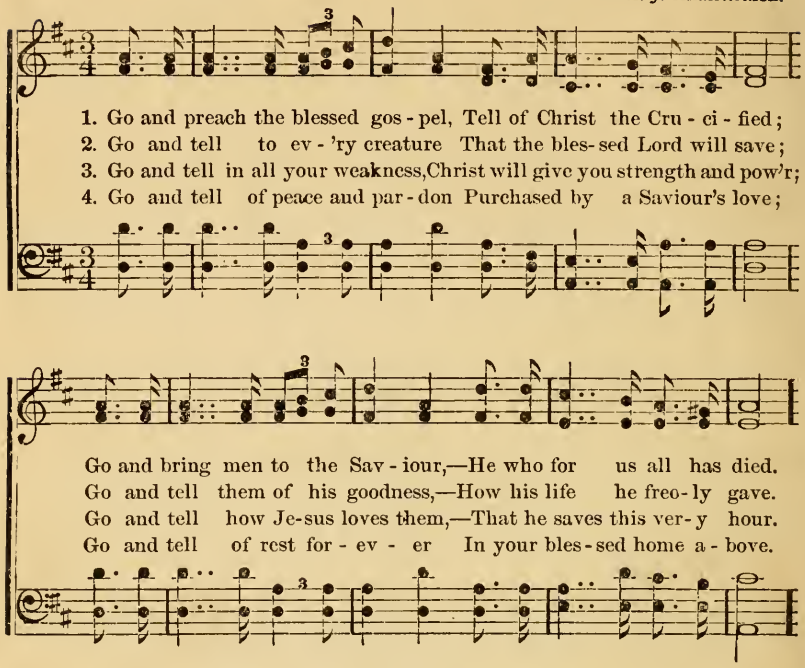
Go ye into all the World.

Rev. W. H. Geistweit. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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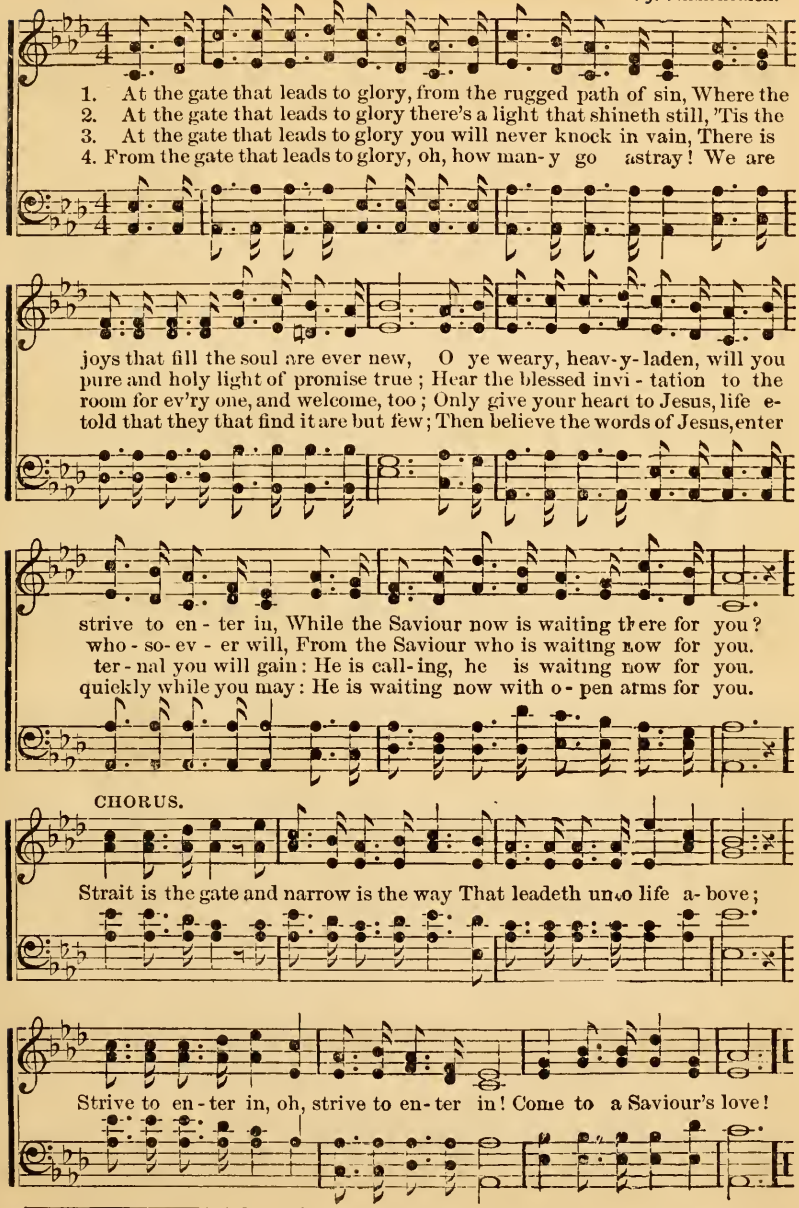
Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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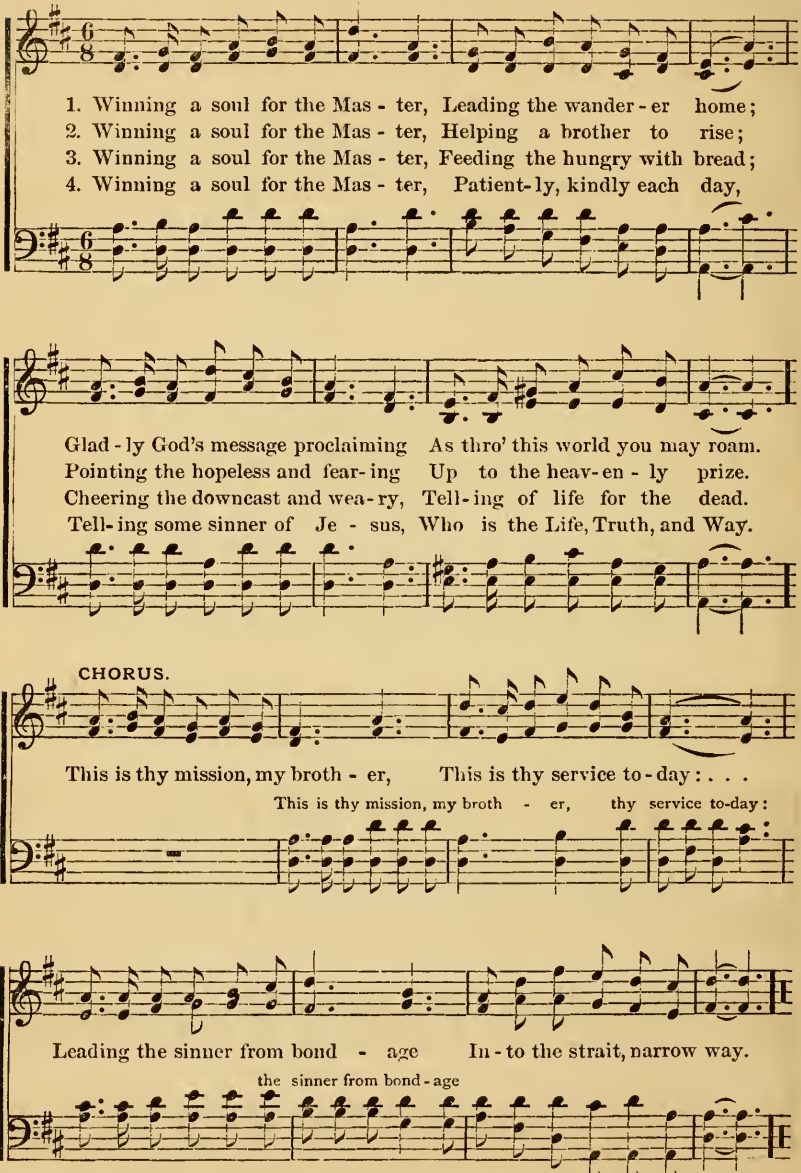
Winning a Soul.

W. S. Martin. J. H. Tenney.



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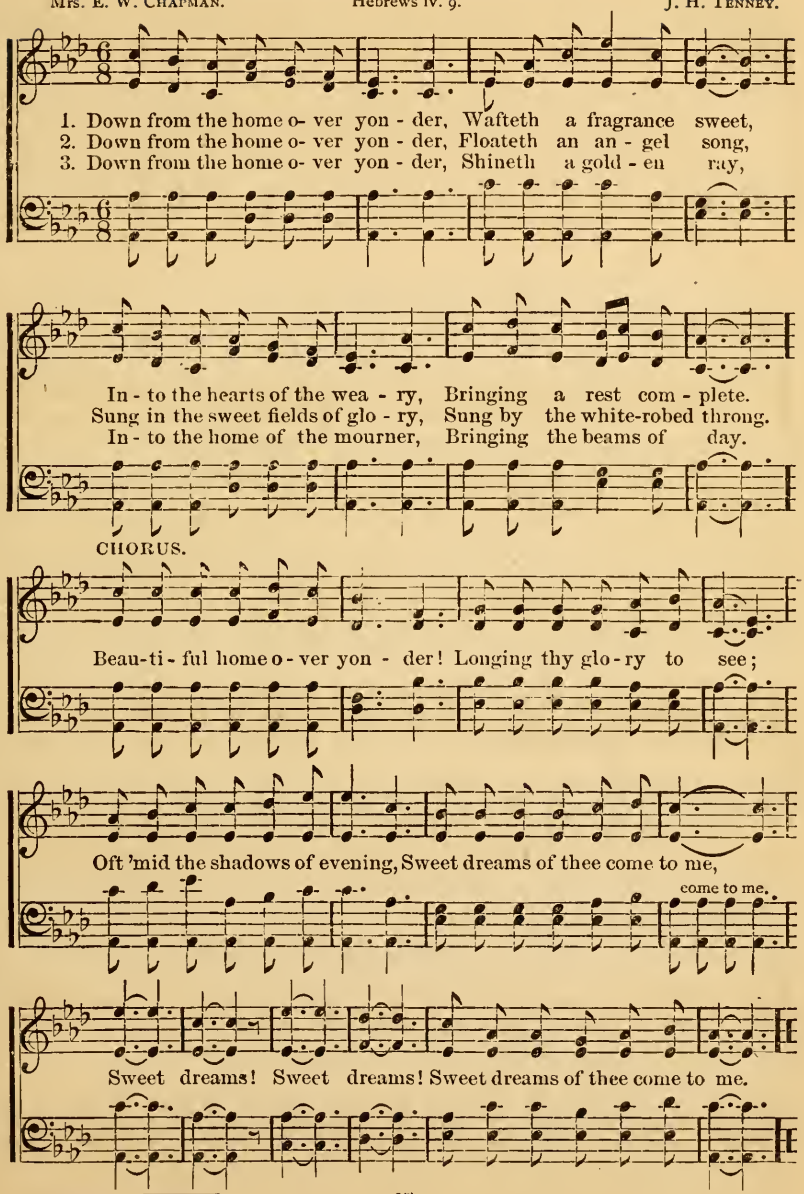
Home Over Yonder.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."
Hebrews iv. 9.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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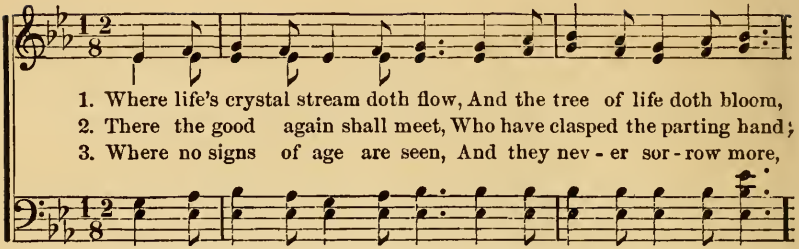
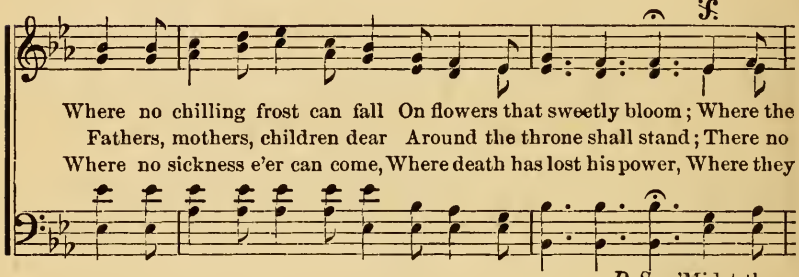
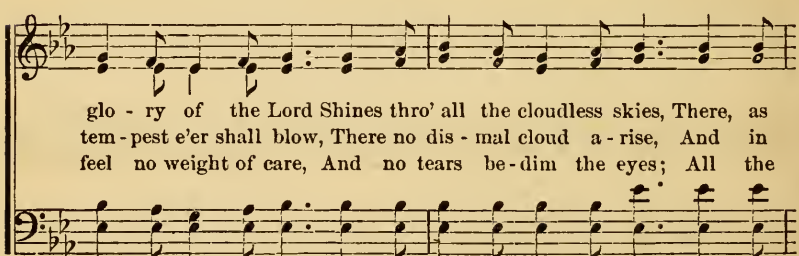
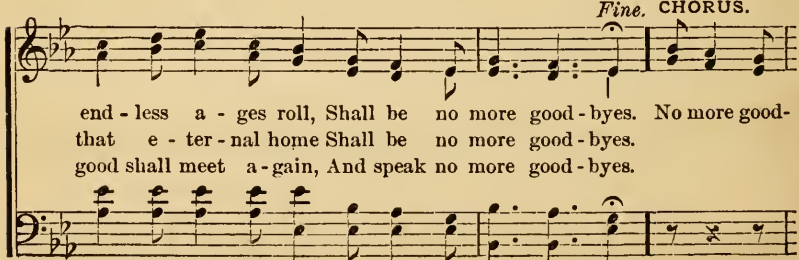
No More Good Byes.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Fillmore.









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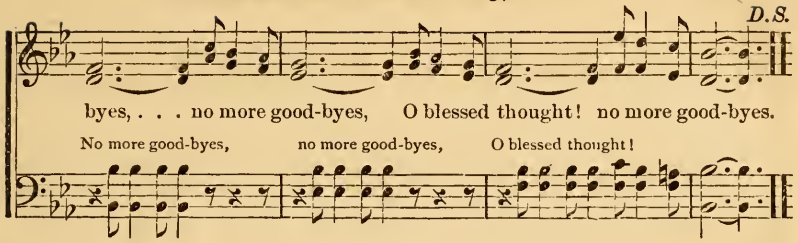
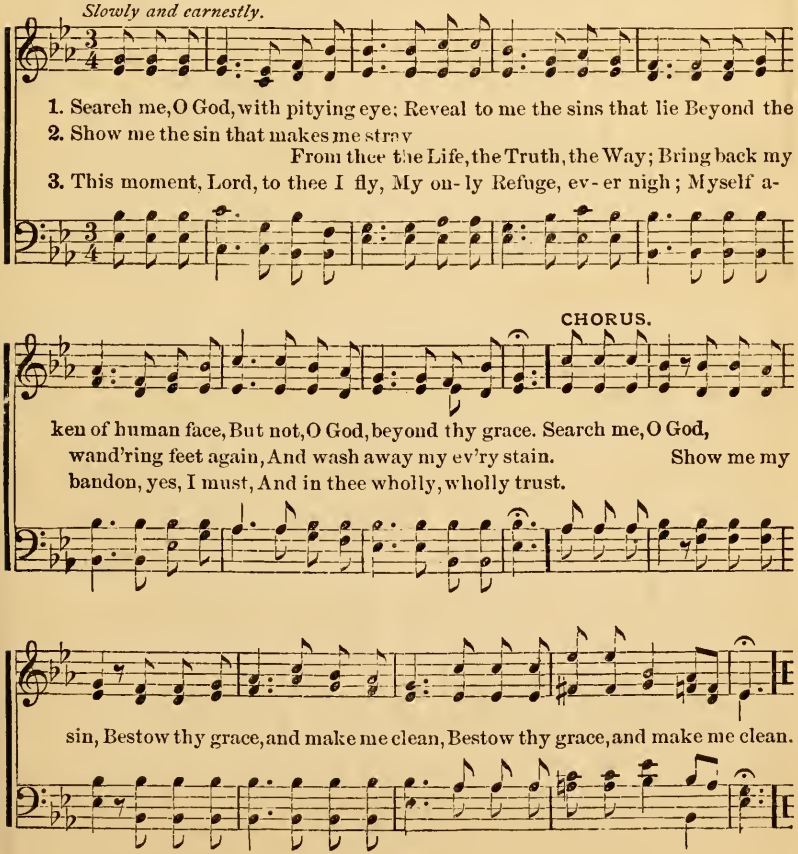
No More Good Byes.—CONCLUDED.



87 Search me, O God.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby. J. H. Tenney.

Slowly and earnestly.



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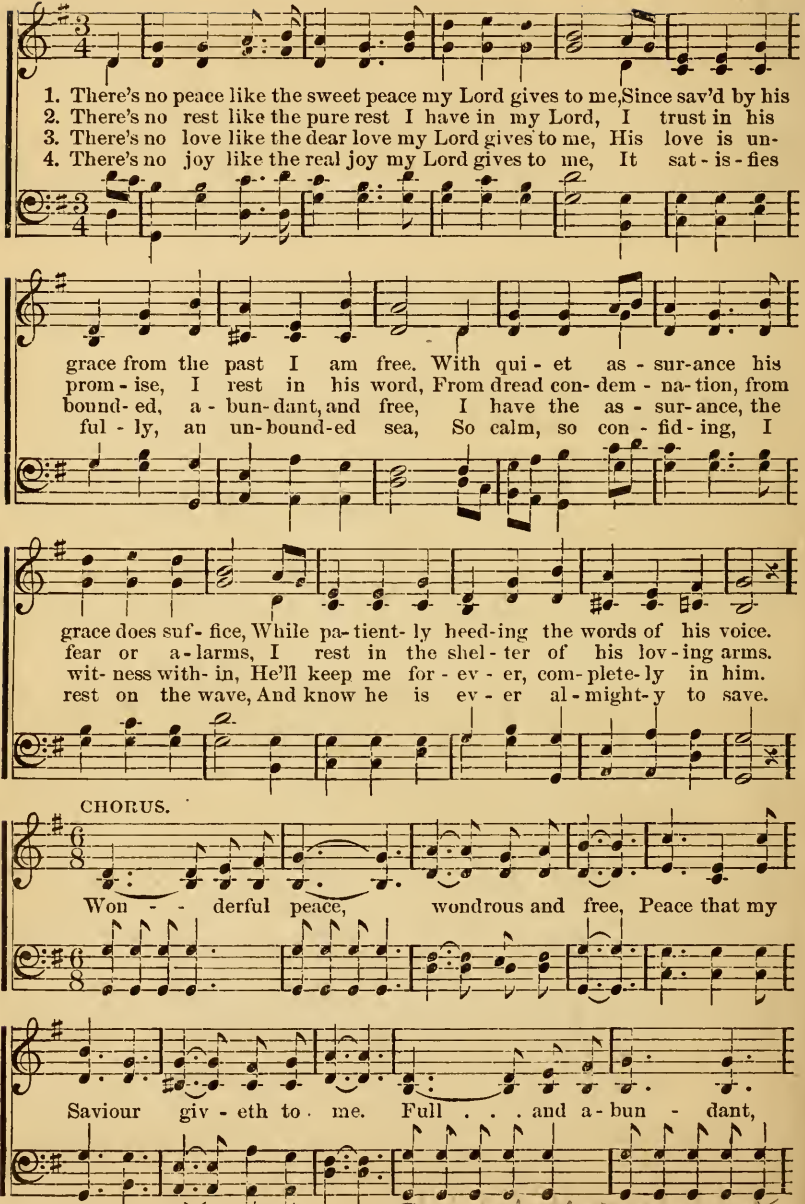
What He Gives.

C. B. J. R. Gal. v. 22, 23. C. B. J. Root.



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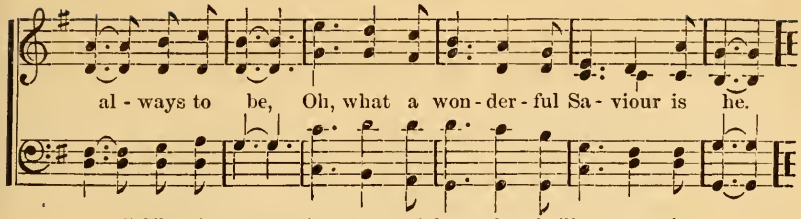
What He Gives.—CONCLUDED.



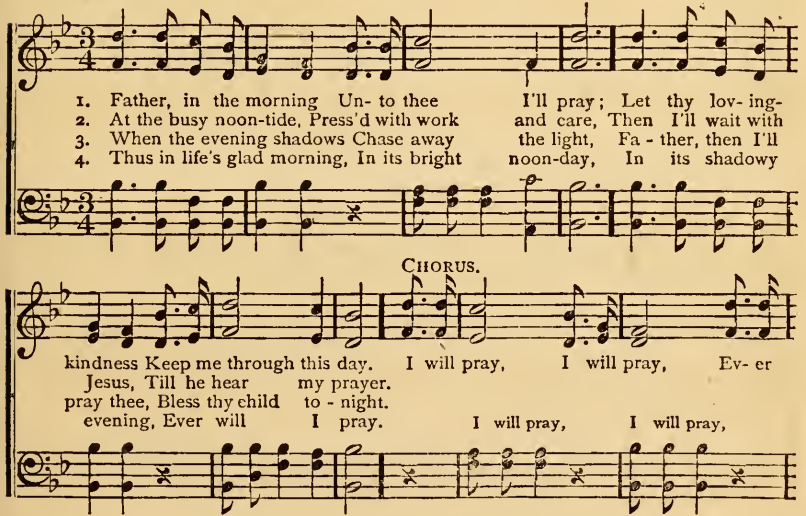
5 There's no hope like the good hope that he'll come again,
To take his redeemed ones, delivered from sin,
To mansions of glory; he'll come to receive
The saved of all ages, his saints who believe.

6 There's no home like the safe home he's gone to prepare,
Bright mansions of glory, pure garments to wear;
With heavenly greetings we'll praise and adore
Our Saviour forever on that blest shore.

89 Ever will I Pray.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.



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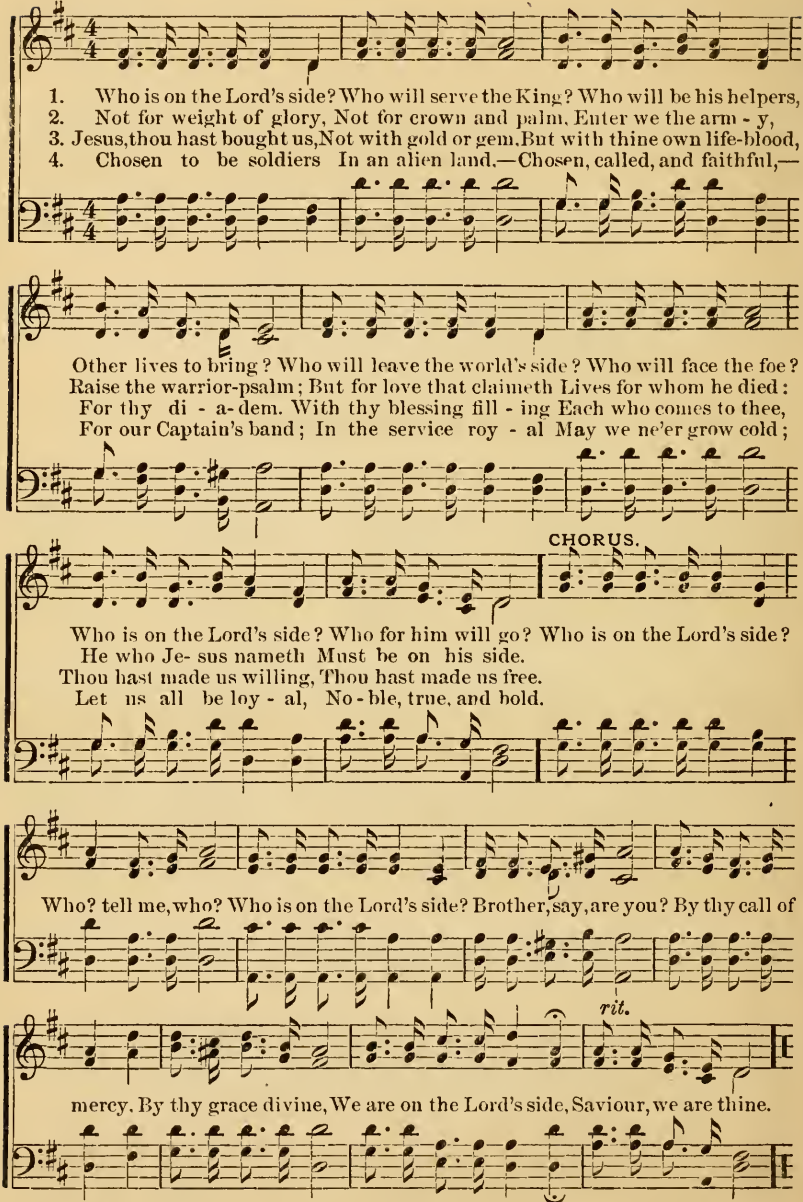
On the Lord's Side.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. S. MARTIN.



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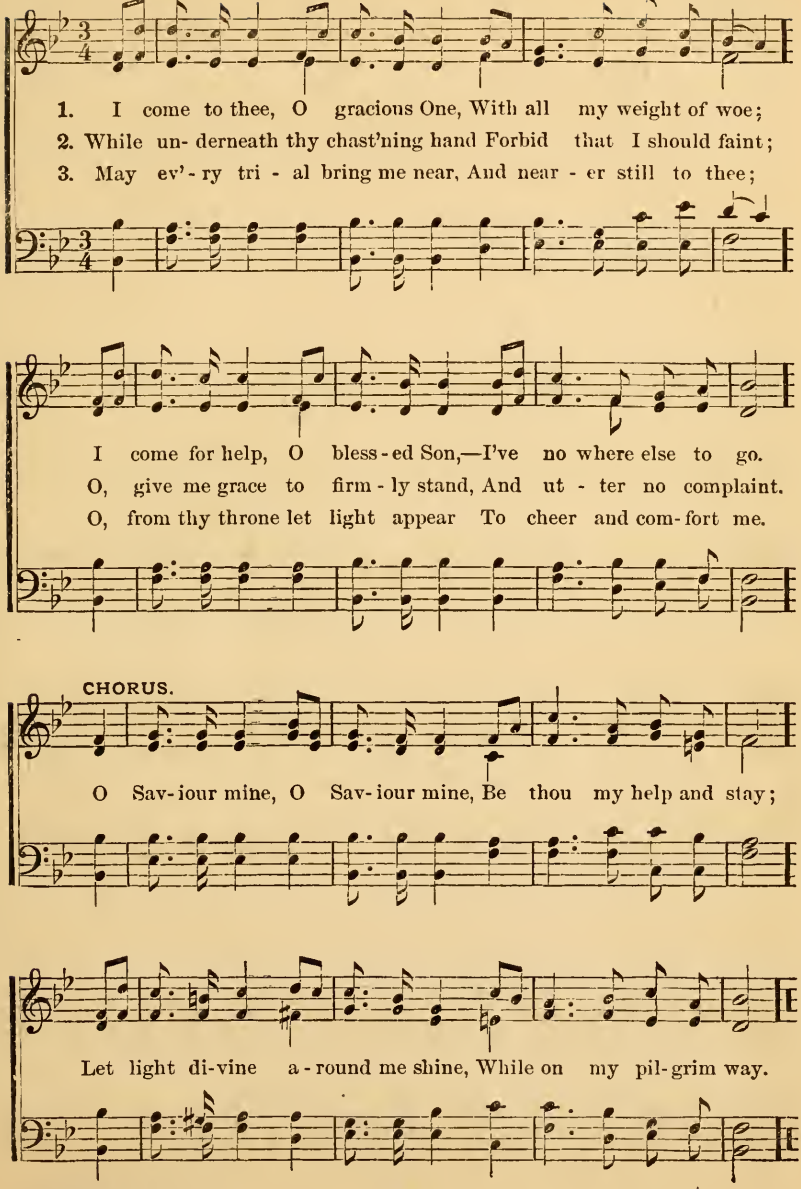
91

I Come to Thee.

Mrs. H E. Jones. J. H. Tenney.



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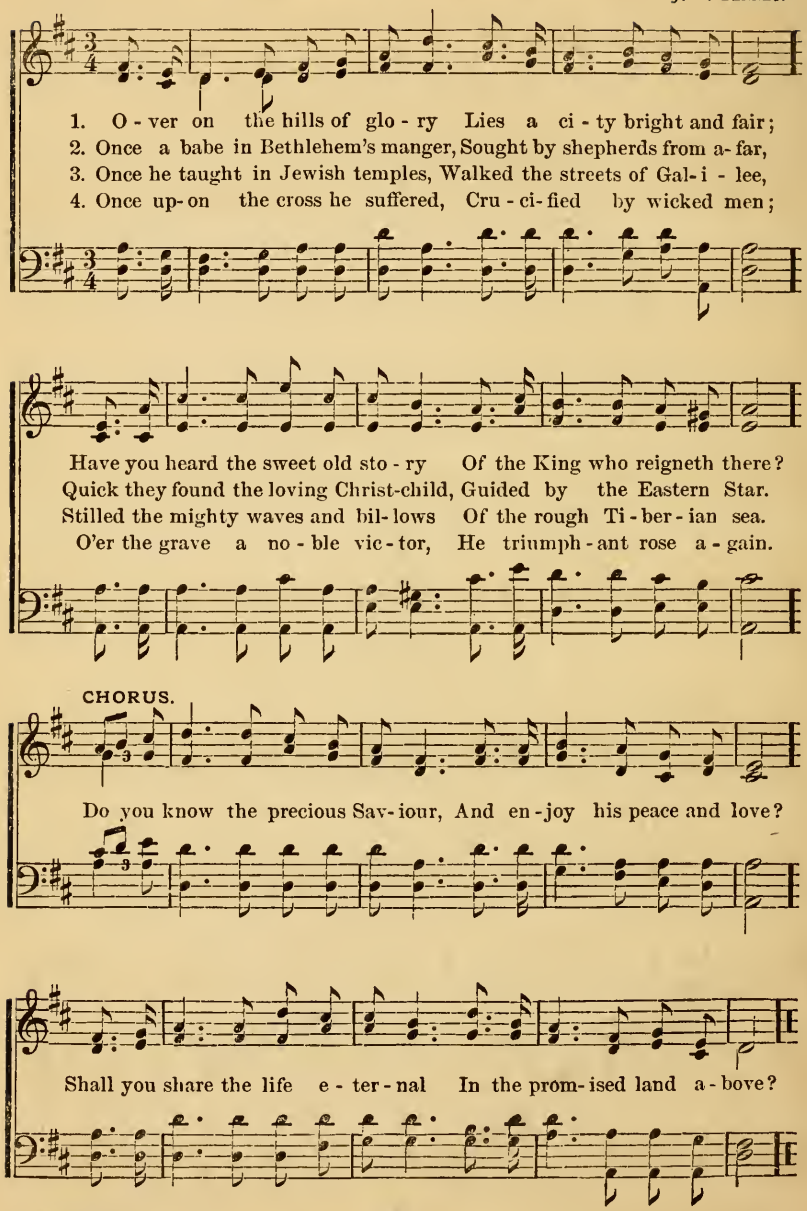
Do You Know Him?

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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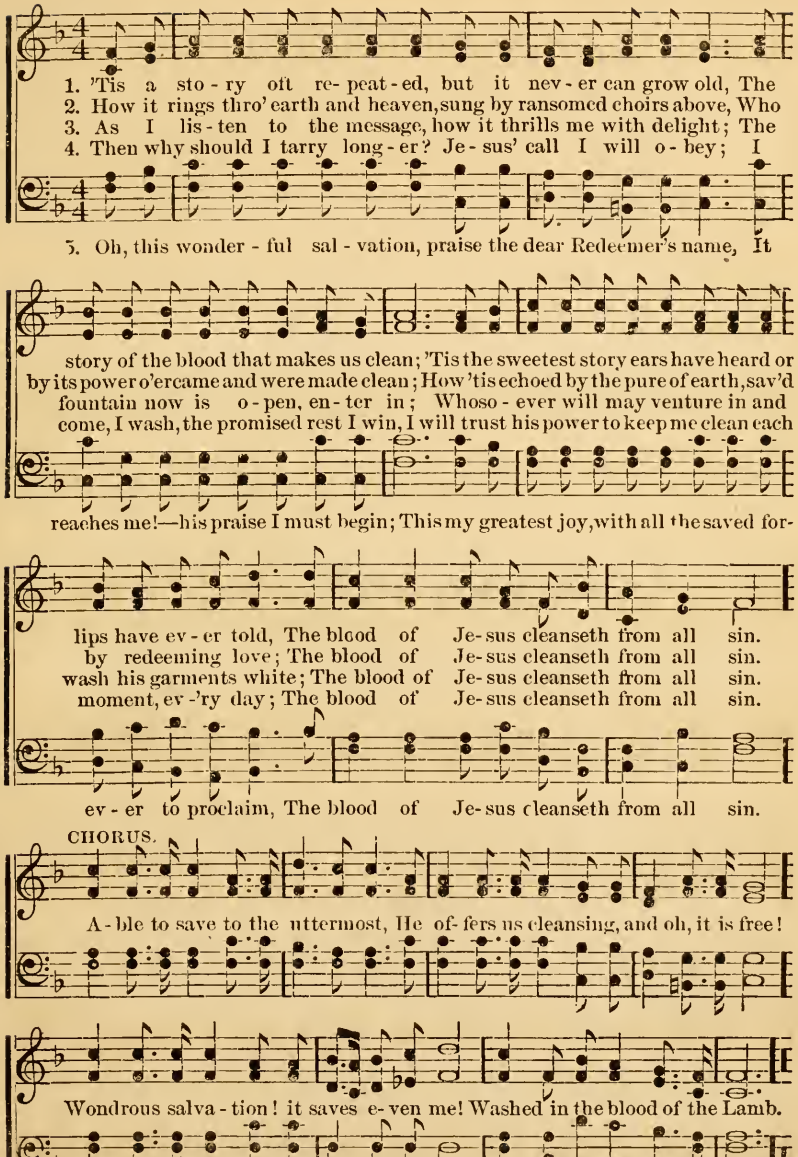
The Story of Cleansing.

"BEULAH."

GRACE WEISER.



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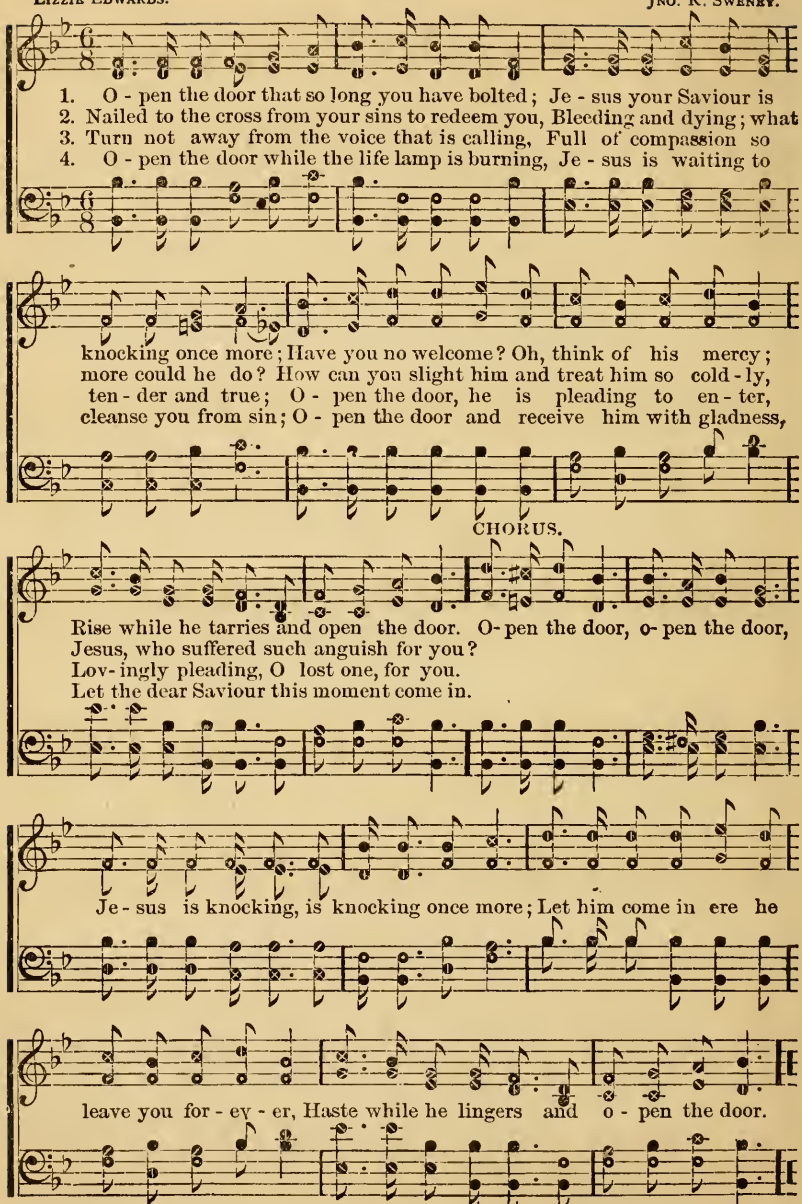
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

Jesus Knocking.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.



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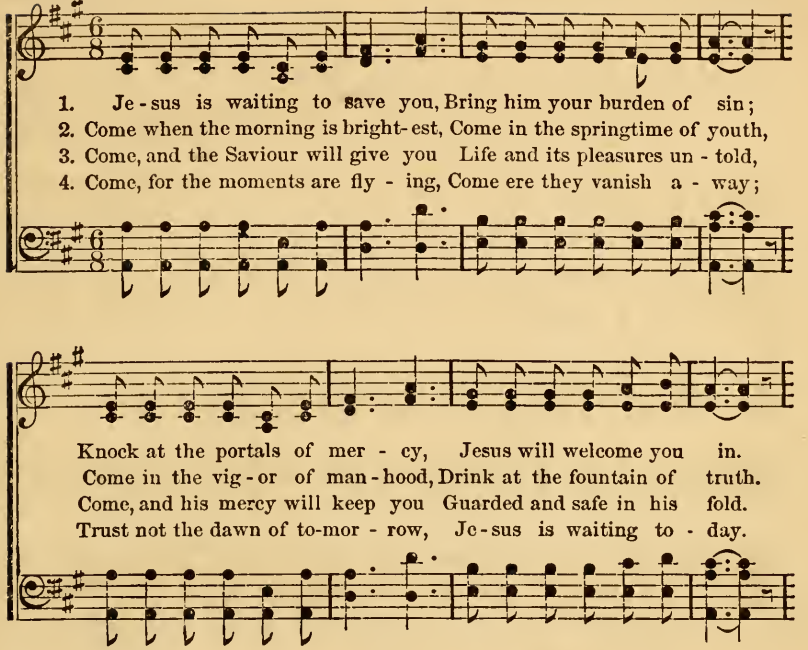
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Stay Not.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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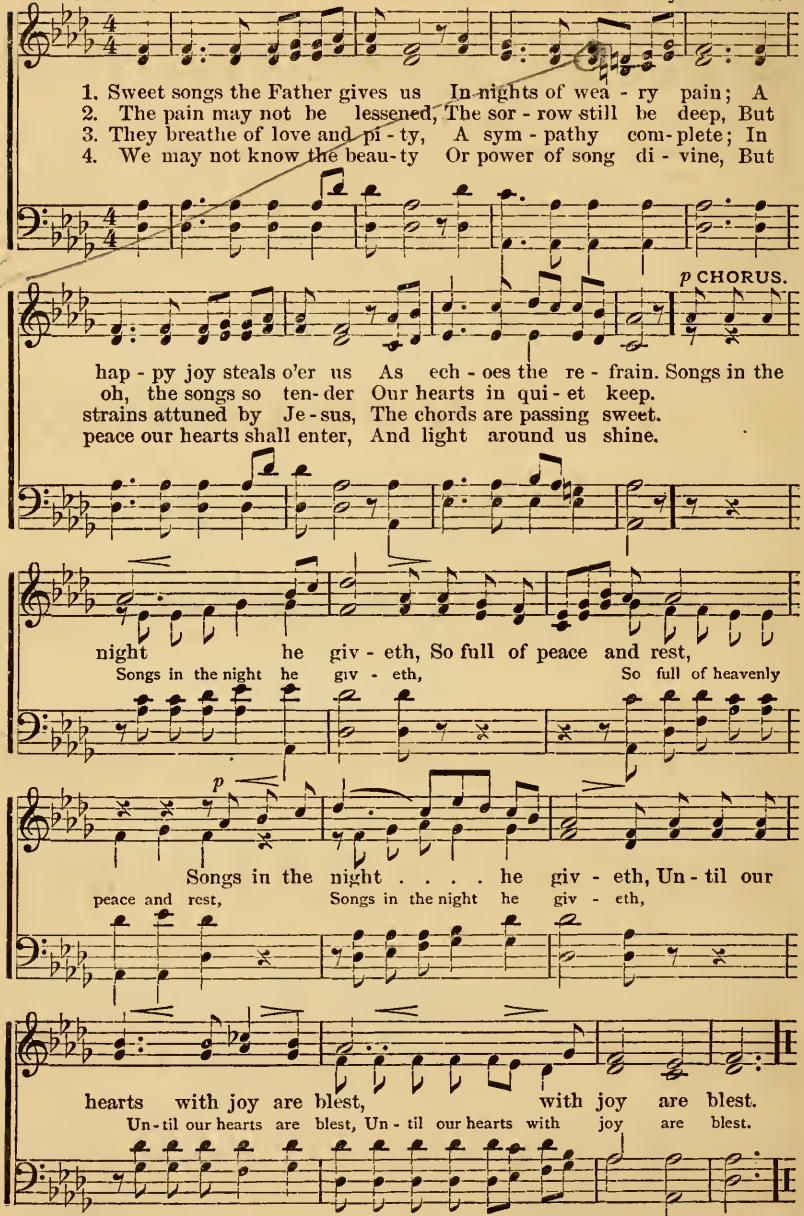
Songs in the Night.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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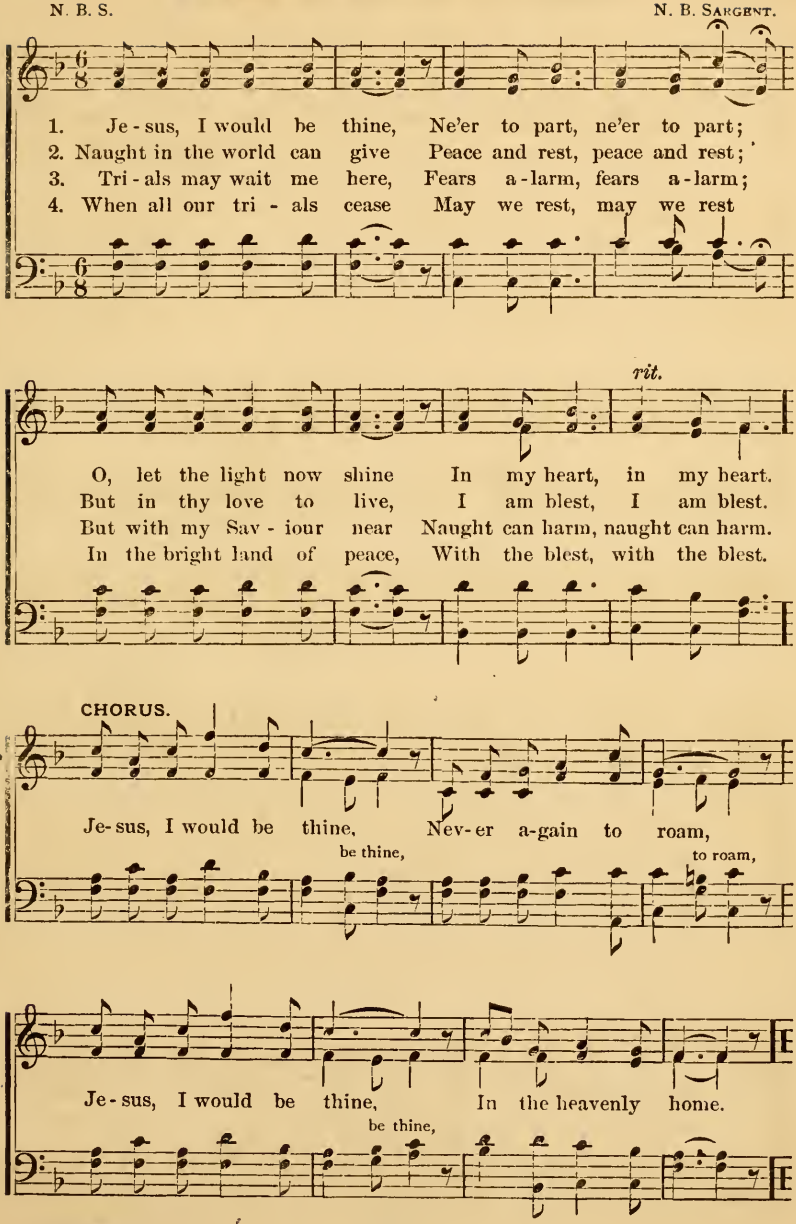
Jesus, I Would be Thine.

N. B. S. N. B. Sargent.



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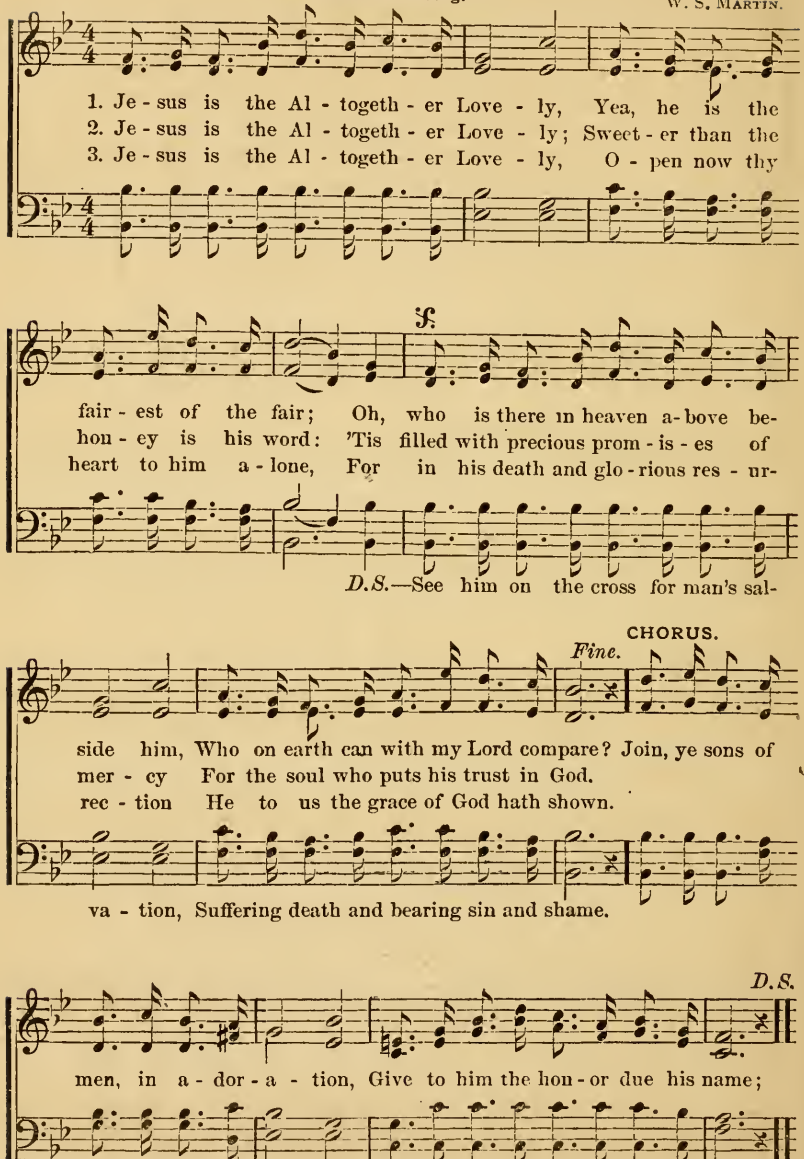
Join, ye Sons of Men.

"The chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is the altogether lovely."
Solomon's Song.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.



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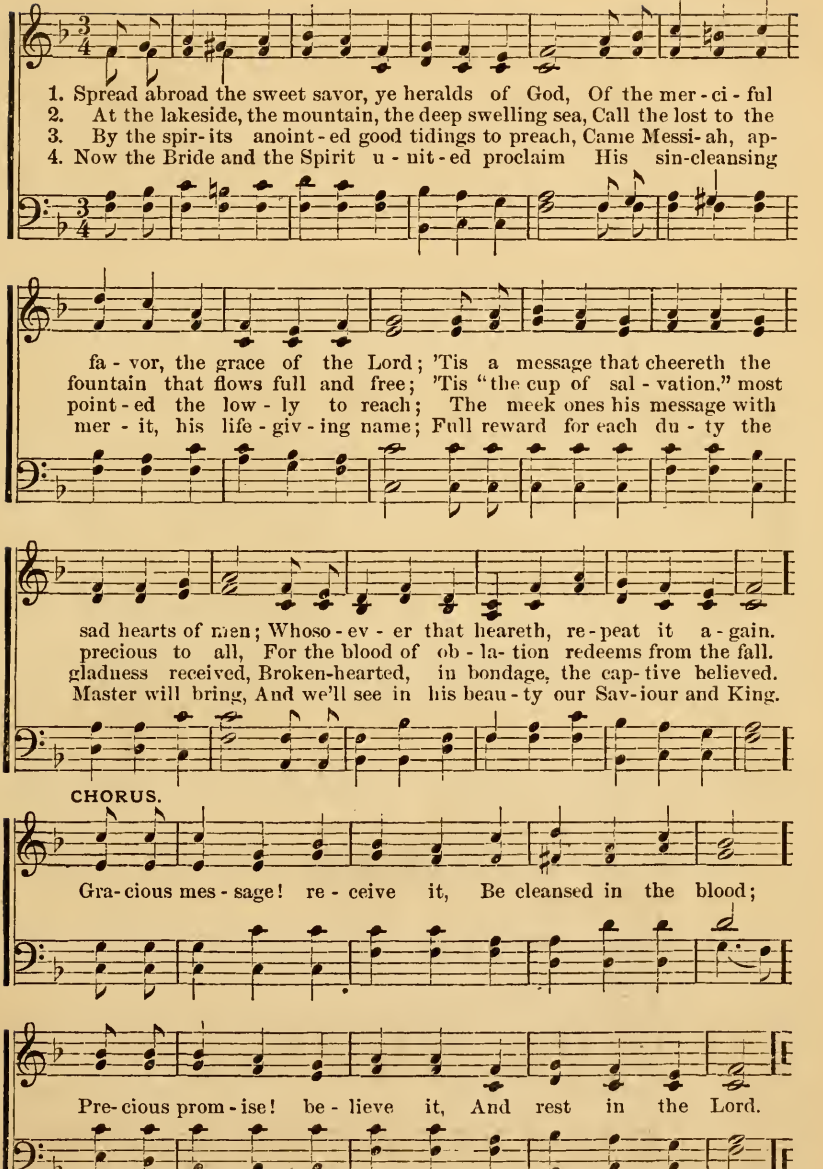
The Gracious Message.

Rev xxii 17. W. S. MARTIN.



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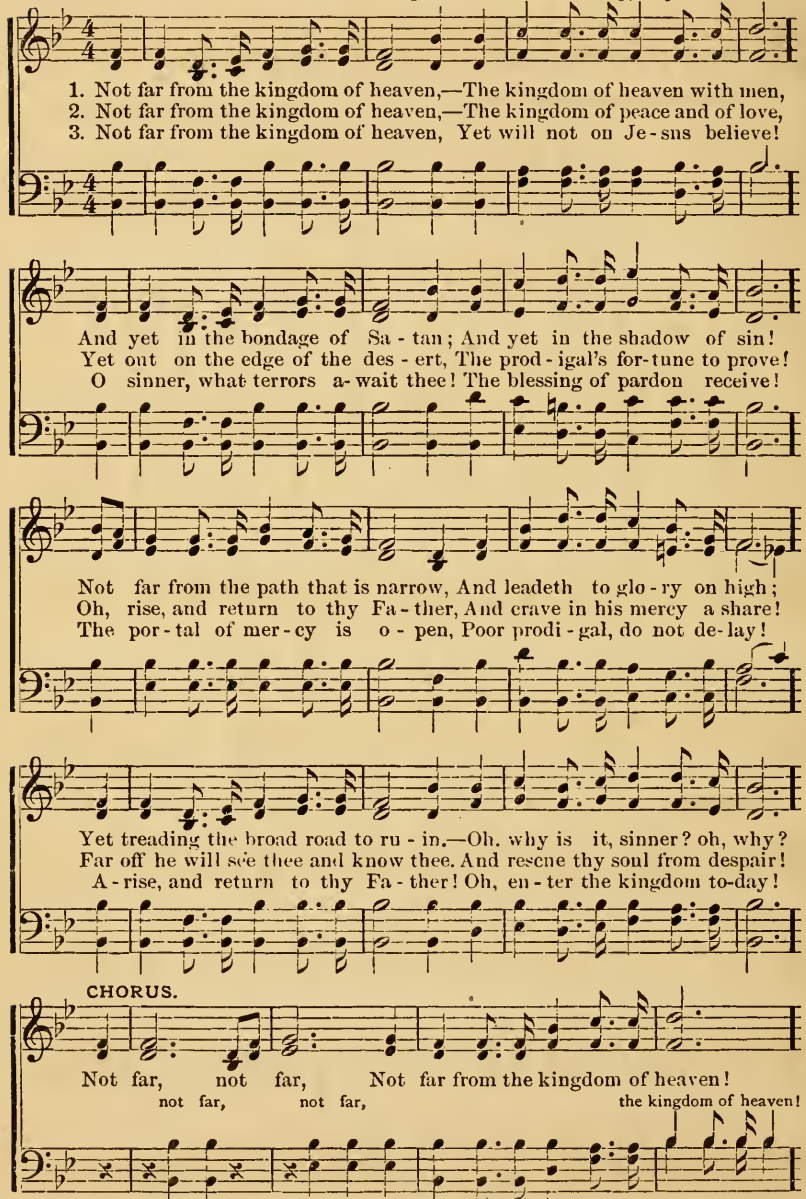
Not Far from the Kingdom.

E. R. Latta. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii 34 J. H. Tenney.



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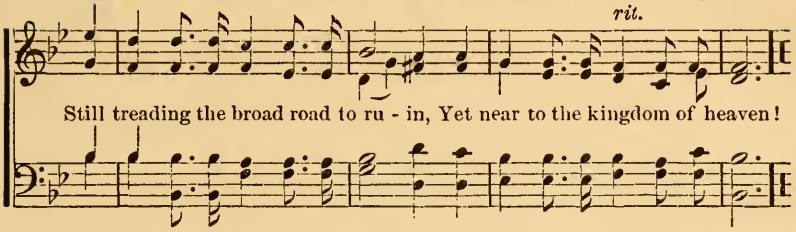
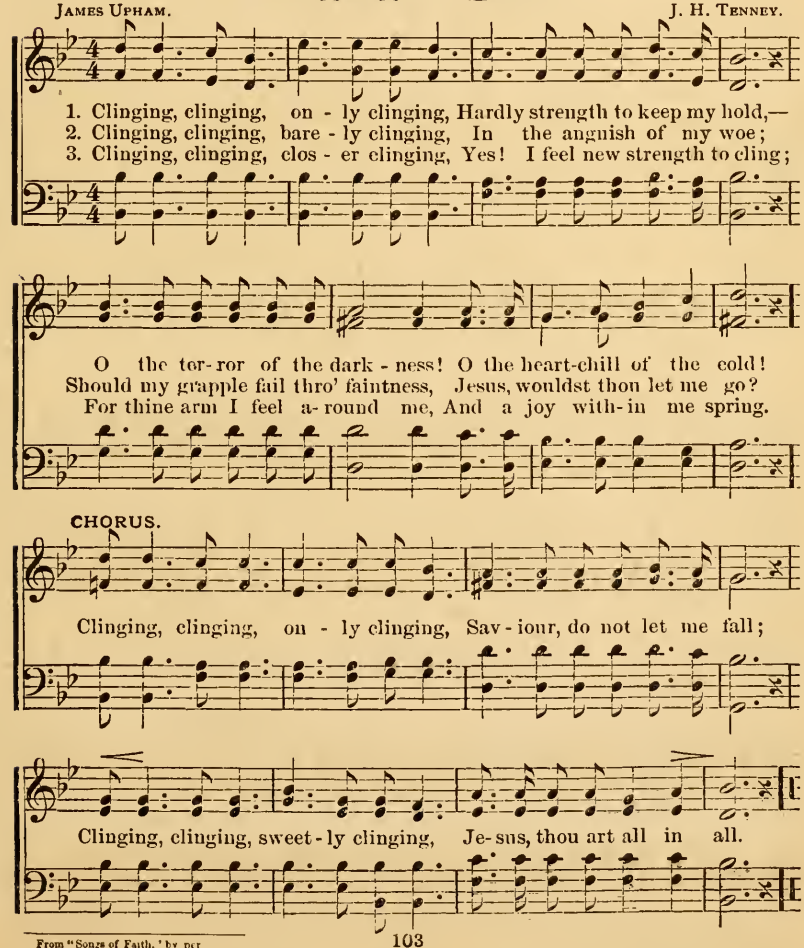
Not Far from the Kingdom.—CONCLUDED.



101 Clinging to Jesus.

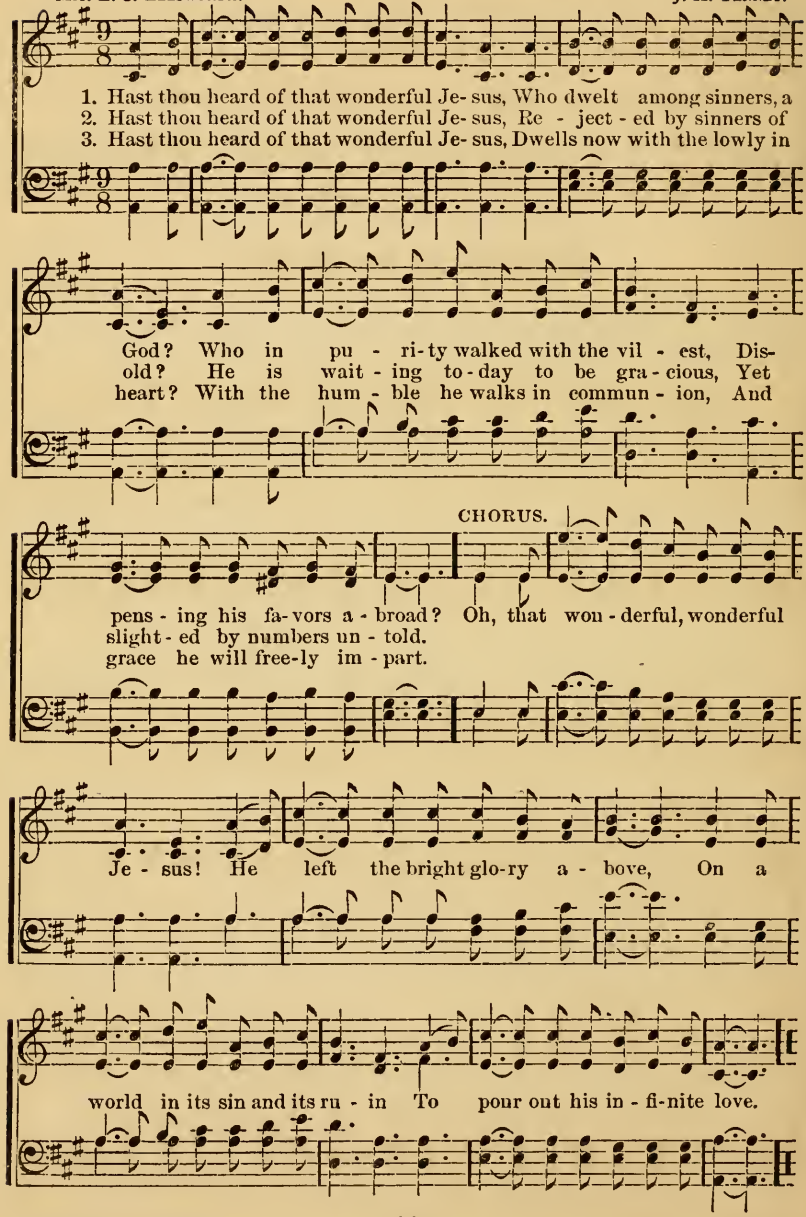
JAMES UPHAM. J. H. TENNEY.



From "Songs of Faith," by per

102 Hast Thou Heard of Jesus?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.



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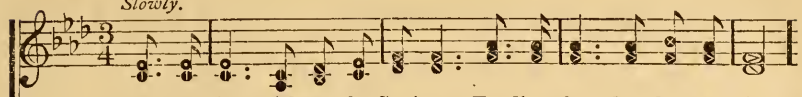
103 Can you do without Him?

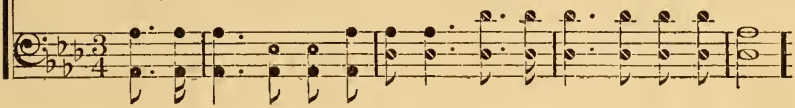
"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

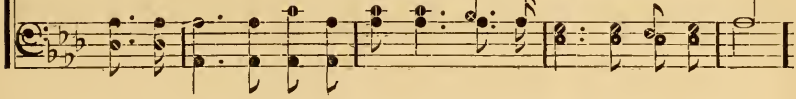
Slowly.



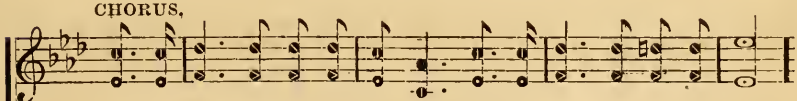
1. Can you do without the Saviour, Tend'rer far than human friend?
2. Can you do without the Saviour When the last loud trump shall sound?
3. Can you do without the Saviour With the el - ements a-flame?



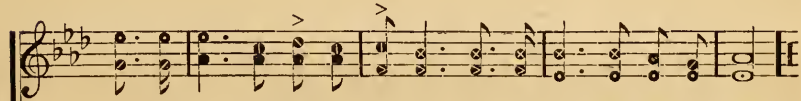
When this poor weak frame with anguish Direst pain and sorrows rend?
When th'entomb-ed millions gath-er, And the judgment seat surround?
When the voice of God like thunder Shall in wrath pronounce your name?



CHORUS.



Can you, can you do without him? Shall you not his pi-ty need?



Trembling sin-ner, can you, can you Do without this Friend indeed?

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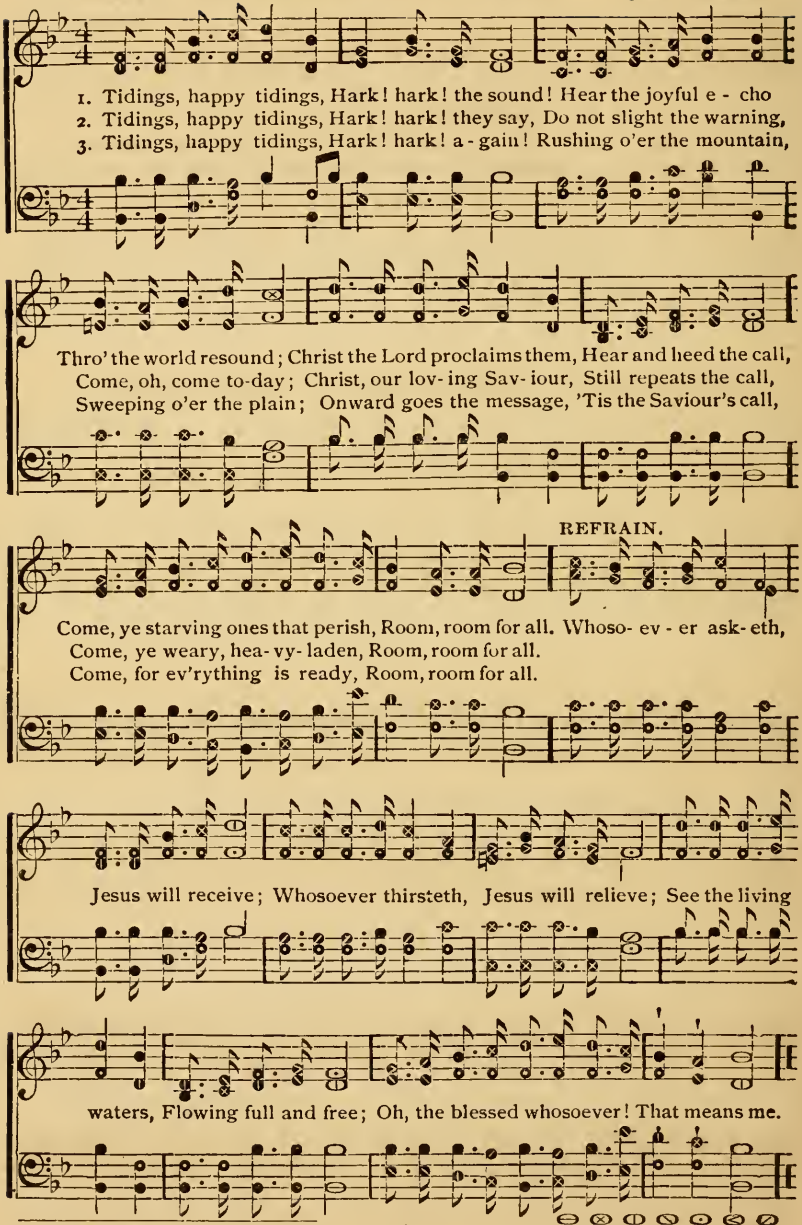
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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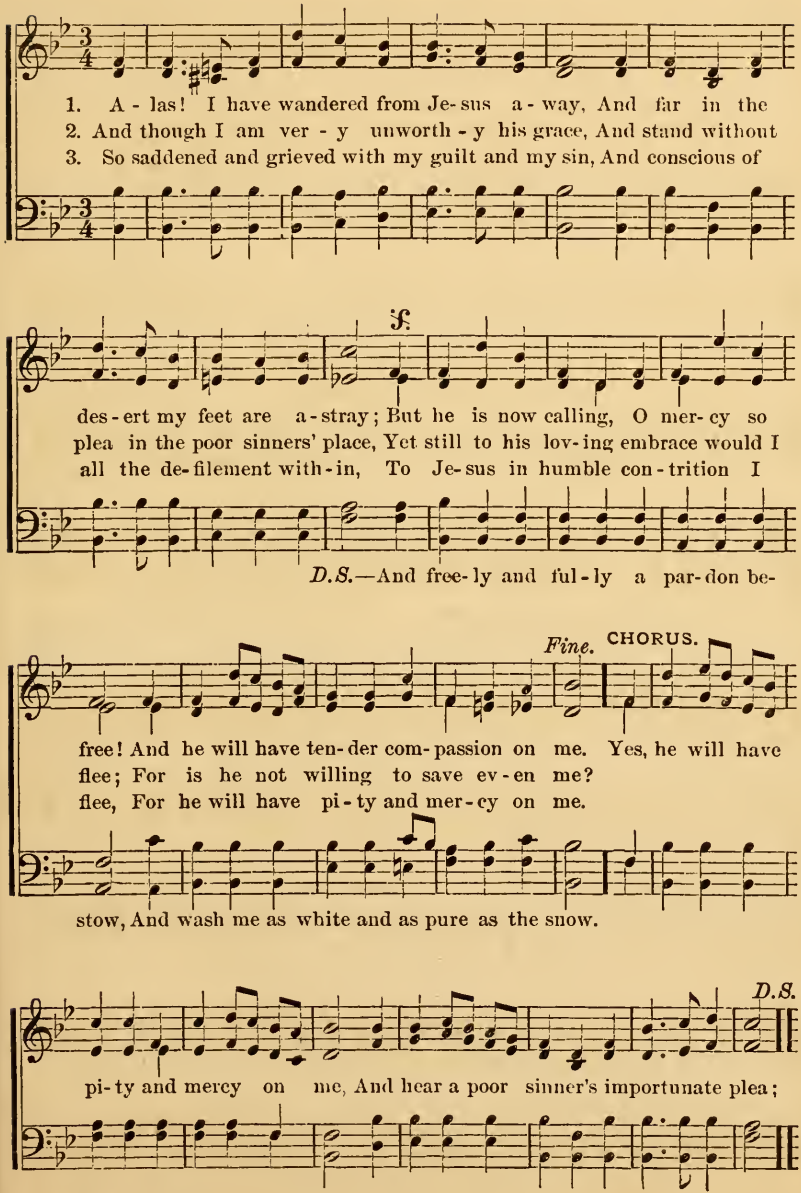
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

105 Alas! I Have Wandered.

Rev. E. A Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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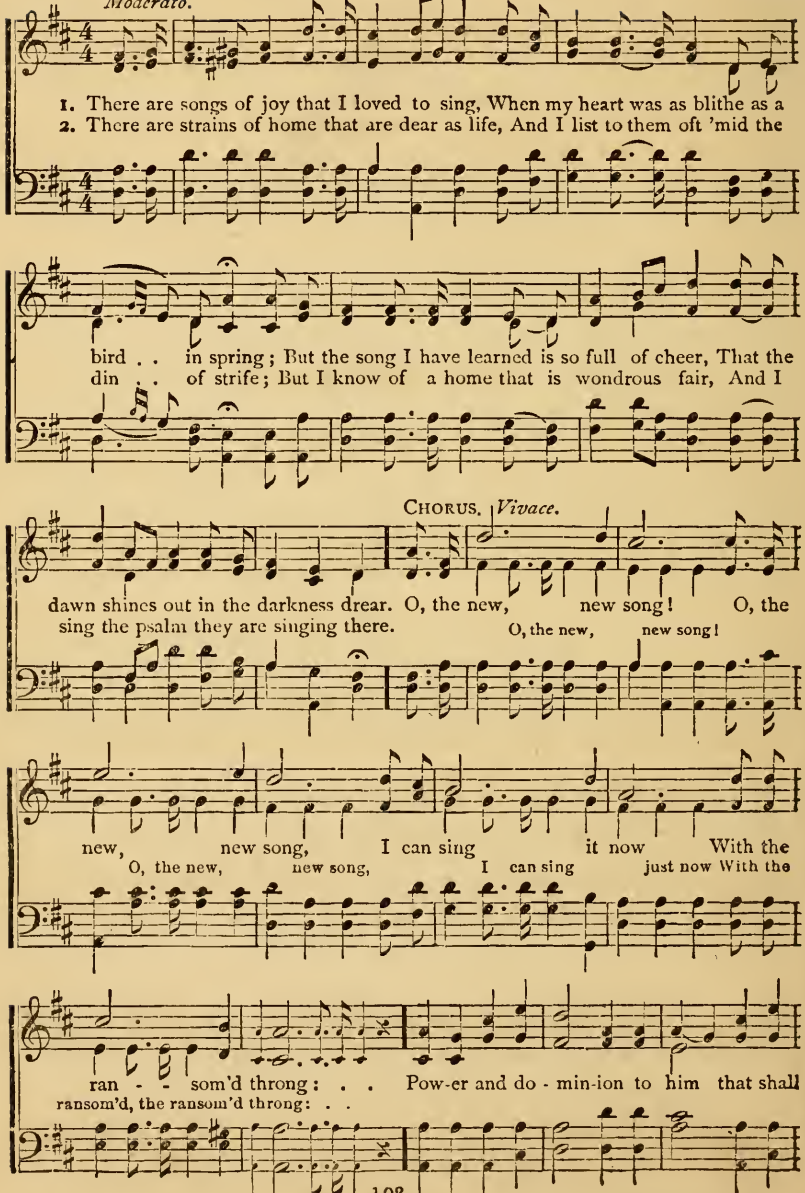
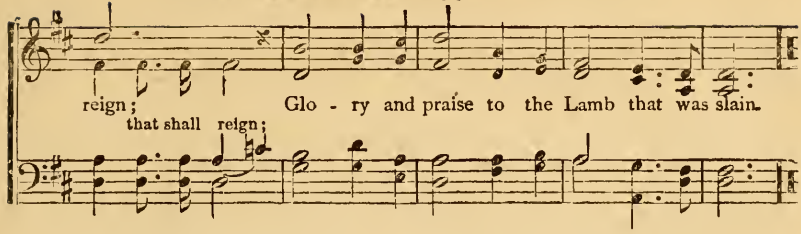
The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST. *Moderato.* JNO. R. SWENEY.





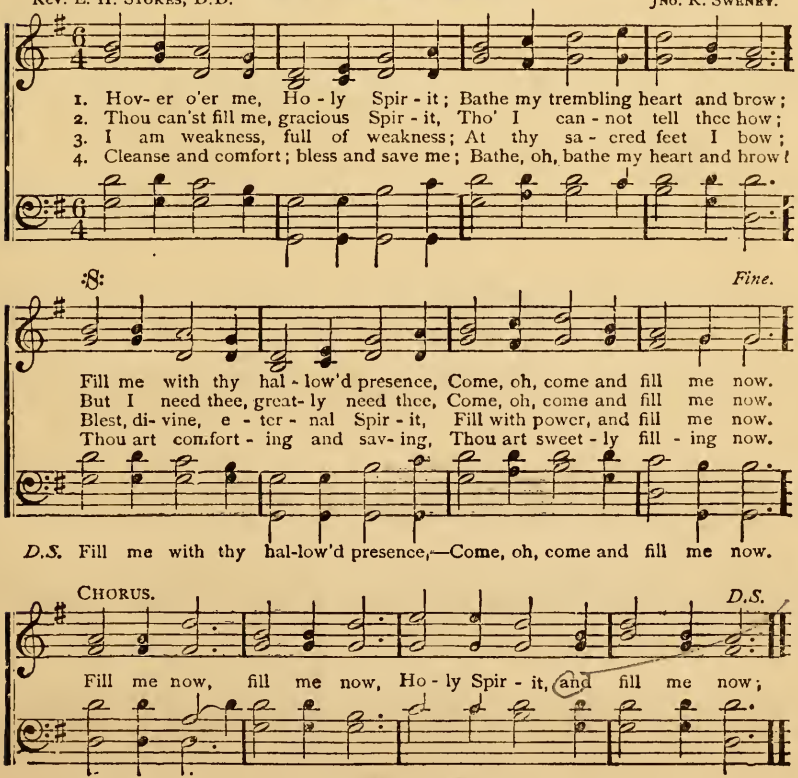
3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad? [be,
When he points where the many mansions
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

107 Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Swenky.



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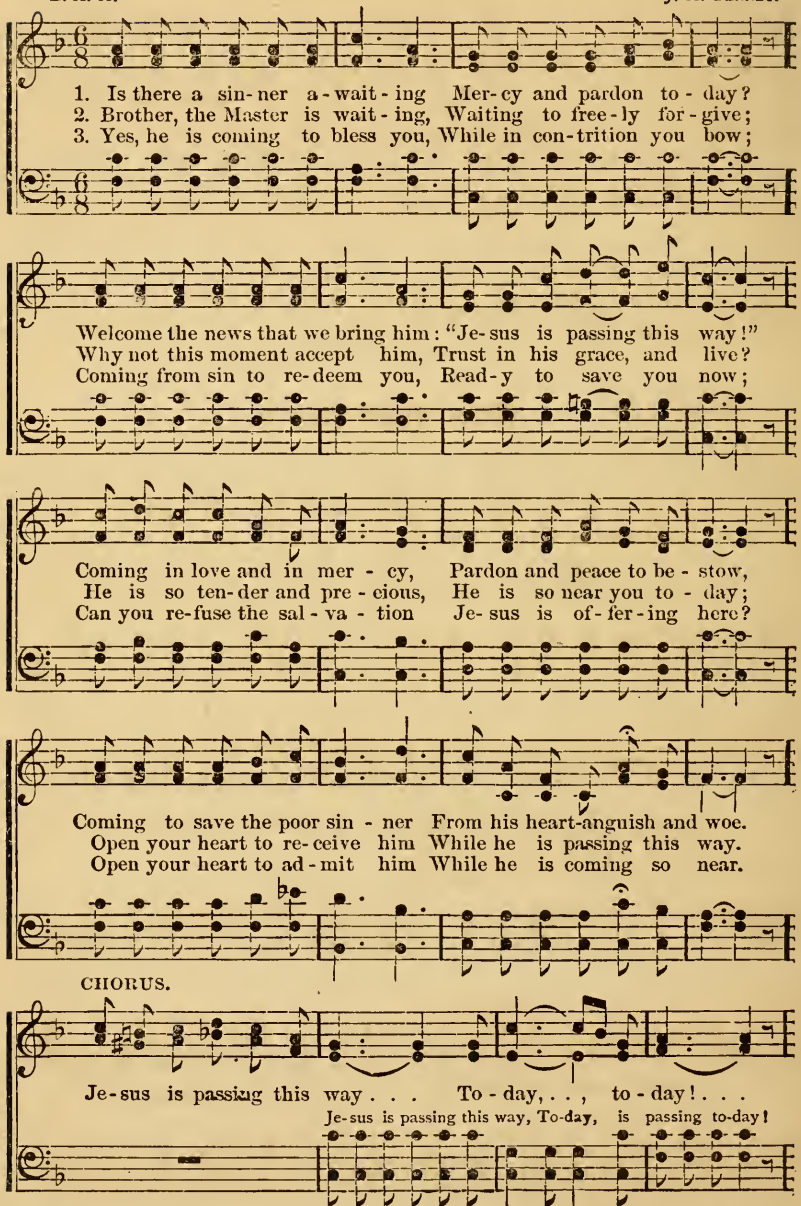
Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H. J. H. Tenney.



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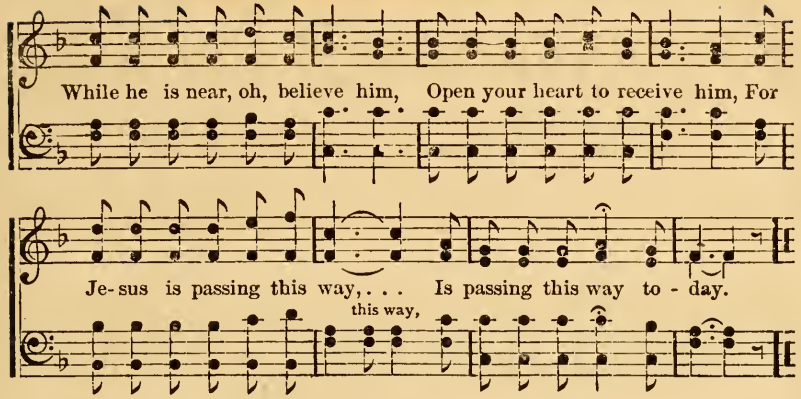
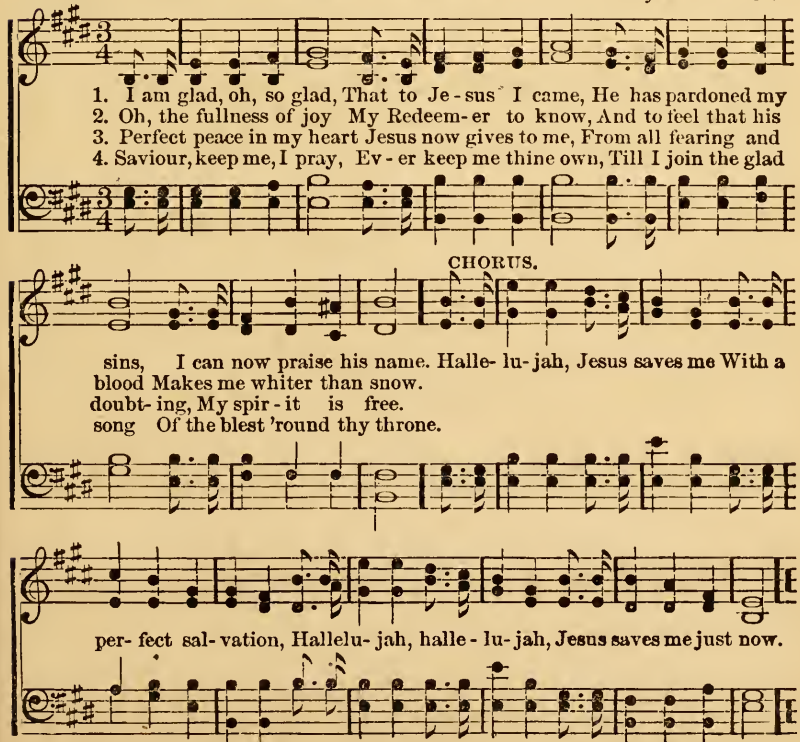
Jesus is Passing.—CONCLUDED.



109

Hallelujah.

Wm. G. Collins. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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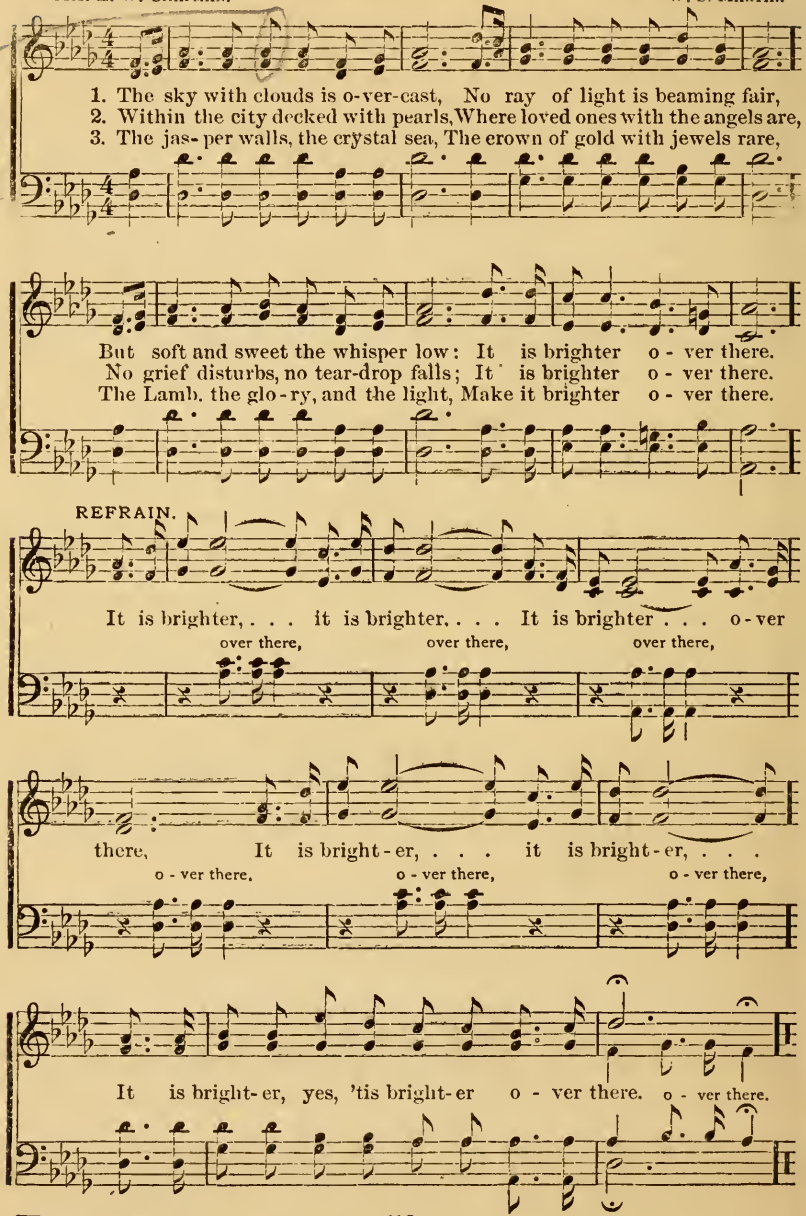
110 It is Brighter Over There.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. W. S. Martin.



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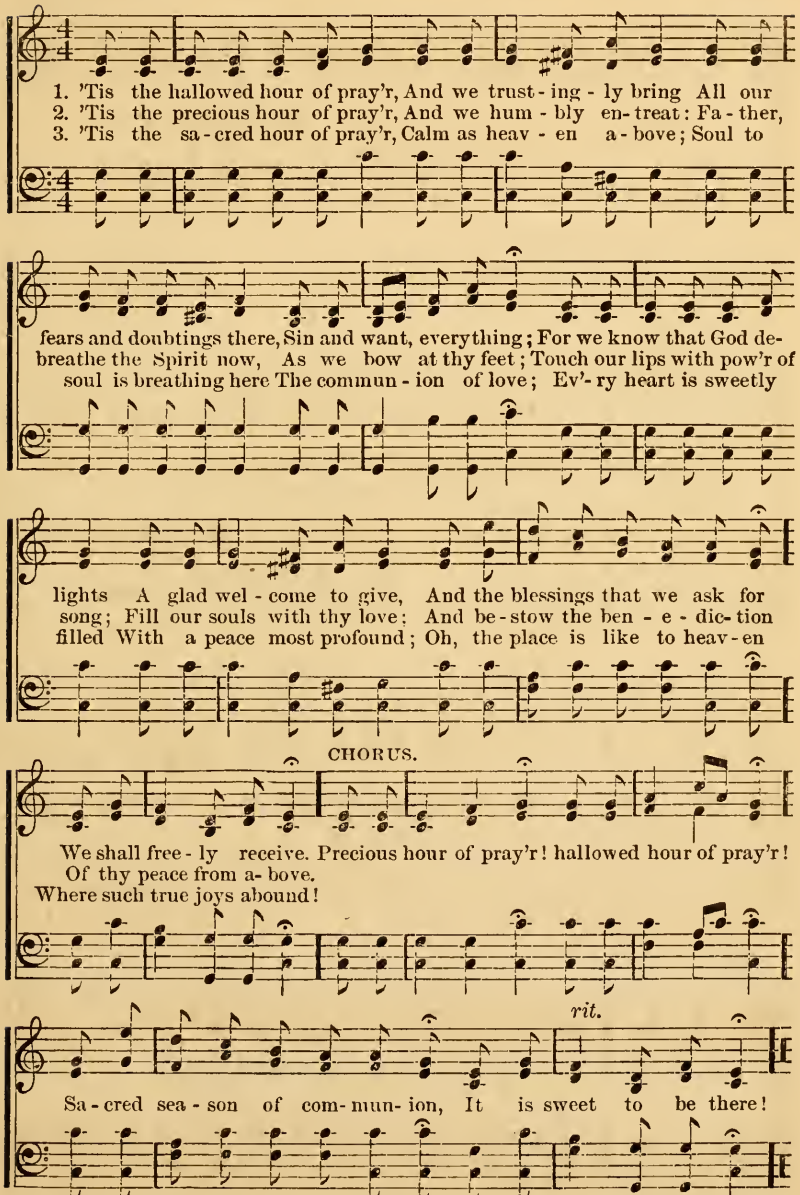
111 Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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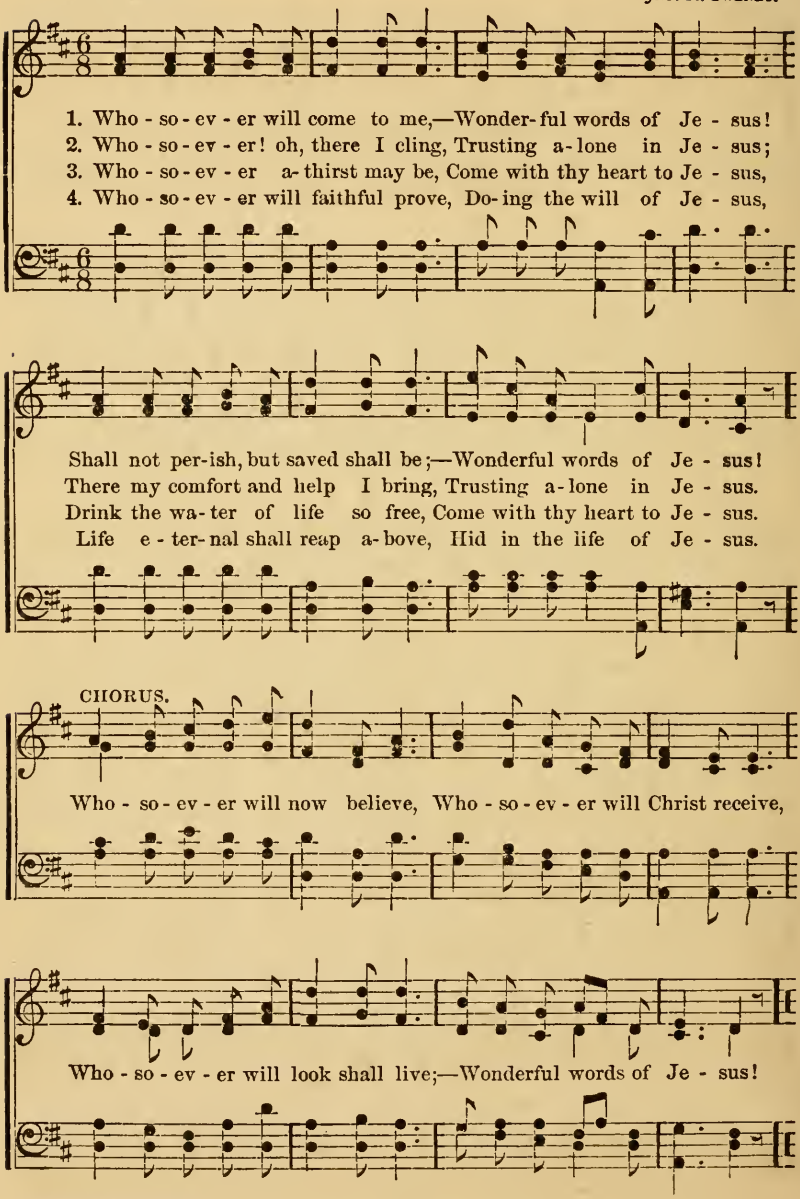
Wonderful Words of Jesus.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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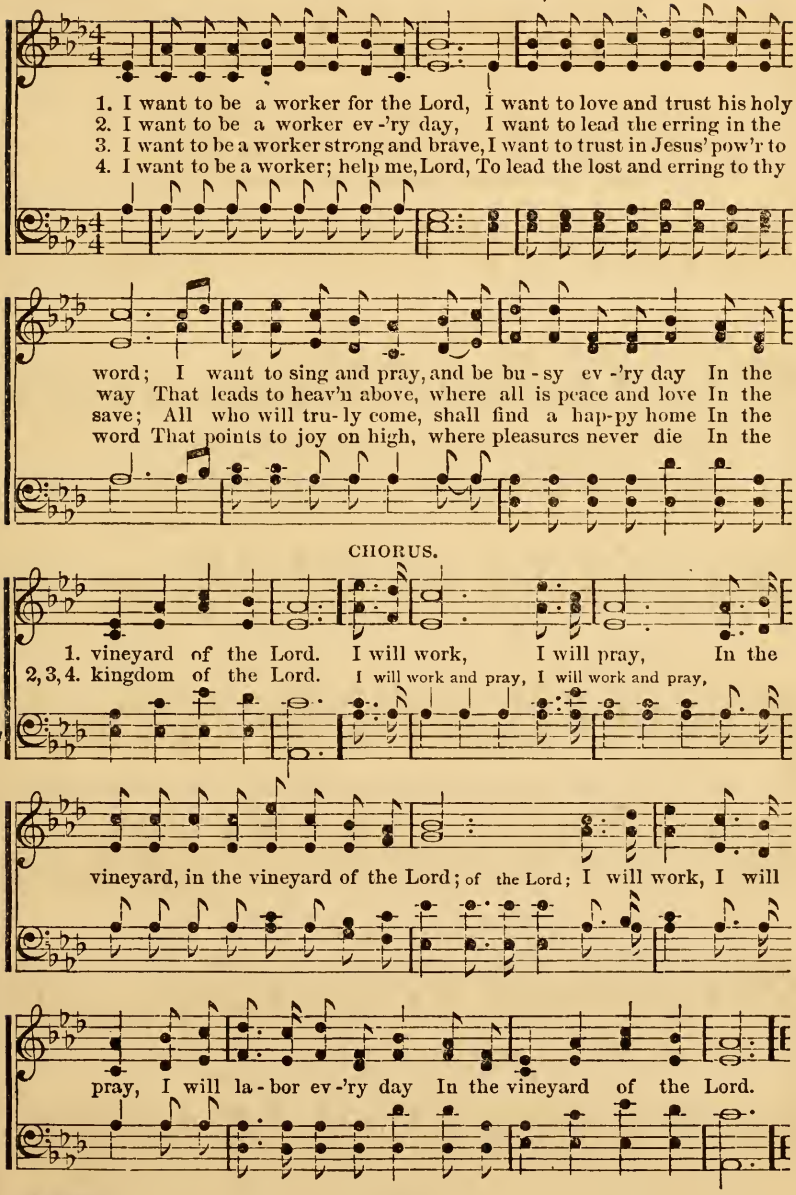
I Want to be a Worker.

I. B. "The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27. I. BALTZELL.



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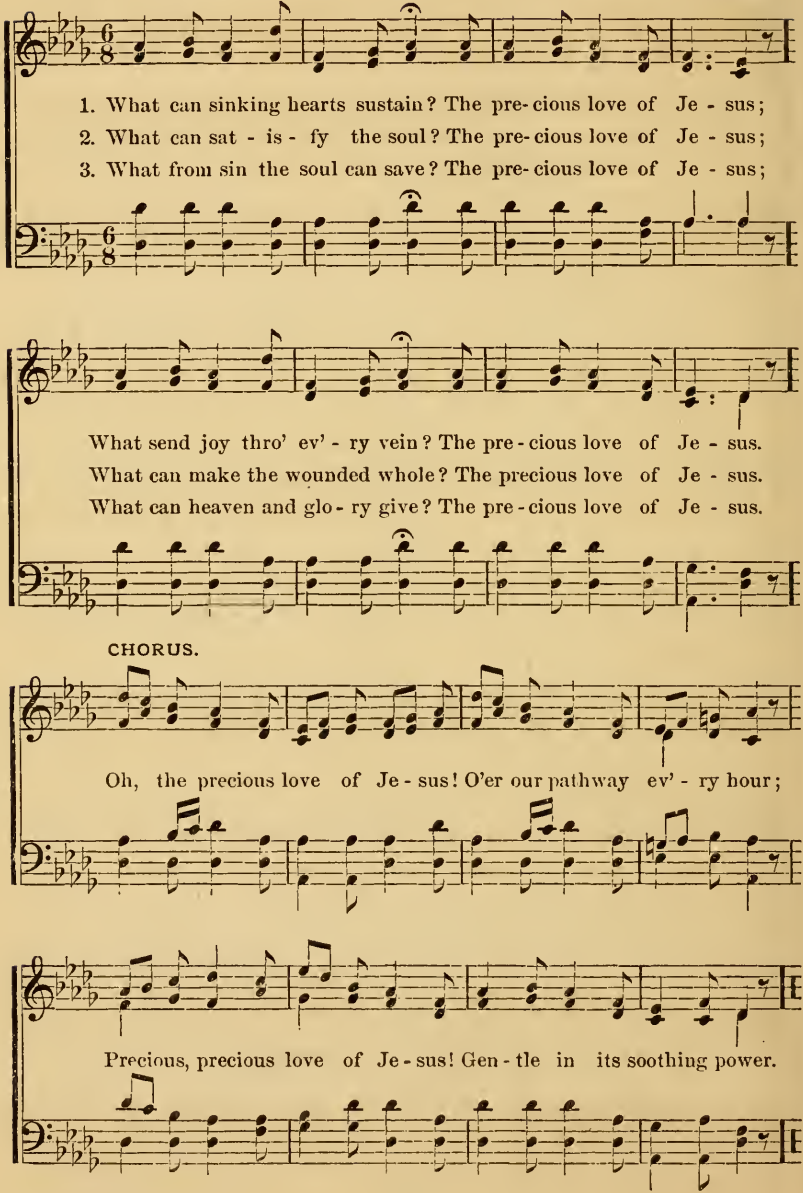
114 The Precious Love of Jesus.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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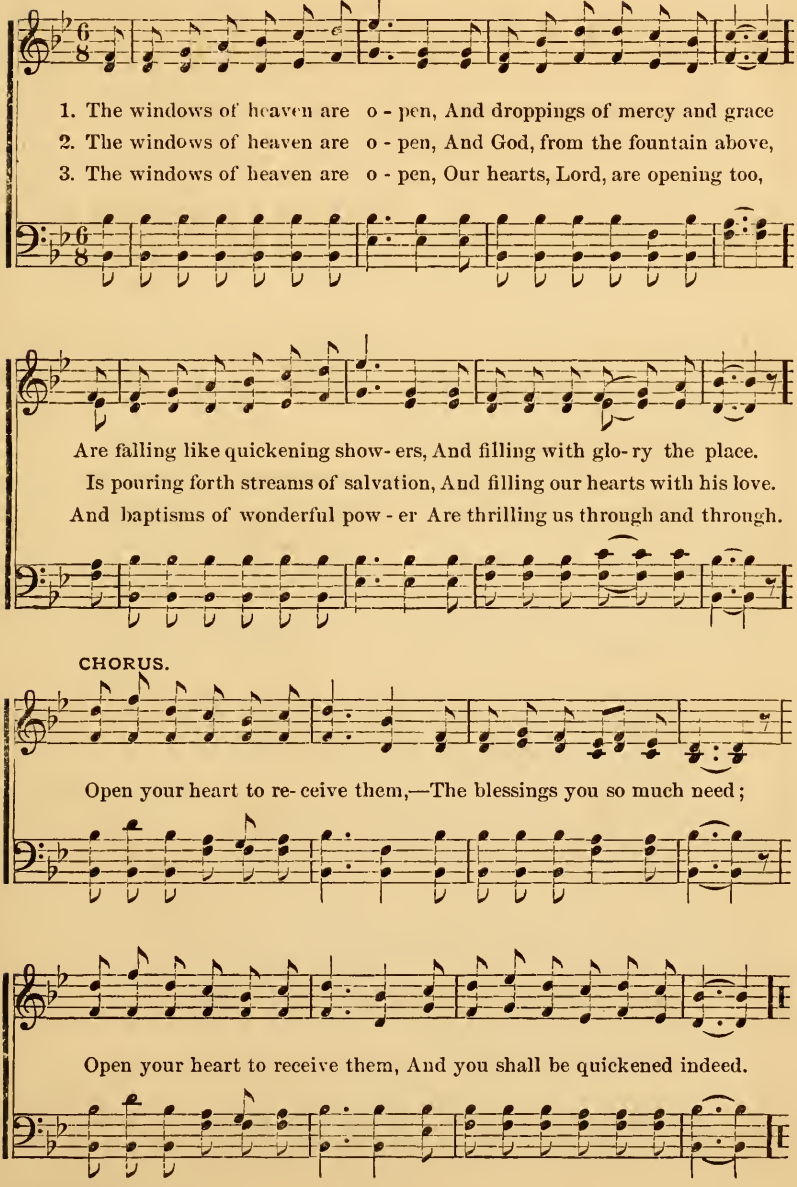
115 The Windows of Heaven are Open.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



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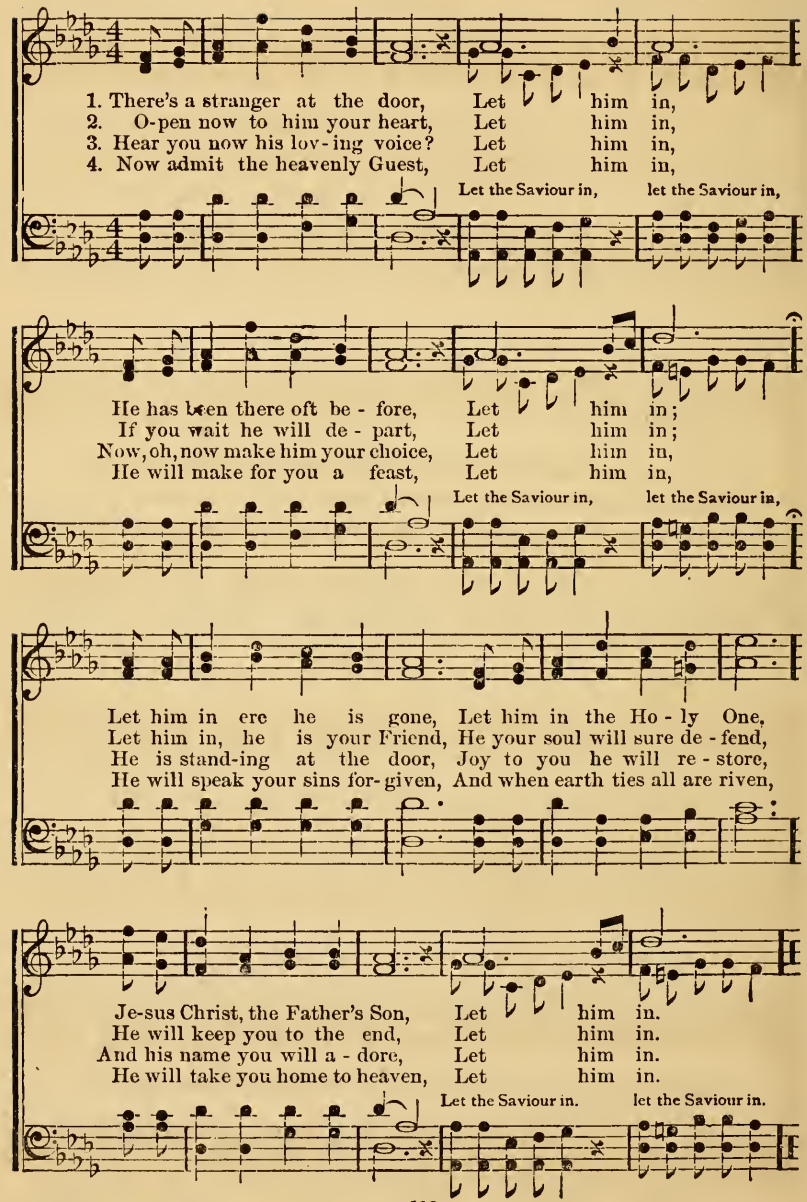
Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson — E. O. Excell.



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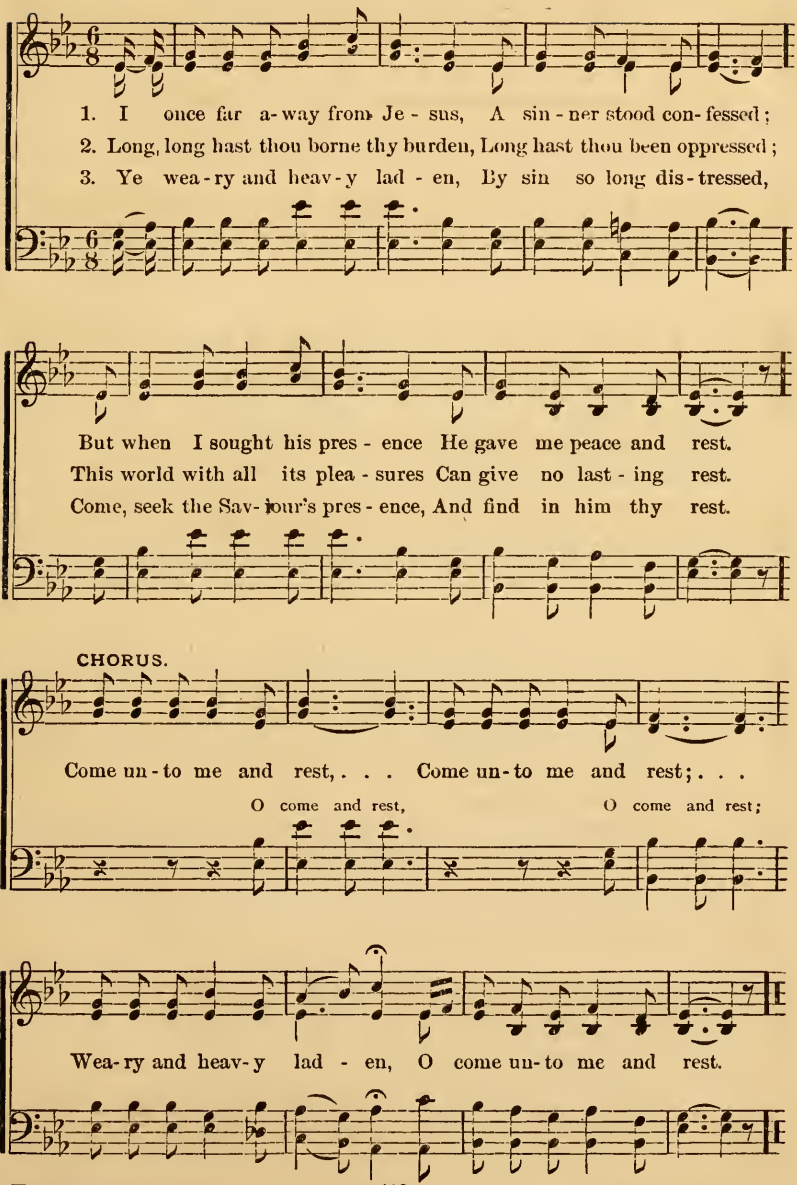
Come and Rest.

W. S. M. Matt. xi. 28. W. S. MARTIN.



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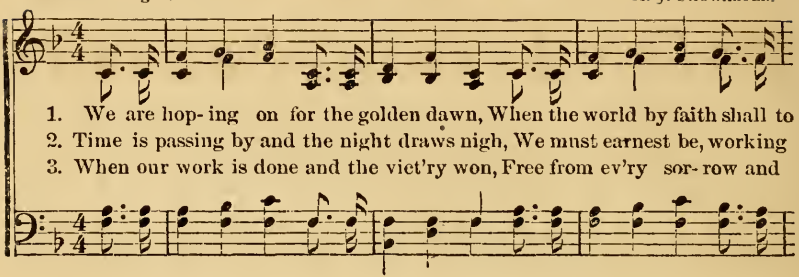
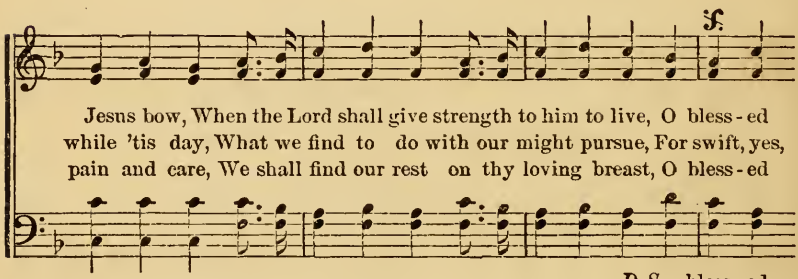
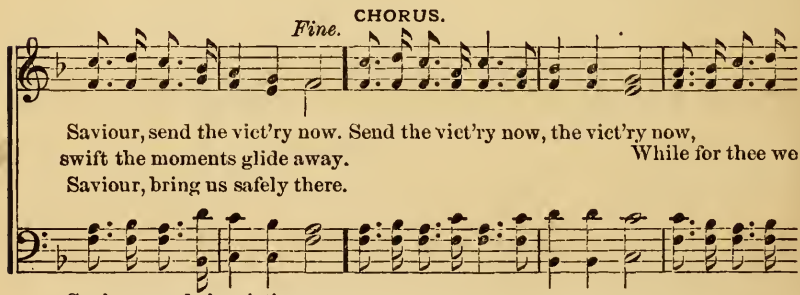
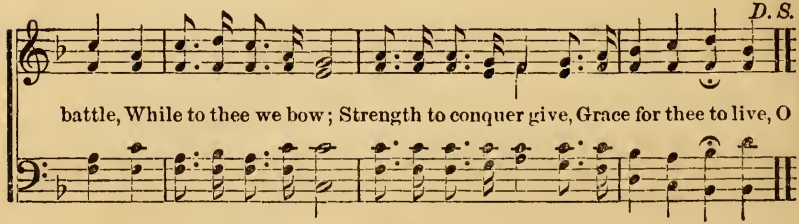
Send the Victory Now.

Words arranged. A. J. Showalter.









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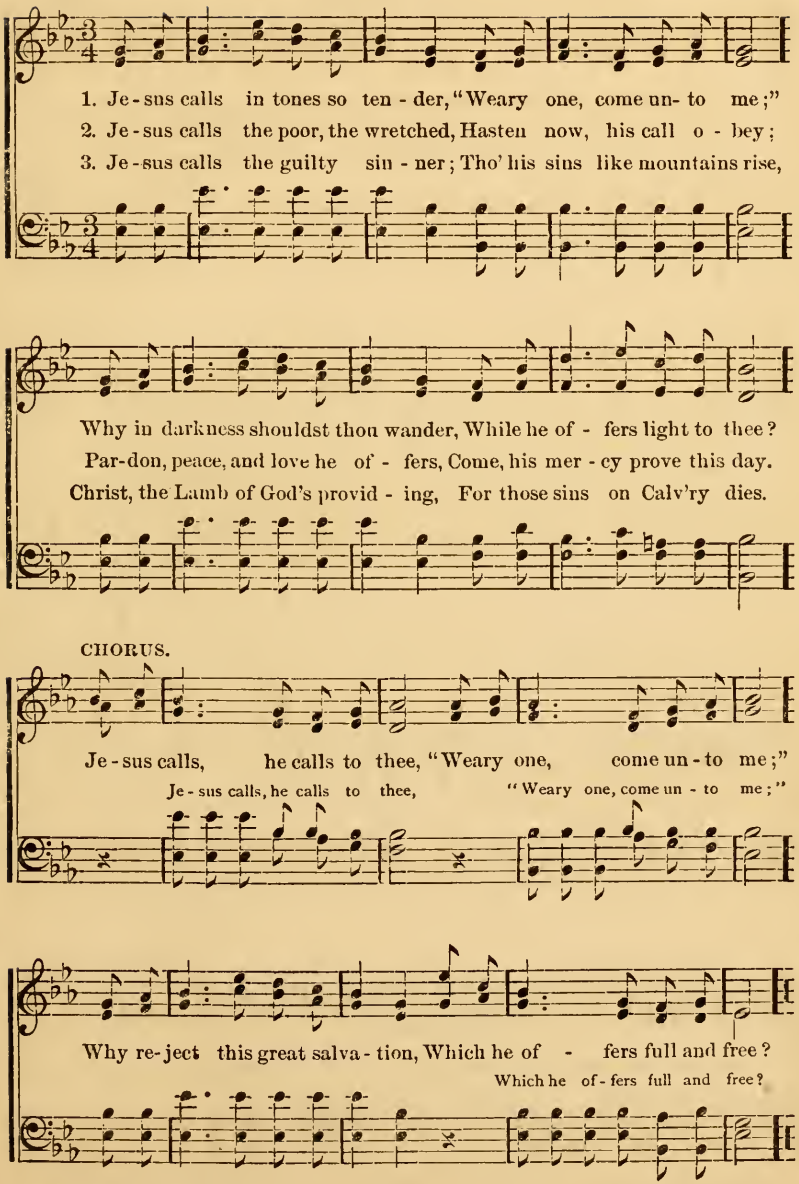
Jesus Calls.

W. S M. Matt. xi. 28, 29. W. S. Martin.



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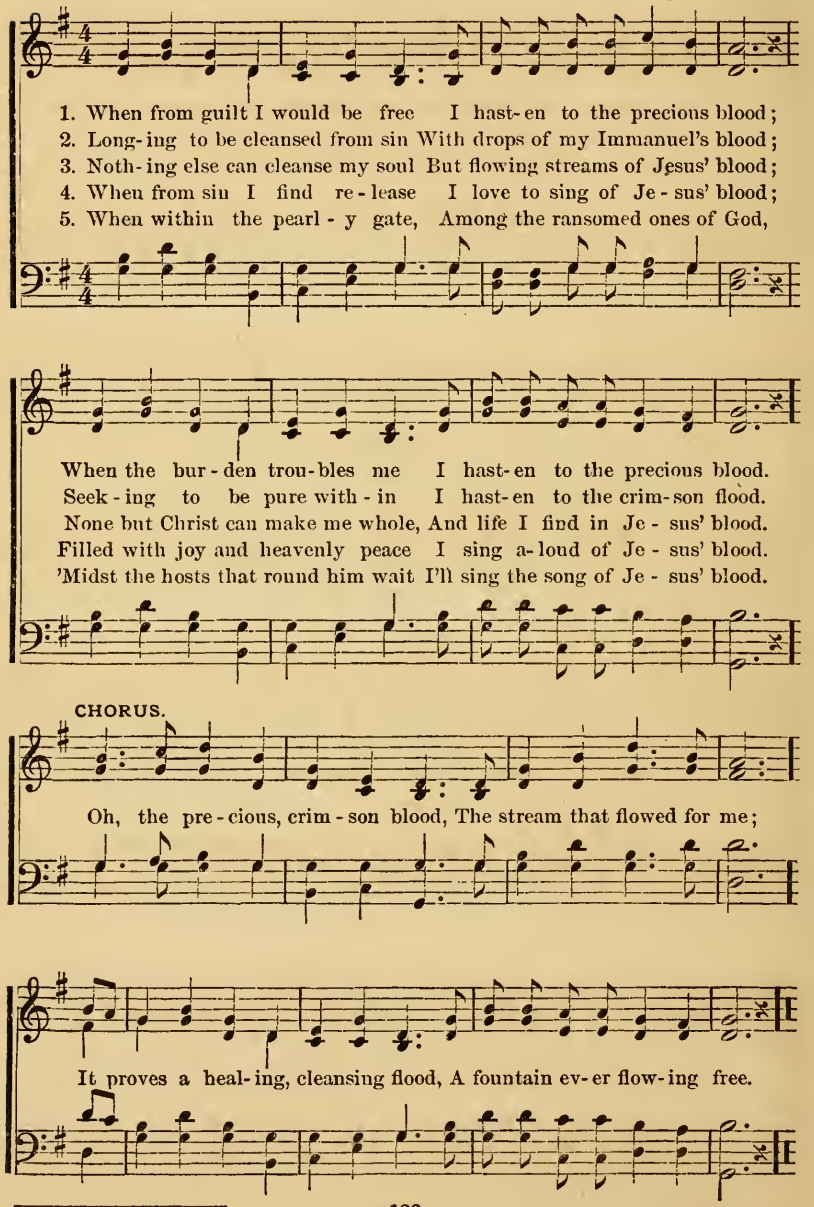
The Precious Blood.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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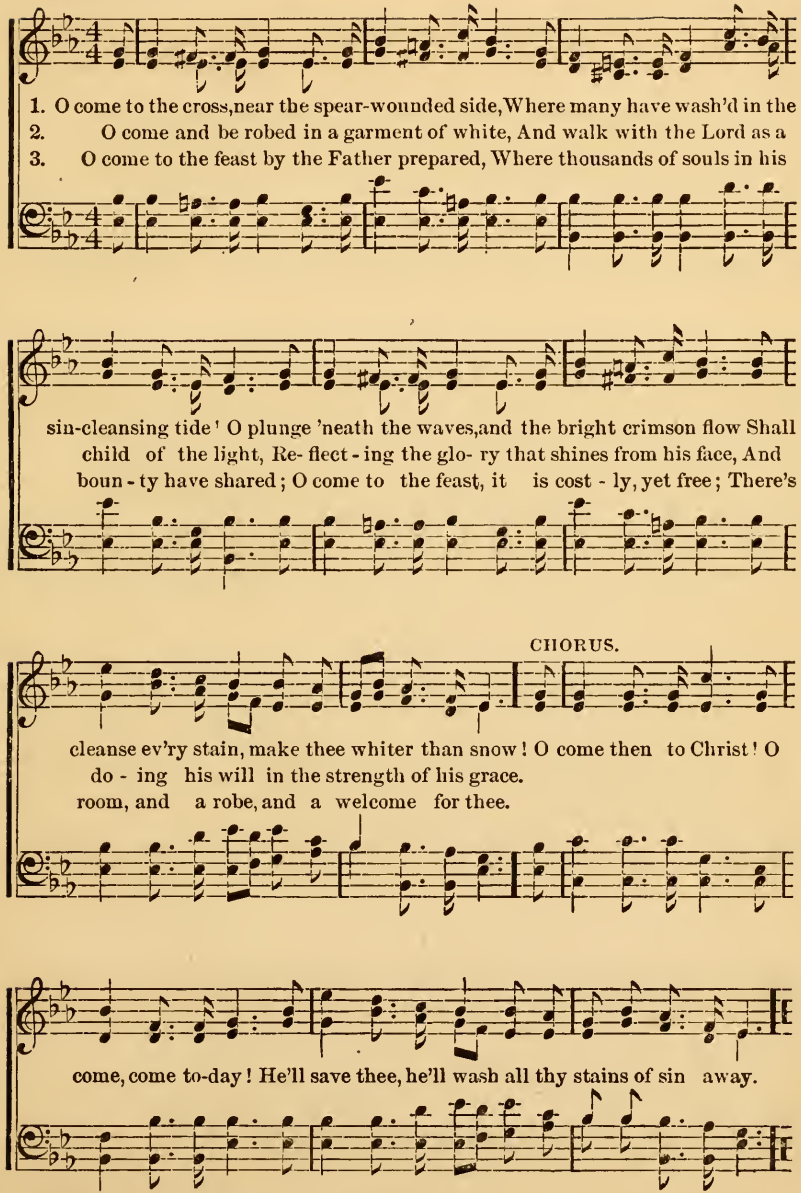
121 Come to the Cross.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. P. P. Bliss.



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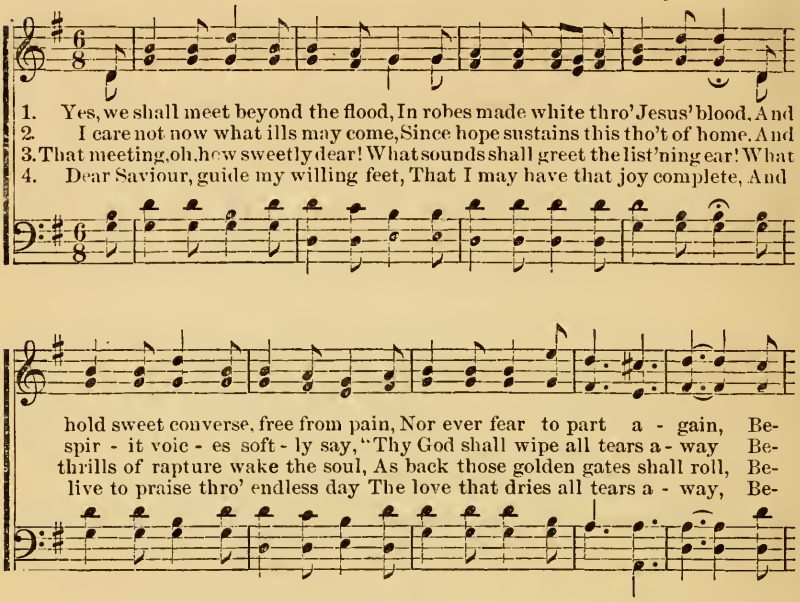
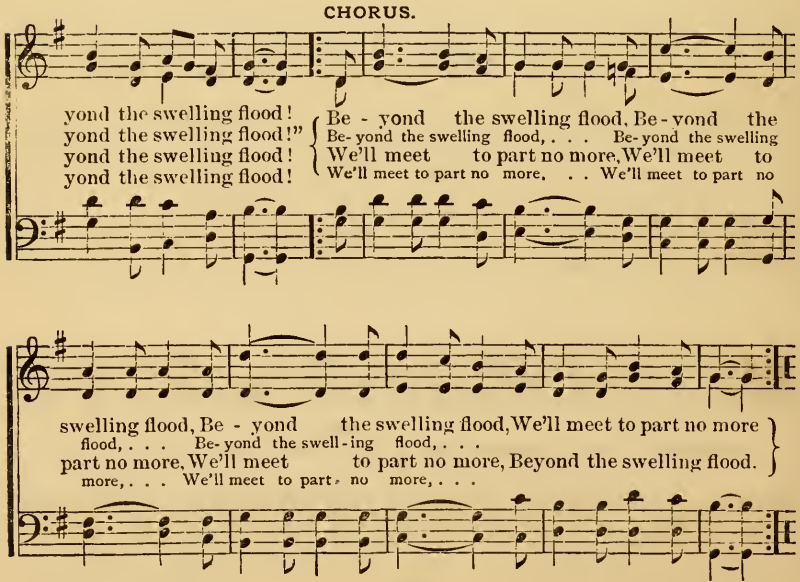
122 Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. C. J. H. Tenney.



CHORUS.



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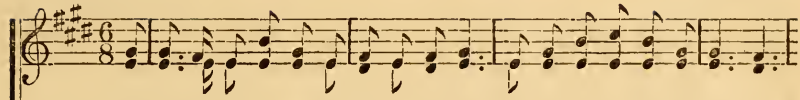
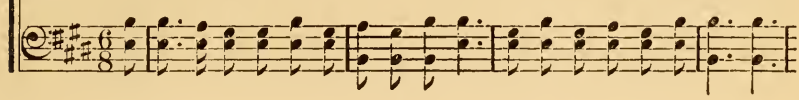
I'll Wander no More.

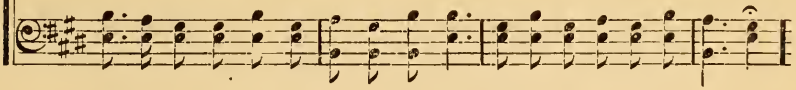
W. S. M. W. S. Martin.



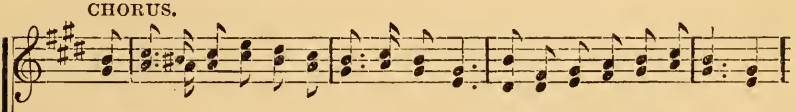
1. I'll wander no more in the pathway of sin, Jesus has sought me and won me;
2. How long have I wandered away from my God, Spurning the love that he gave me;
3. But now with his "manna" my soul doth he feed, He is my Shepherd forever;



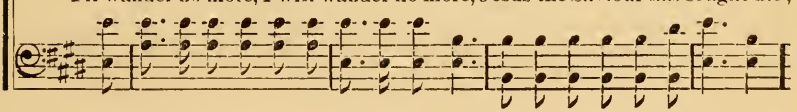
Long was I fettered without and within, Sin had deceived and undone me.
Lightly esteeming the dear Saviour's blood, Turning from him who would save me.
In the "green pastures" my footsteps he'll lead, Down by the "life-giving river."



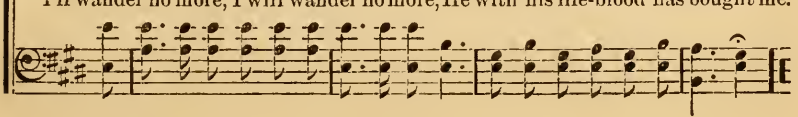
CHORUS.



I'll wander no more, I will wander no more, Jesus the Saviour has sought me;



I'll wander no more, I will wander no more, He with his life-blood has bought me.



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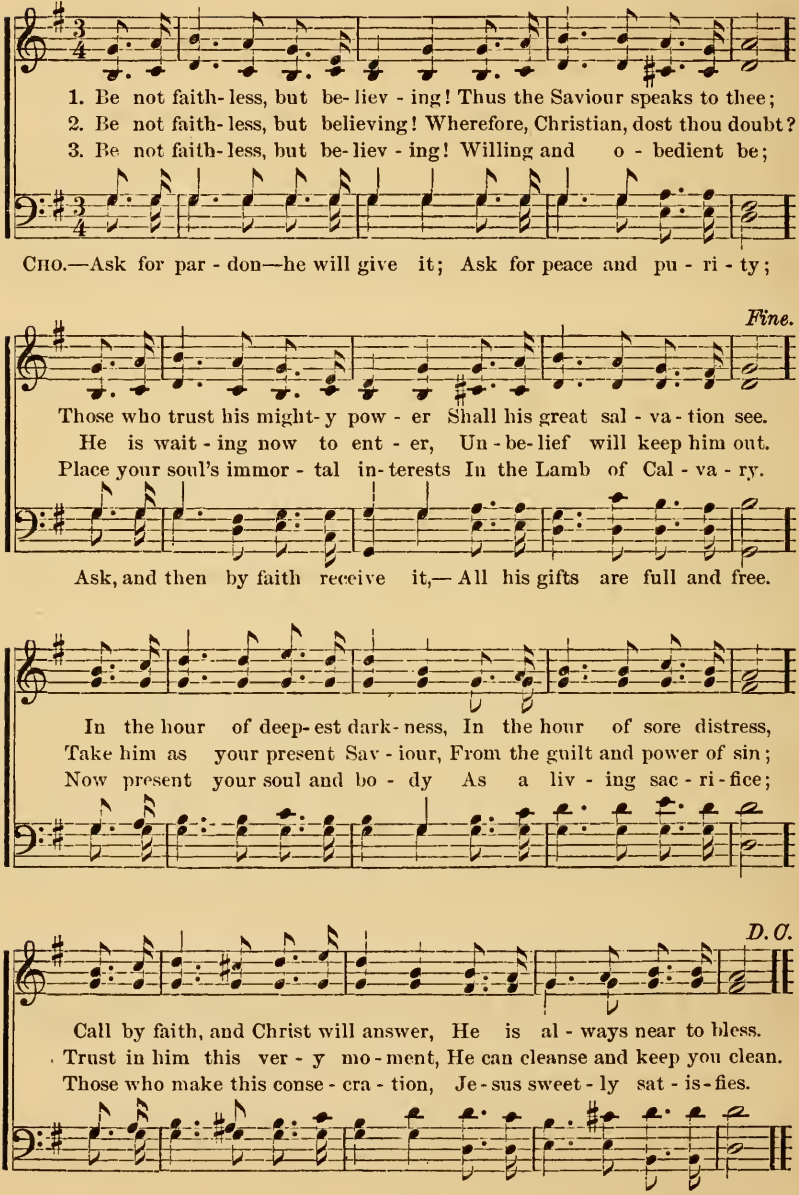
Be Not Faithless.

JAMES NICHOLSON. S. W. MARTIN, (arranged.)



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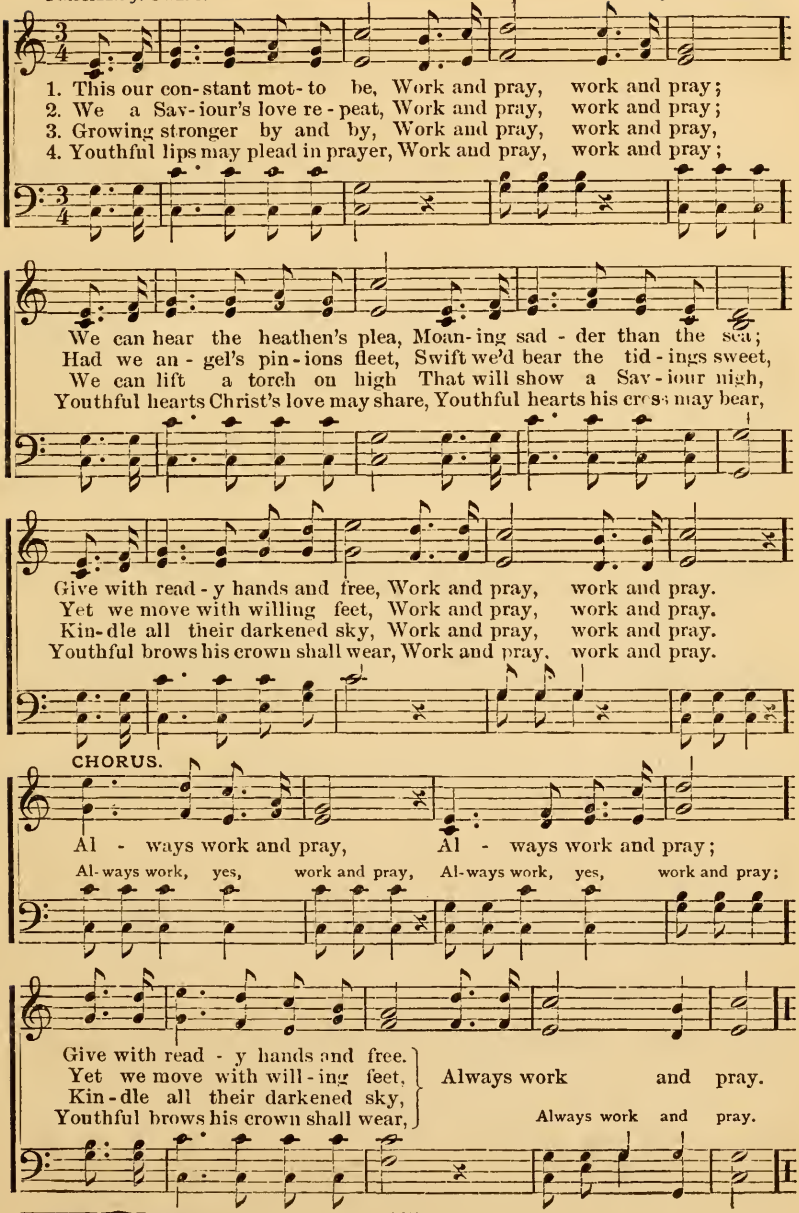
Work and Pray.

Priscilla J. Owens. J. H. Tenney.



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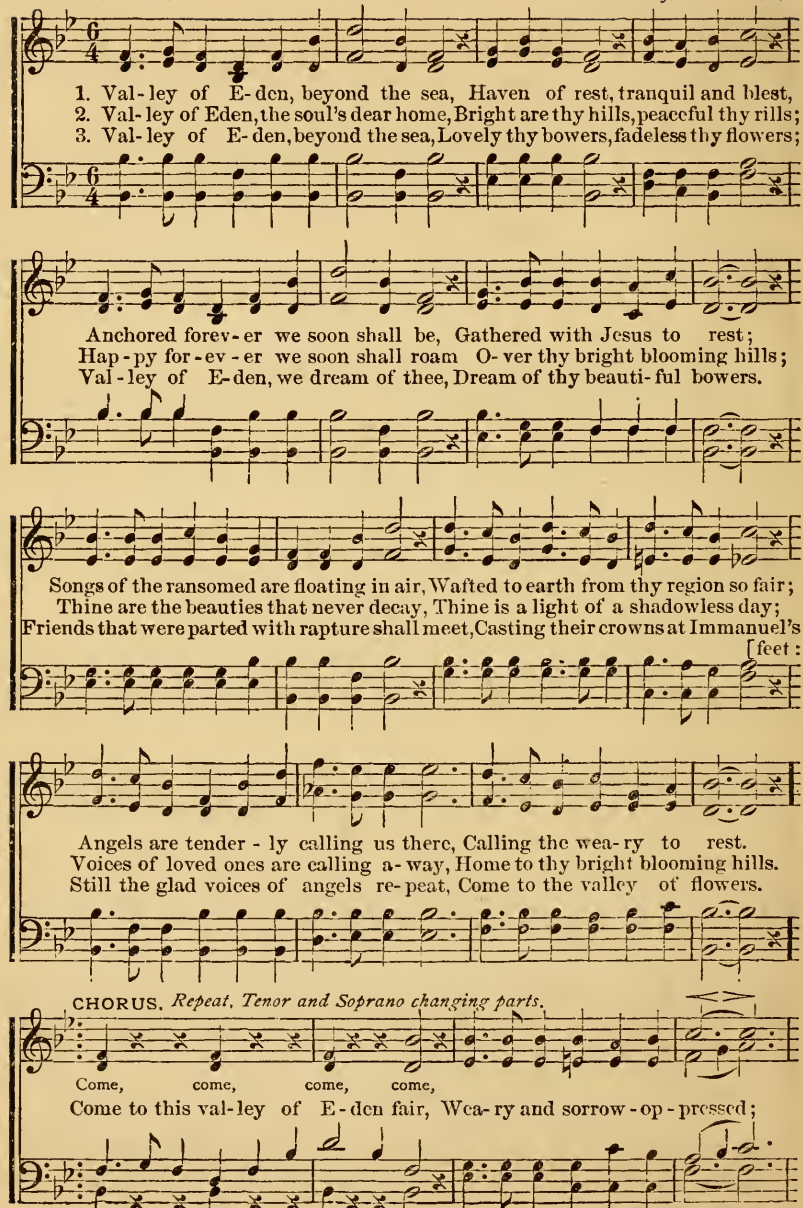
Valley of Rest.

Anna C. Storey. Wm J. Kirkpatick.



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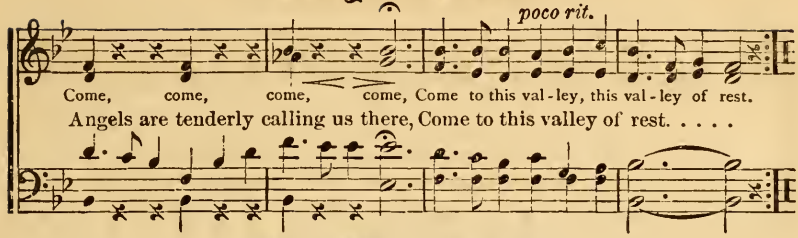
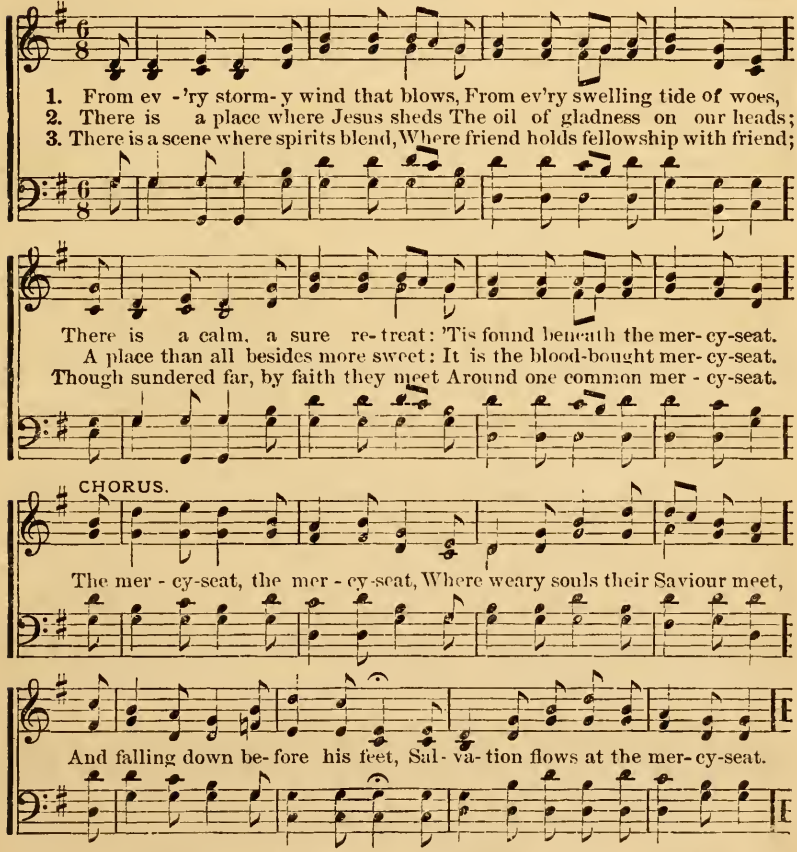
Valley of Rest.—CONCLUDED.



127 The Mercy-seat.

H. Stowell. Chorus by H. L. G. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.



4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more; [greet,
And heaven comes down our souls to
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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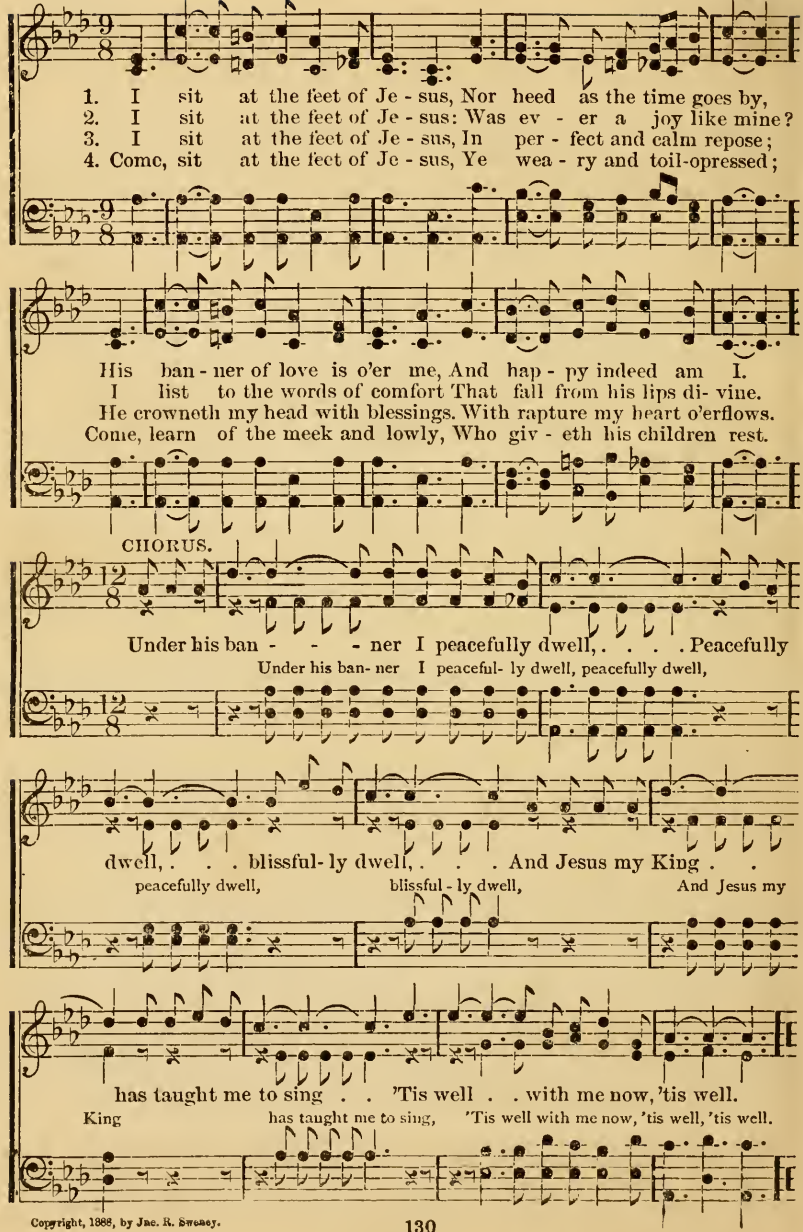
His Banner.

James L. Black. Jno. R. Sweney.



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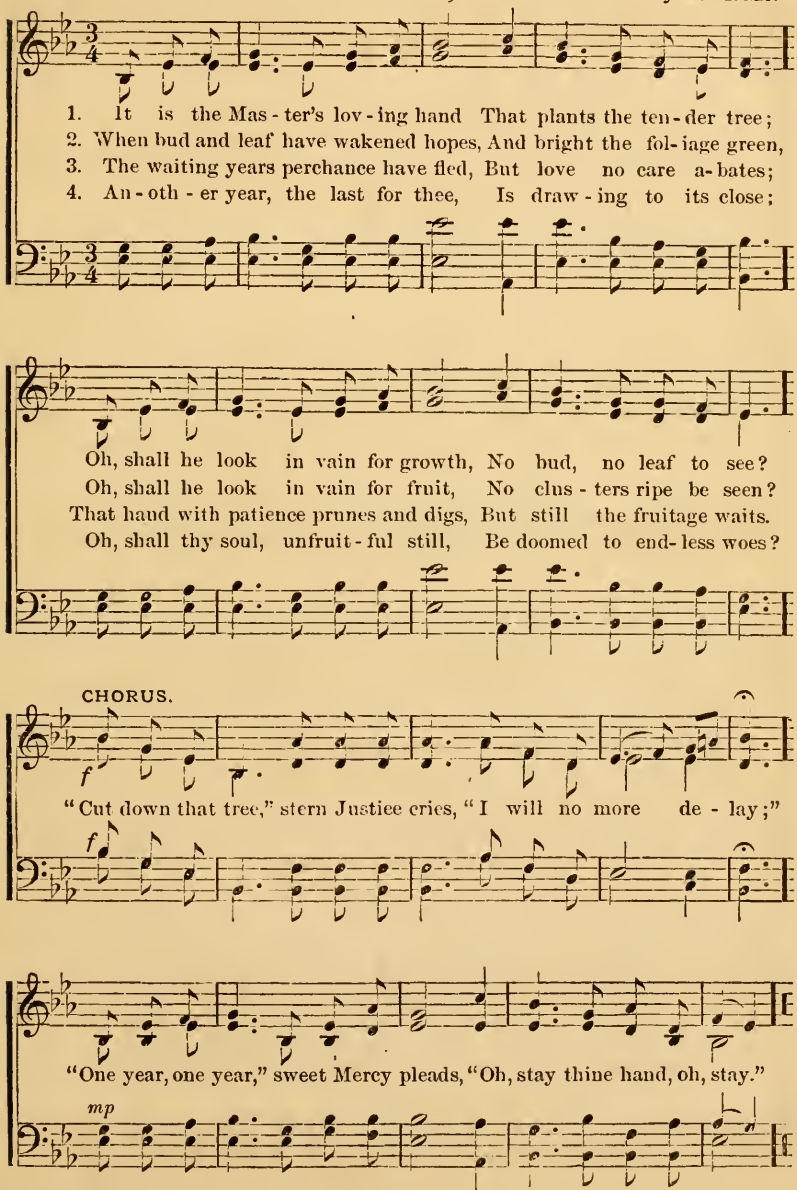
129 It is the Master's Loving Hand.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Luke xiii. 6–9. J. H. Tenney.



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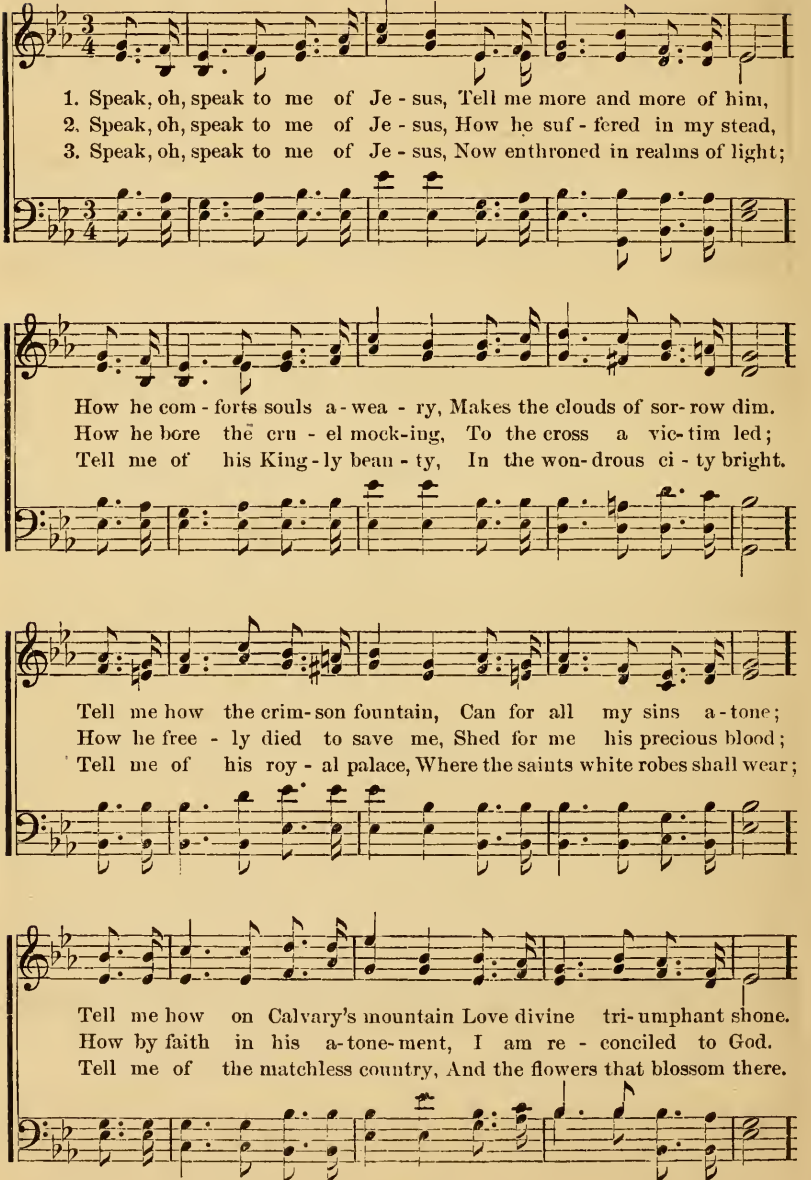
Speak to Me of Jesus.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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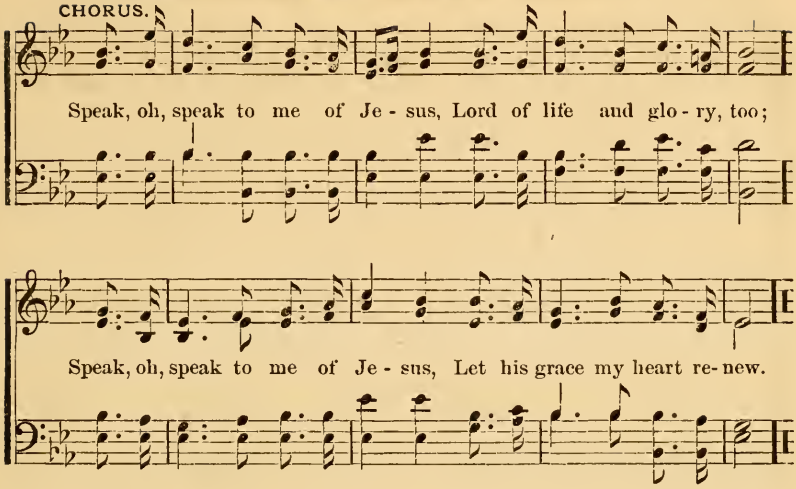
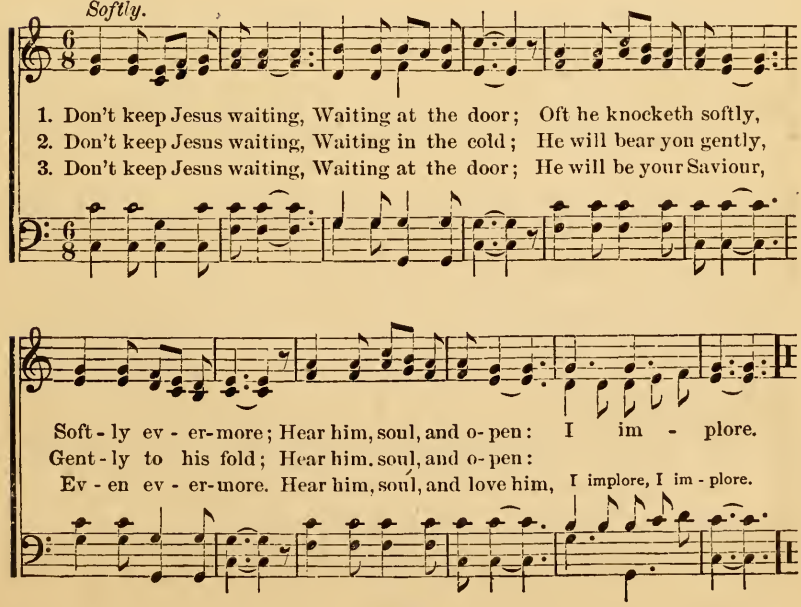
Speak to Me of Jesus.—CONCLUDED.



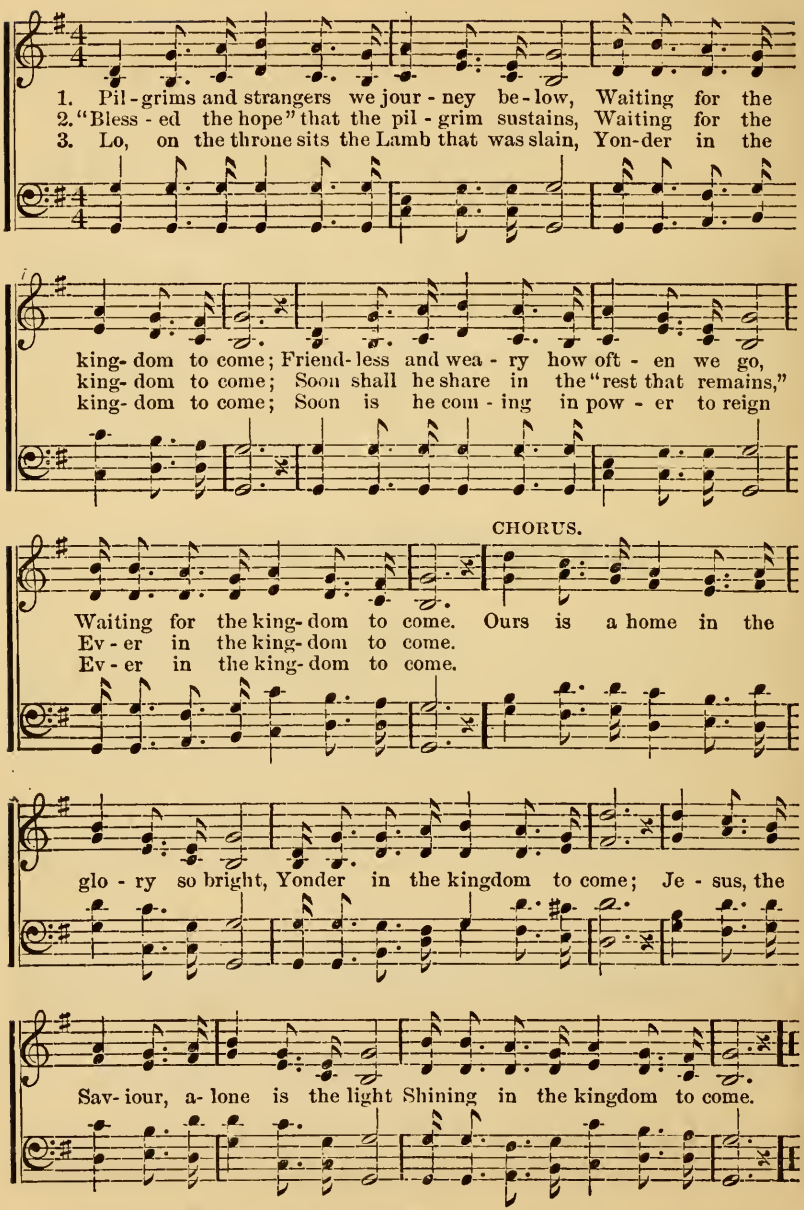
131 Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. Cline. By per.



The Kingdom to Come.

W. S. M. W. S. Martin.



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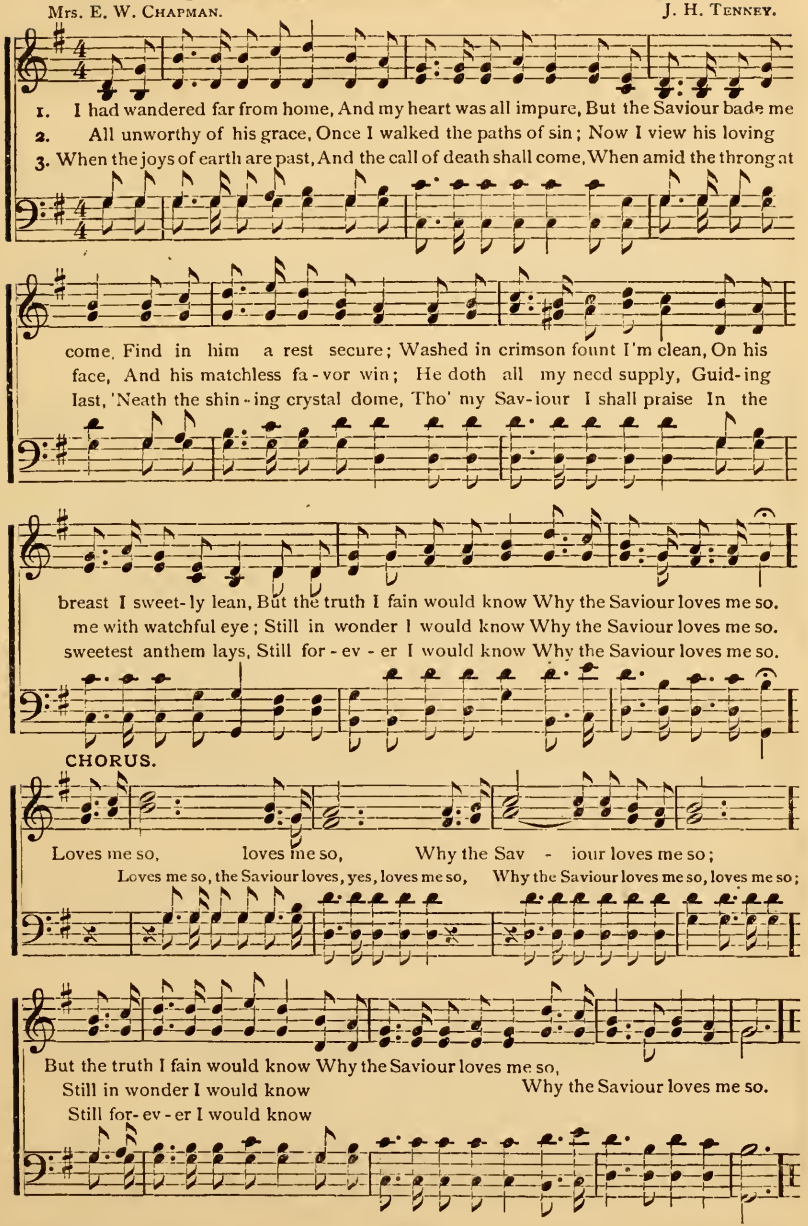
133 Why the Saviour Loves Me So.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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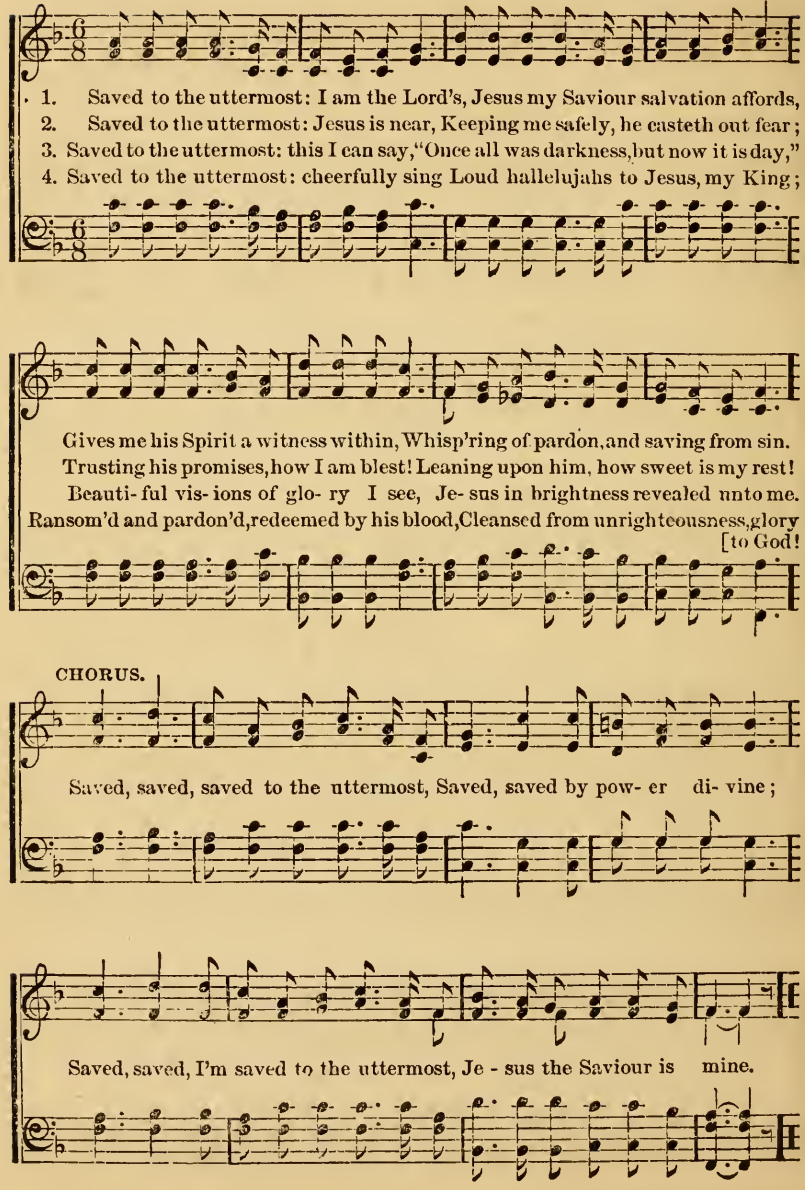
Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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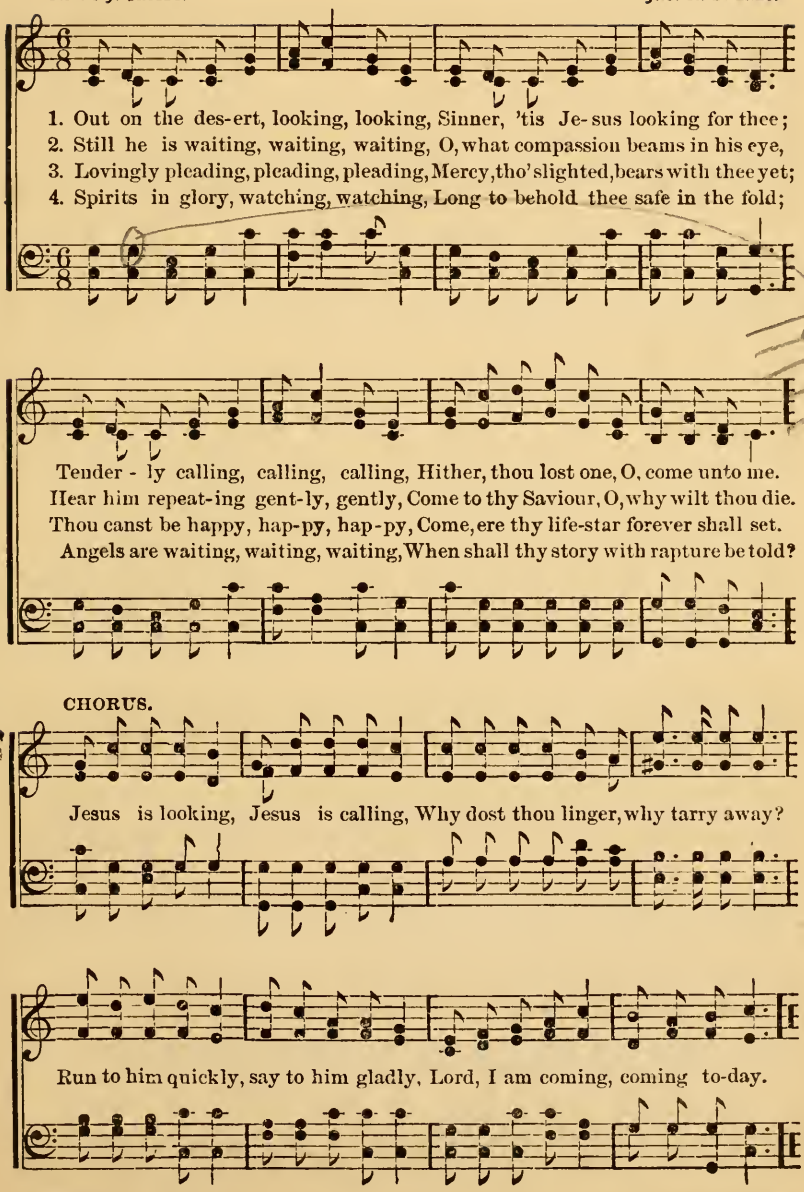
Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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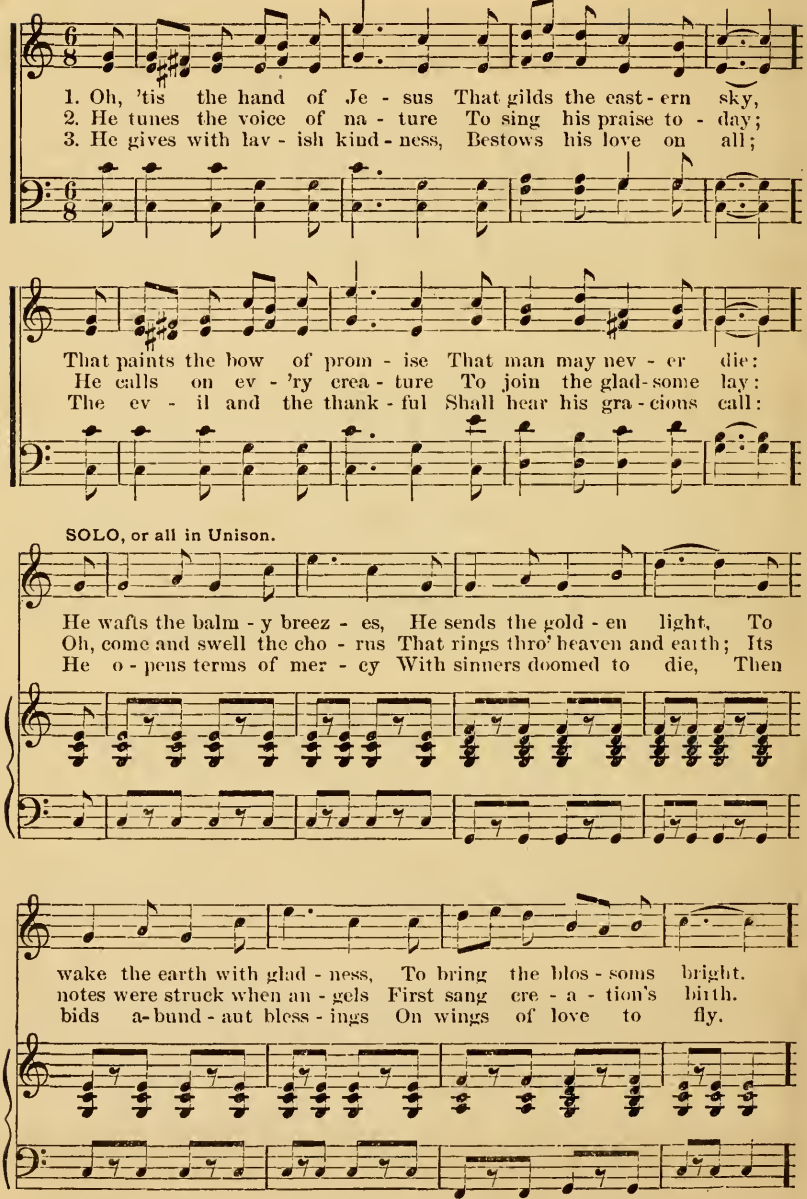
Hosanna to Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J H Tenney.



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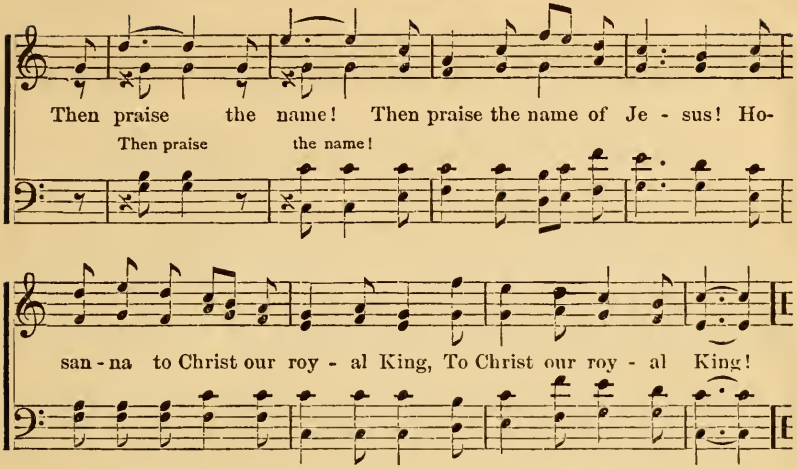
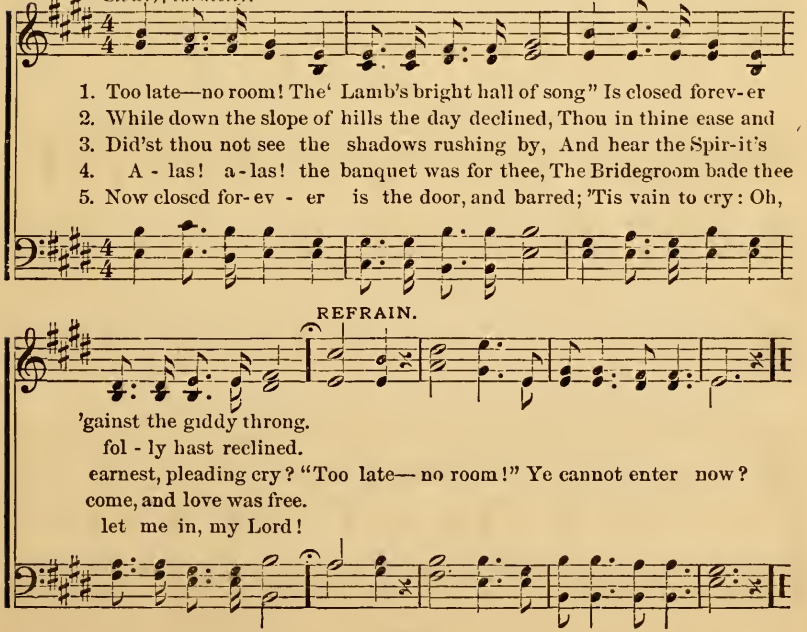
Hosanna to Jesus.—CONCLUDED.



137 Too Late—No Room!

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

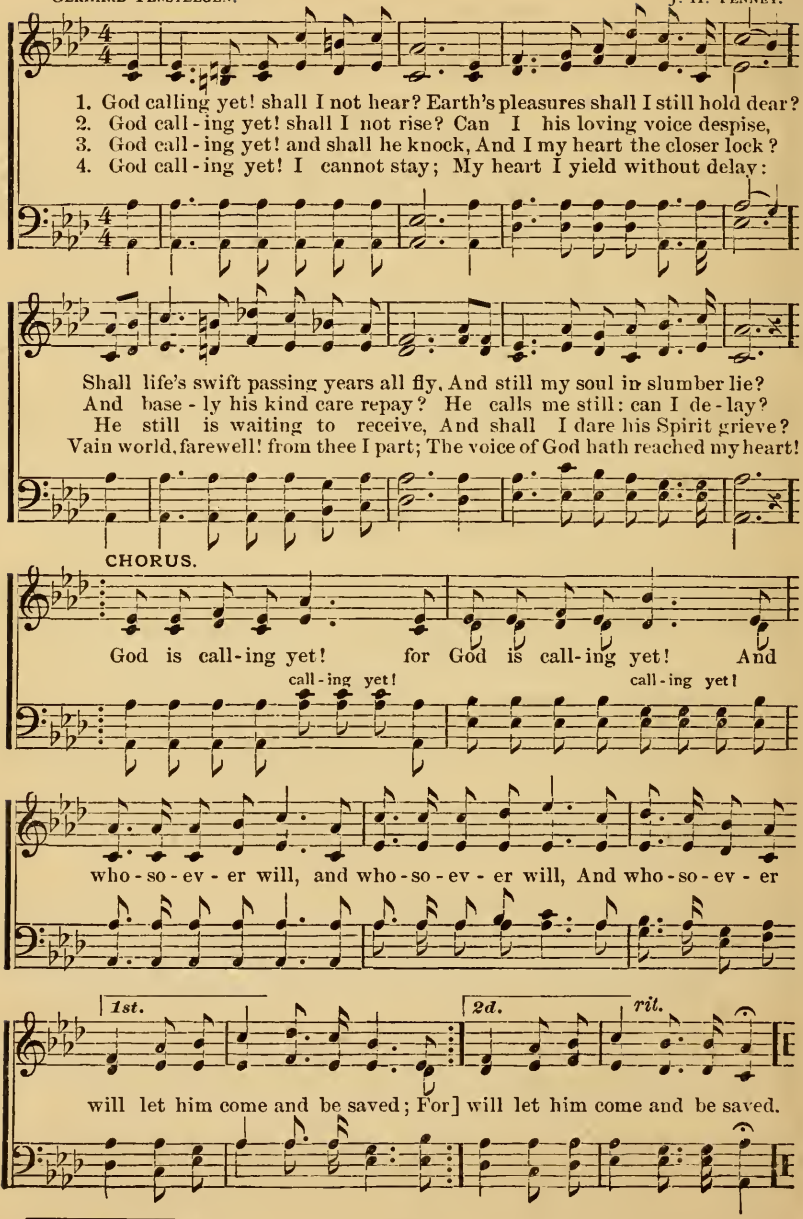
Slowly, earnestly.



From "Songs of Faith," by per.

God Calling Yet!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. J. H. TENNEY.



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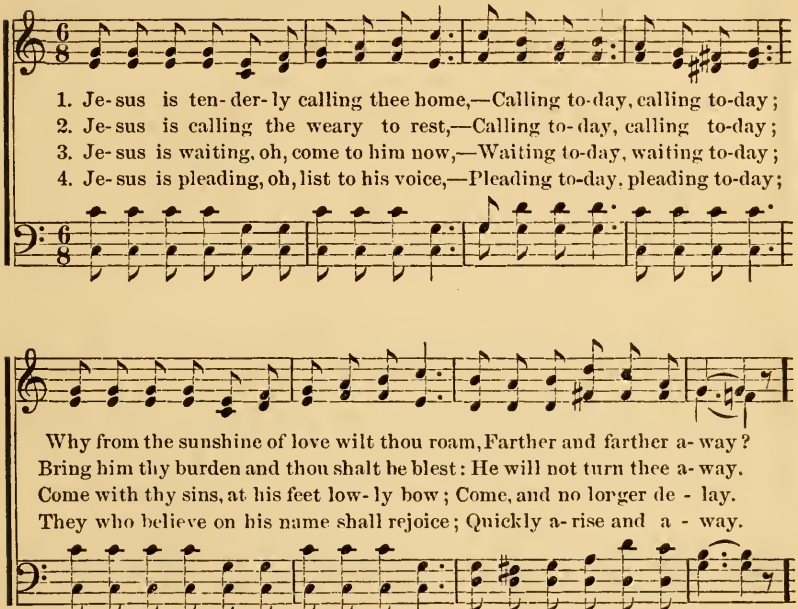
139

Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Arise, he calleth thee."—John xi. 28. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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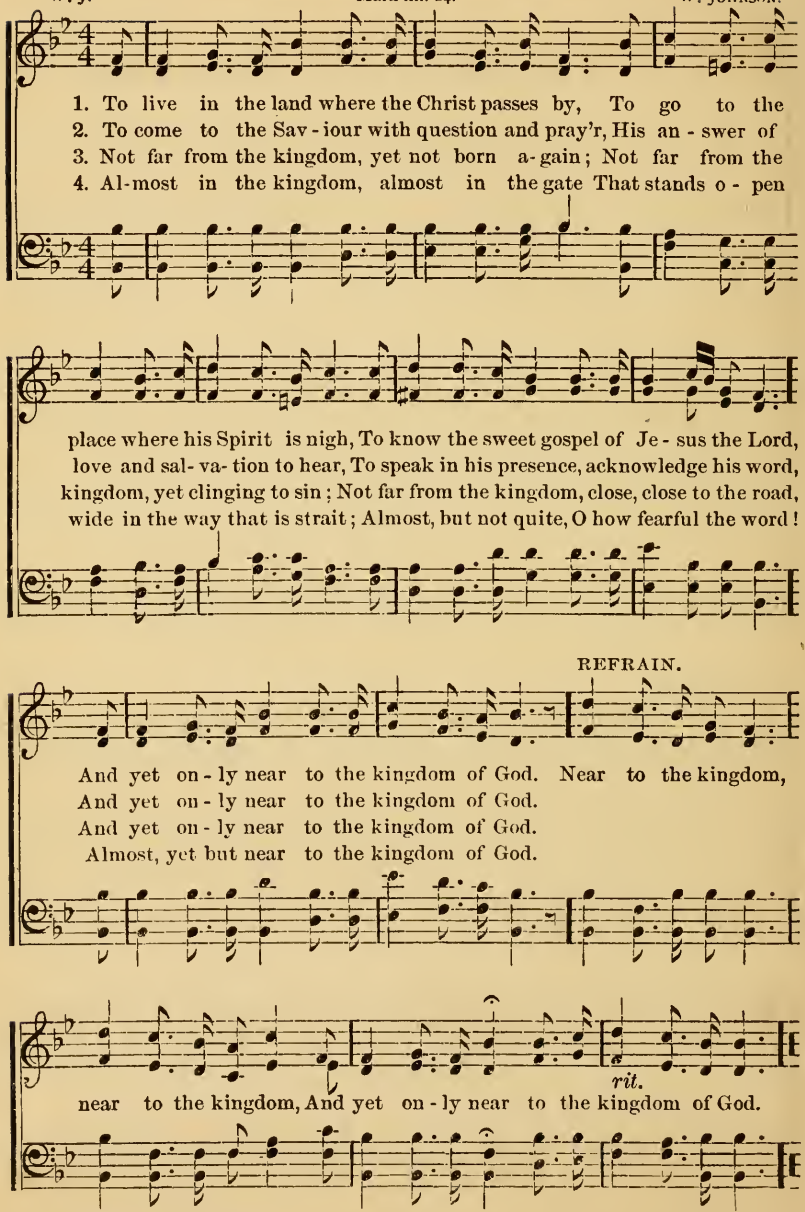
Only Near to the Kingdom.

W. J. Mark xii. 24. W. Johnson.



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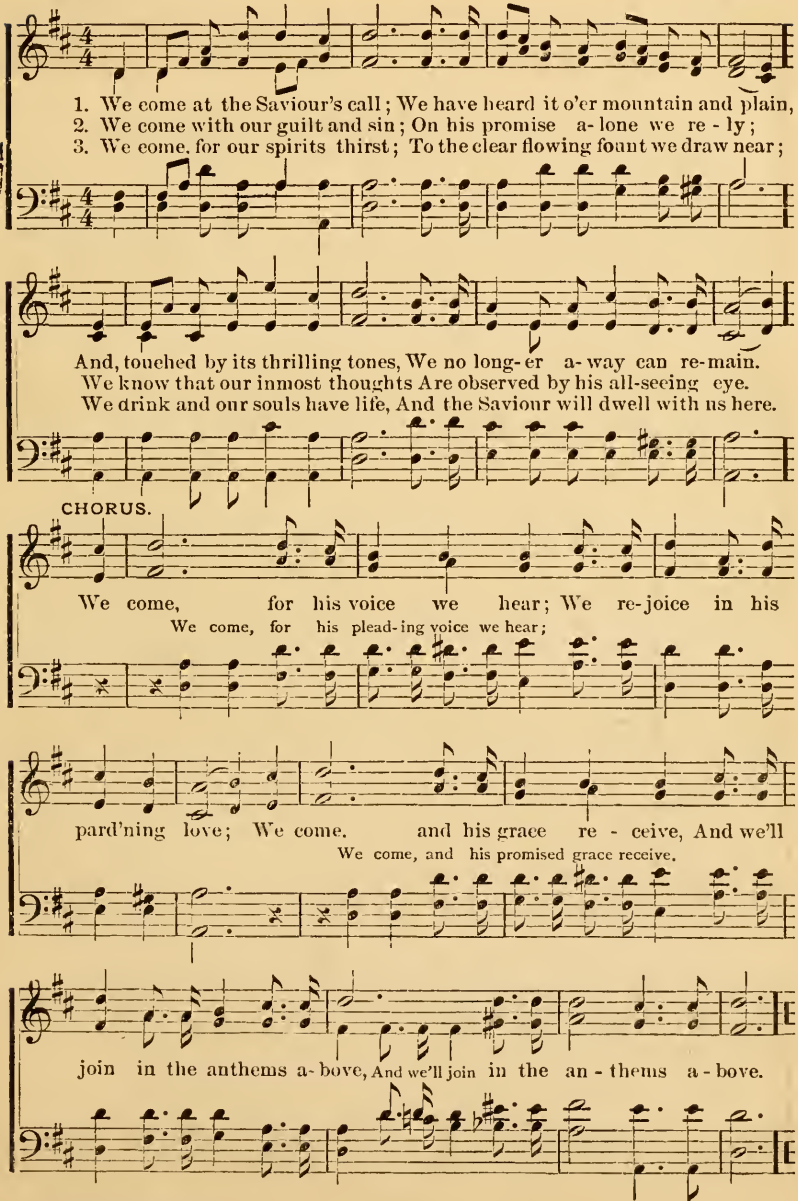
141 We Come at the Saviour's Call.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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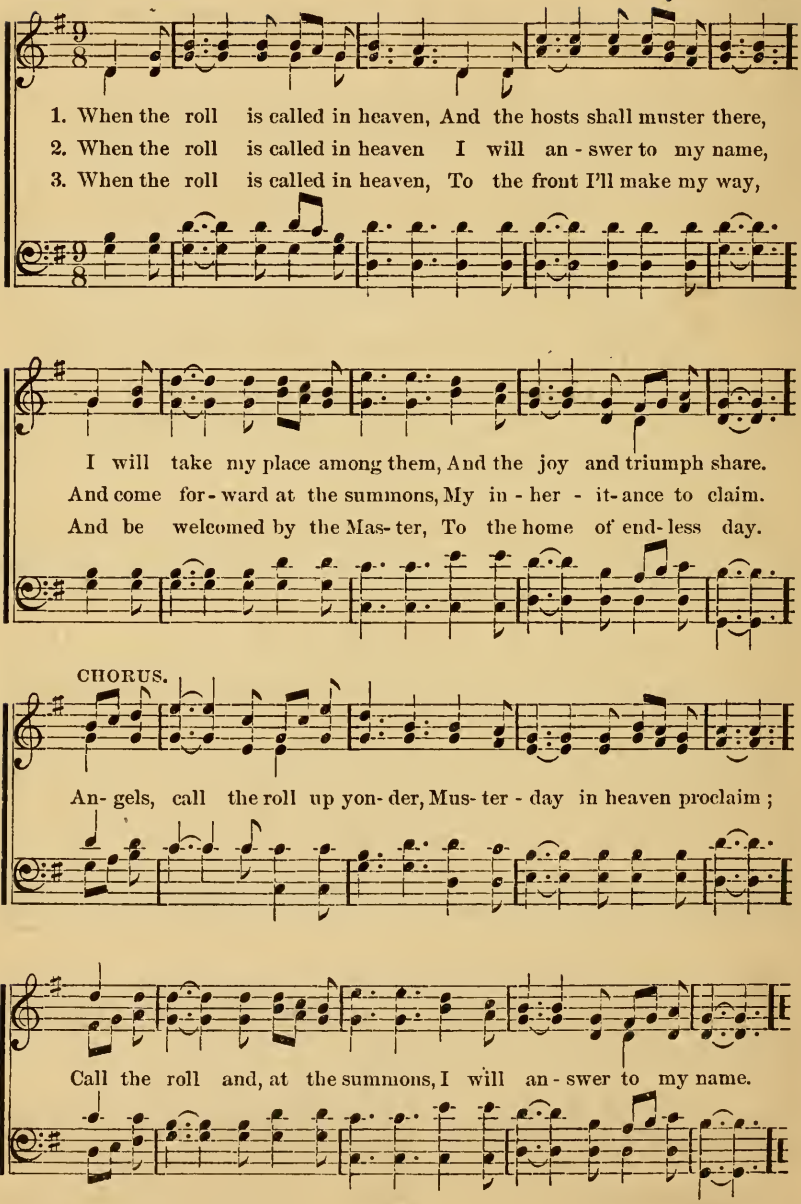
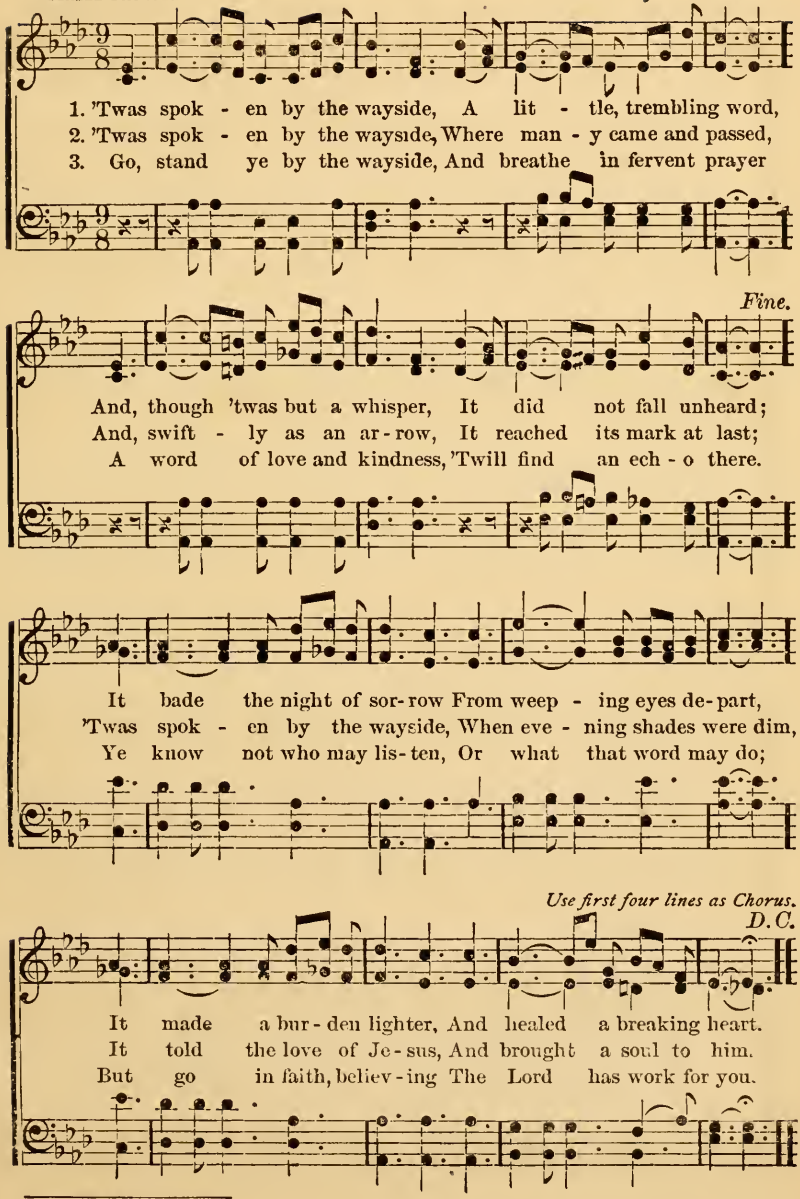
Call the Roll.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.



A Little Word.

MABEL TAYLOR. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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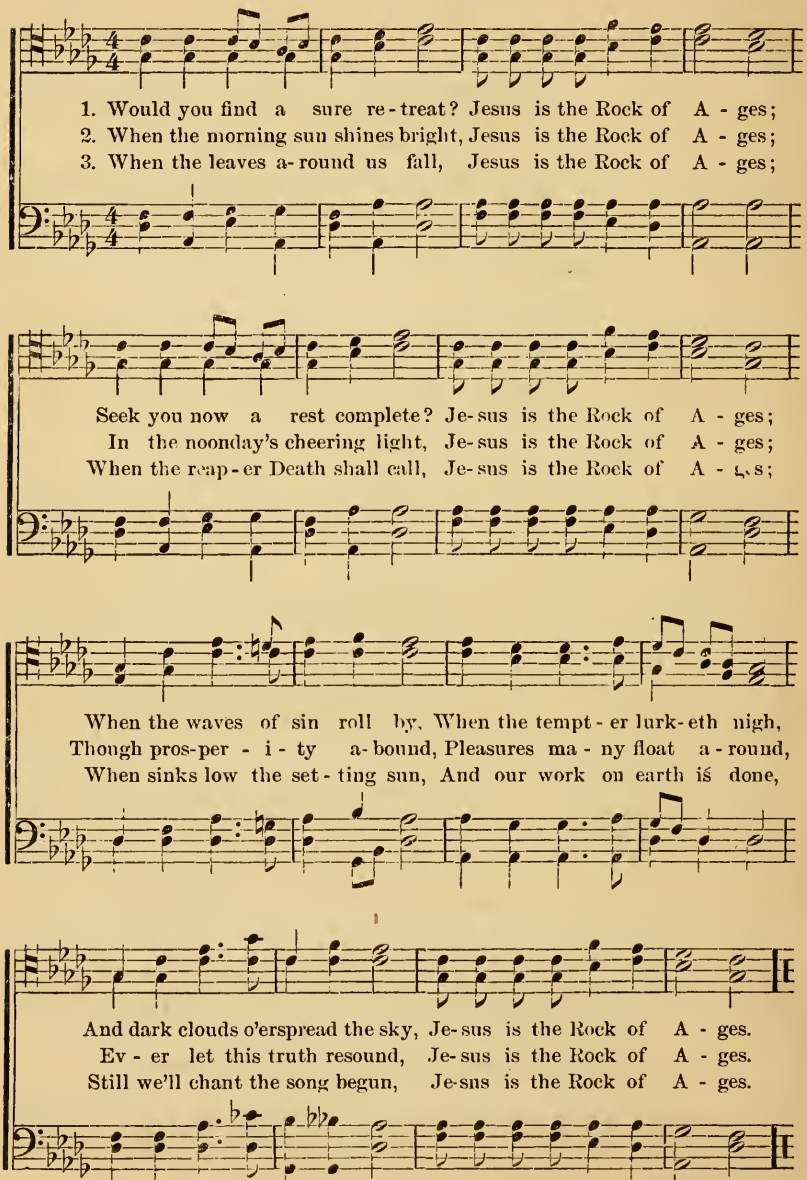
144 Jesus is the Rock of Ages.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. FOR MALE VOICES. W. S. Martin.



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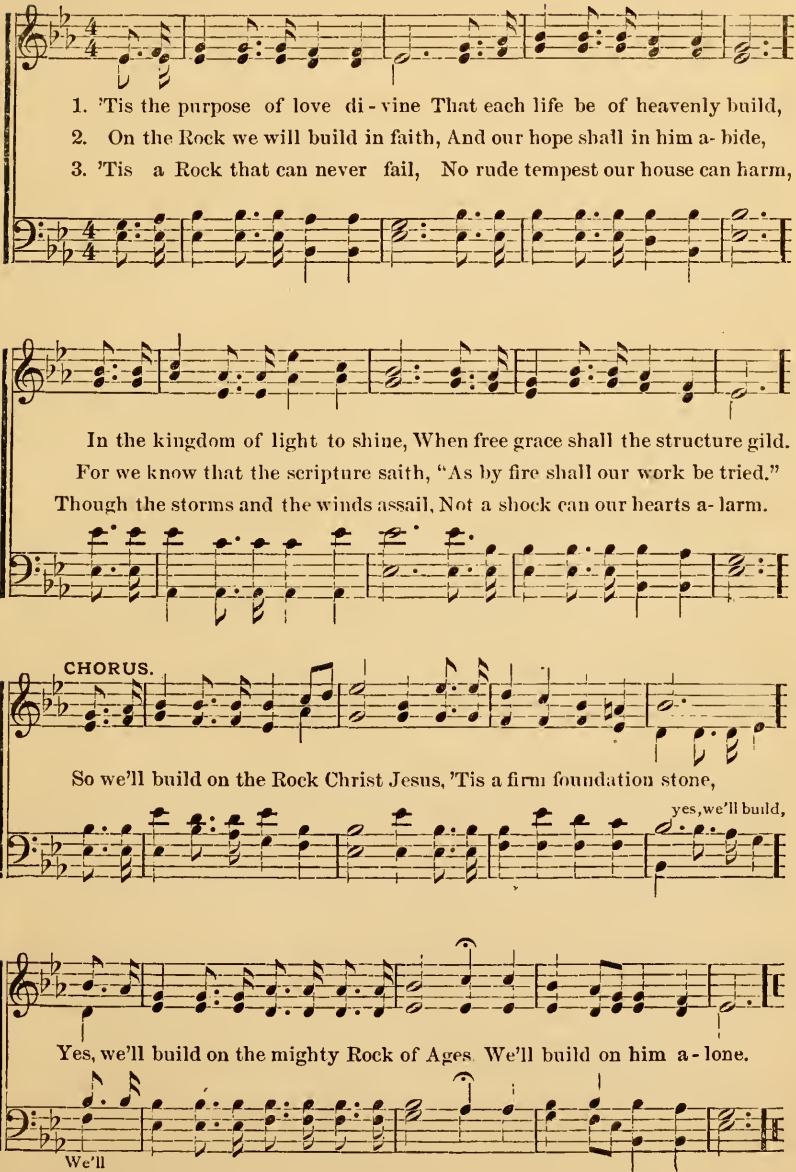
145 We'll Build on the Rock.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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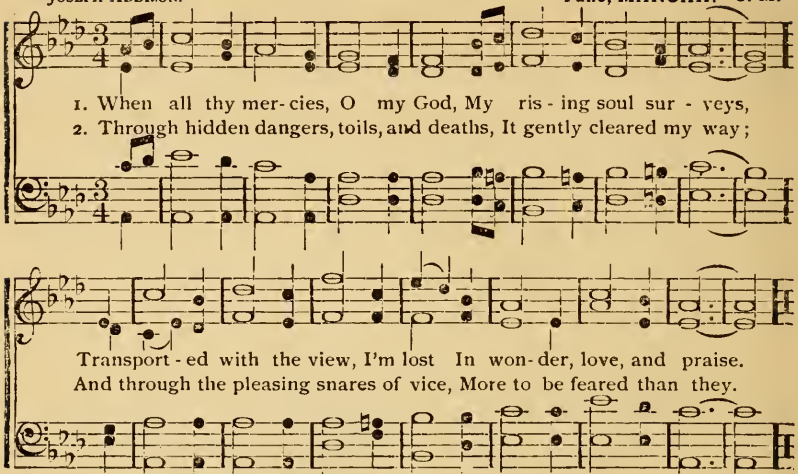
146 When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON. Tune, MANOAH. C. M.

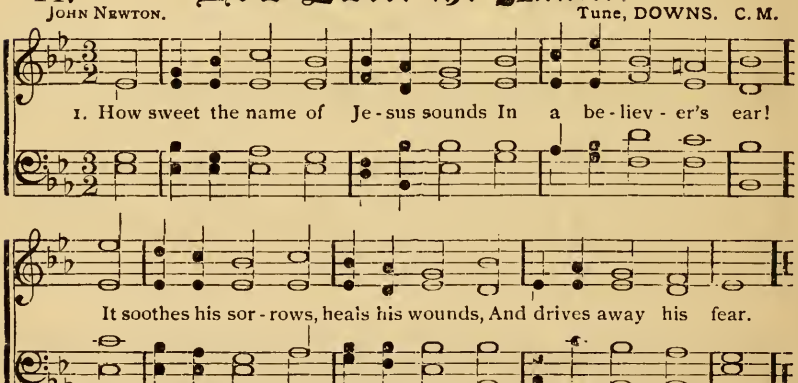


3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

147 How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

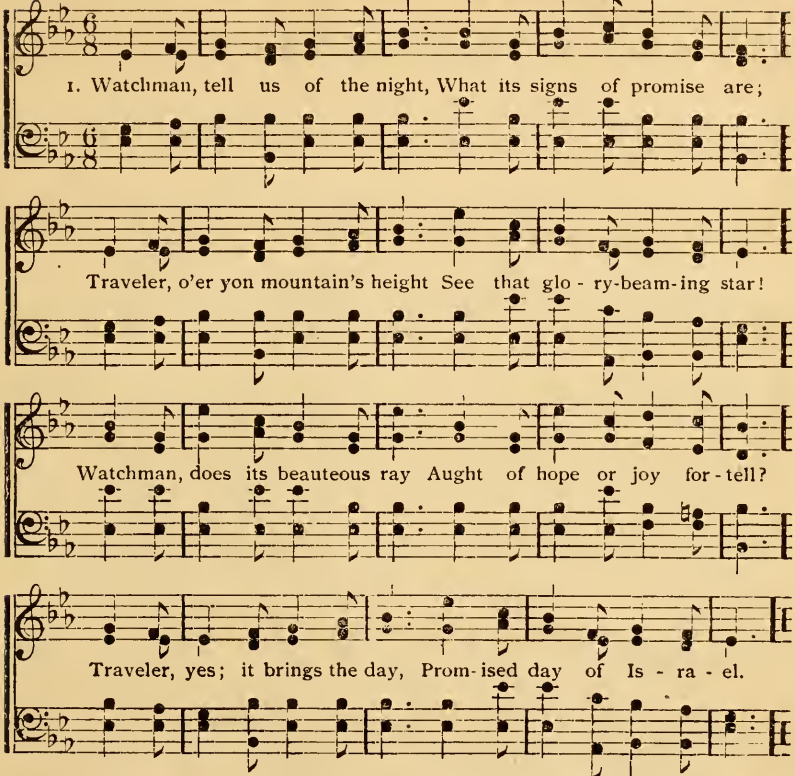
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

148 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night.
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

149 The Lord's my Shepherd. *Tune, DOWNS.*

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

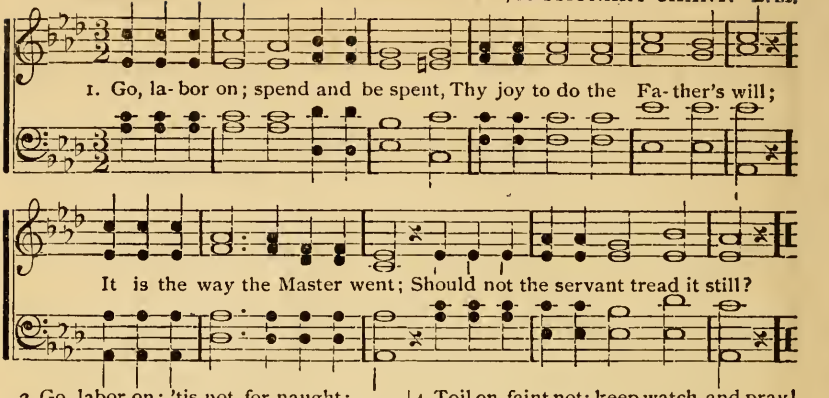
3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

150 Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

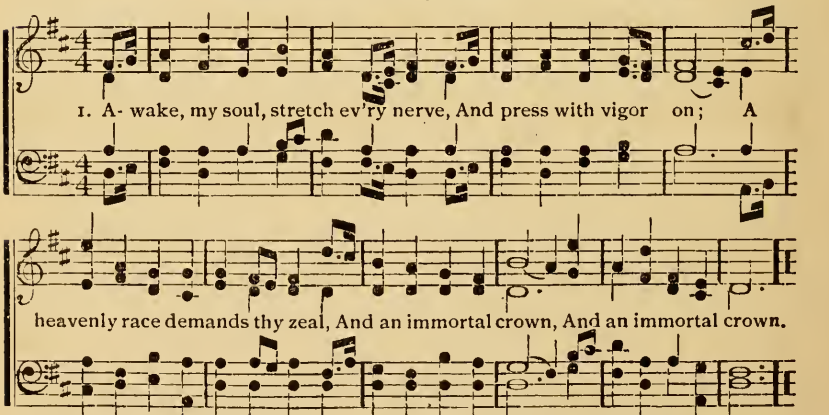
3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

151 Awake, my Soul.

P. Doddridge. Tune, CHRISTMAS. C. M.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

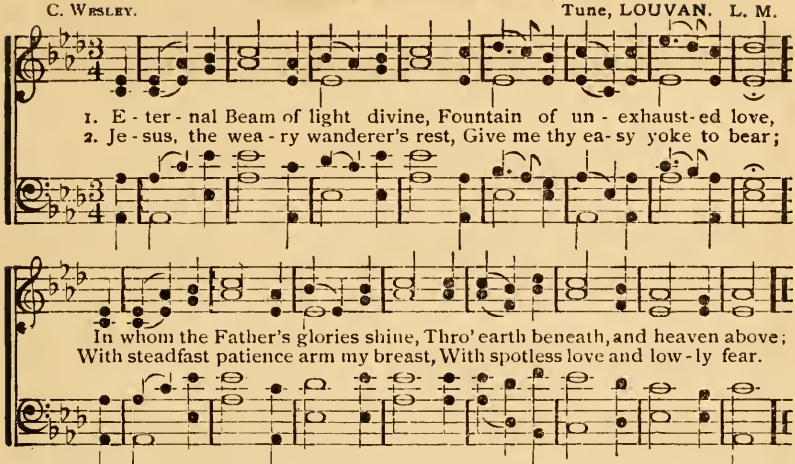
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

152 Eternal Beam of Light.

C. Wesley. Tune, LOUVAN. L. M.



3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

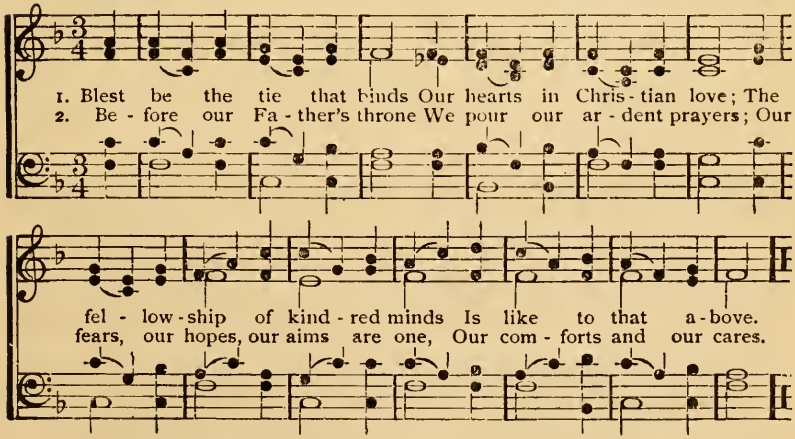
4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O Death! where is thy sting? where
Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

153 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

John Fawcett. Tune, DENNIS. S. M.

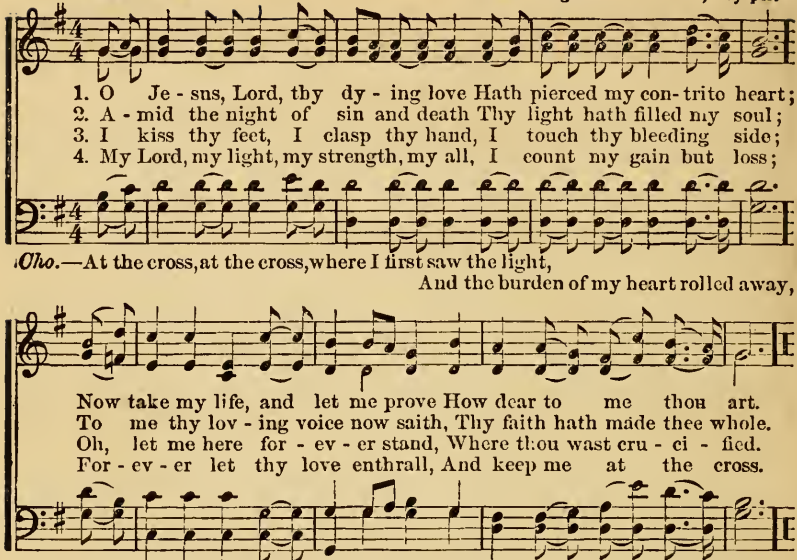


3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

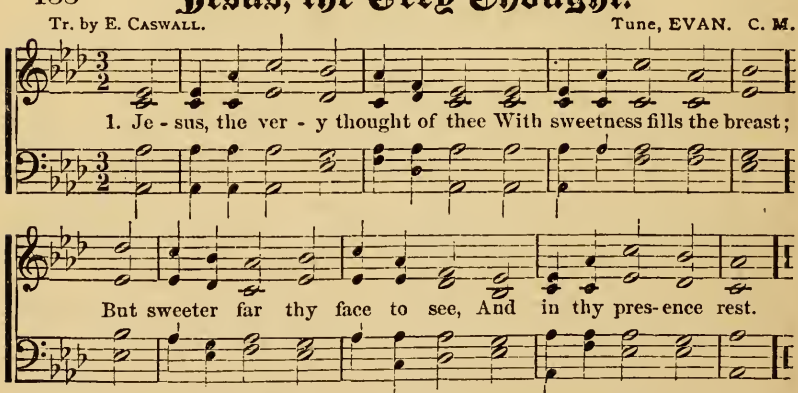
154 At the Cross.

R. Kelso Carter. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.



155 Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. Caswall. Tune, EVAN. C. M.



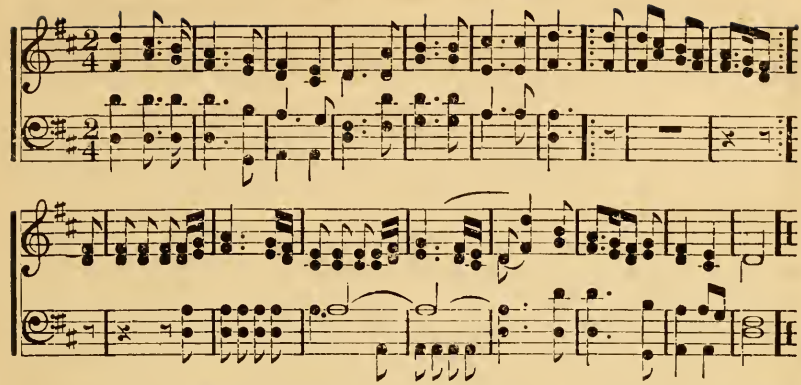
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek.
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Antioch. C. M.



156 O for a thousand tongues.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

158 Joy to the world!

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

157 Evils of Intemperance. Tune No. 253.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

159 What Ruin! Tune No. 152.

1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

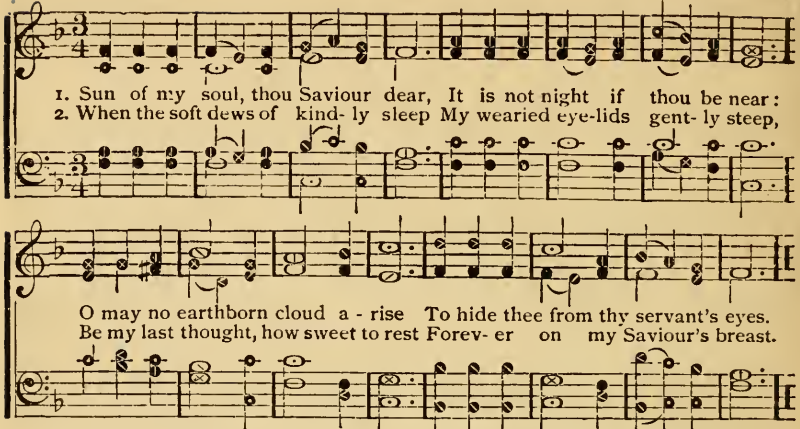
3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

160

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

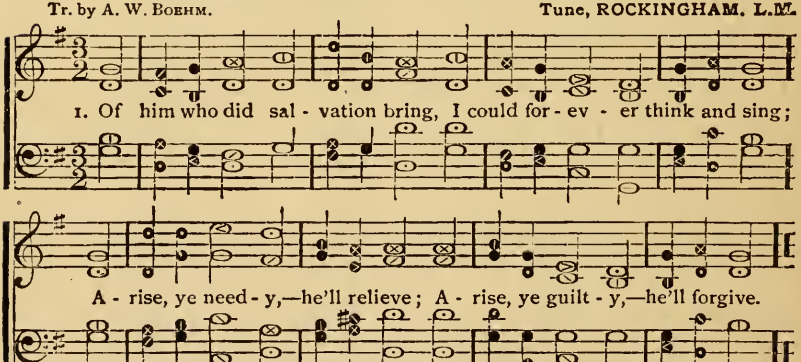
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

161

Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM. Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

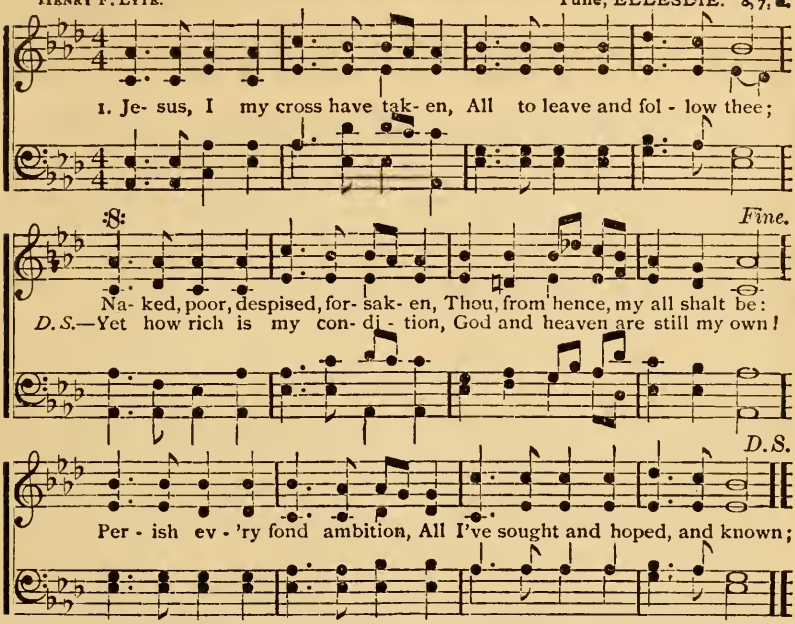
3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof!
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

162 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. Tune, ELLESDIE. 8, 7, d.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

163 Gently Lead Us.

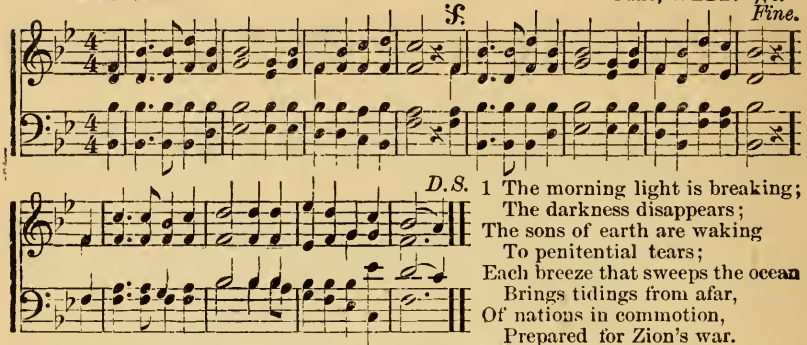
1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

—THOS. HASTINGS.

164 The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

165 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

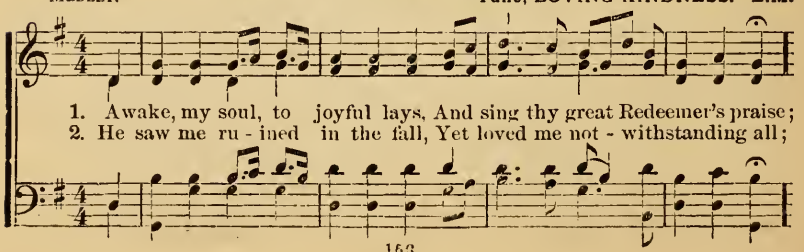
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

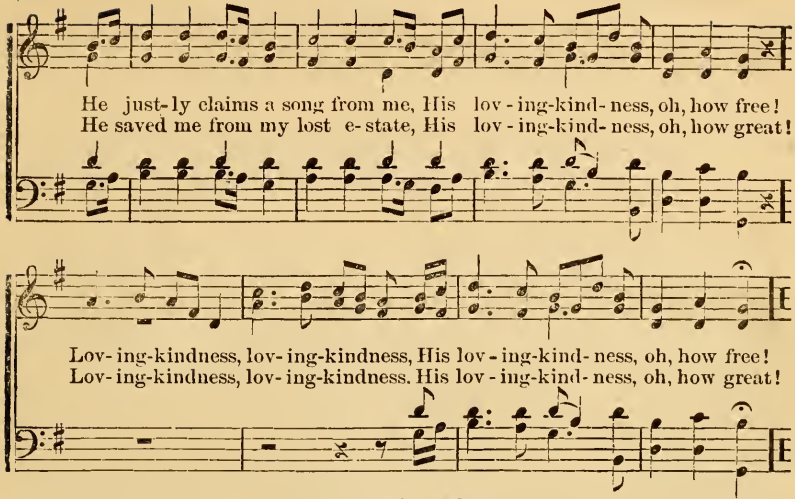
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

166 Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY. Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.



Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

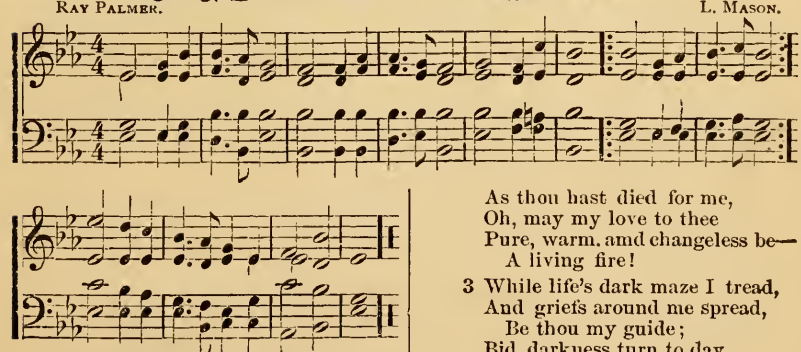


3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

167 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

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